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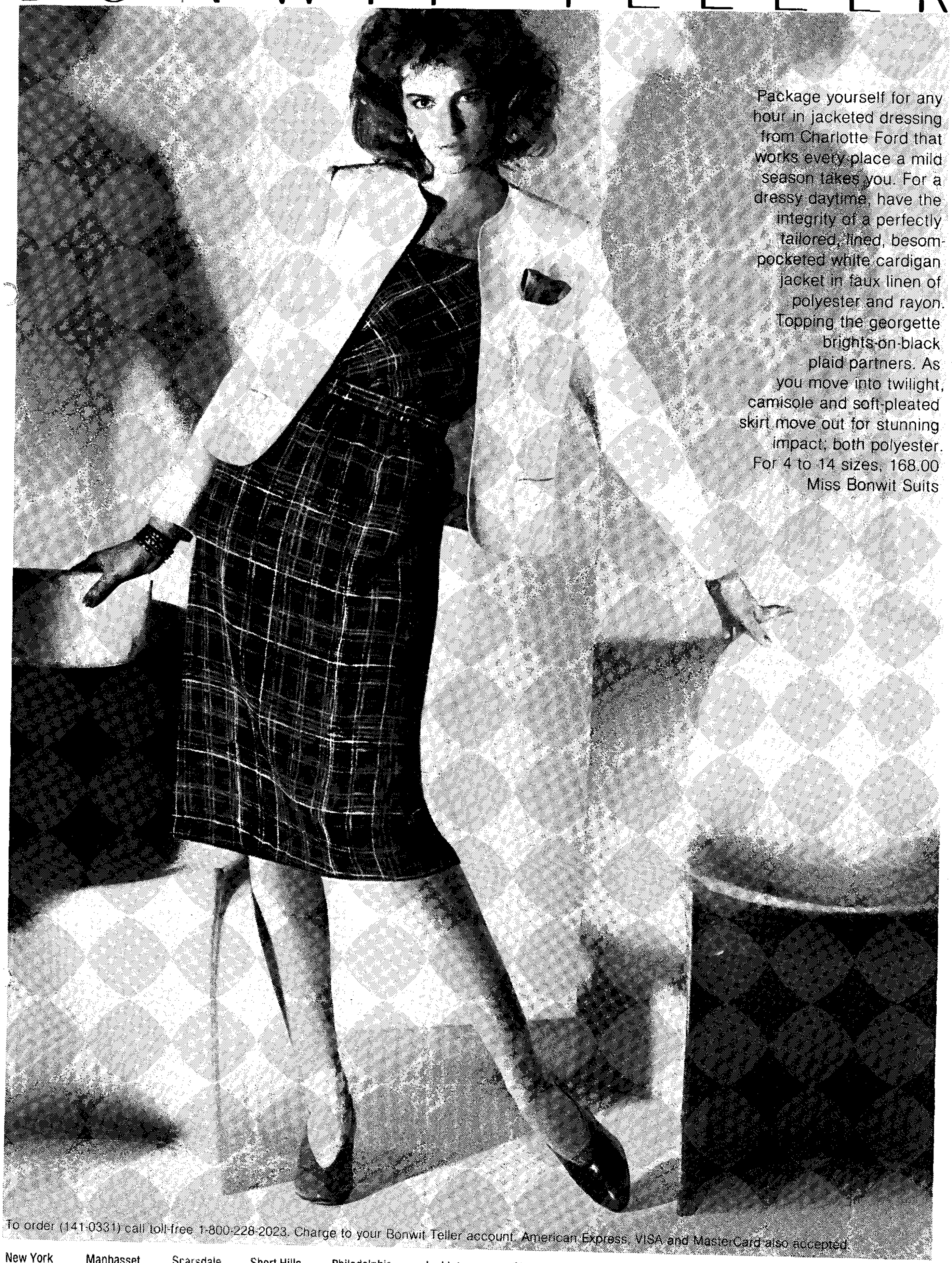

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALBUM—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Tracy Pollan, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AMADEUS—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri, Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart, and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM THEATRE COMPANY—The second and third of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. George Farquhar's crisp, lively comedy **THE RECRUITING OFFICER** in an anything but crisp performance. Of the many actors assembled, only a few come near to filling the requirements of their roles. These few are Brian Murray, Laurie Kennedy, MichaelJohn McGann, and Beth McDonald. Laird Williamson directed. Robert Blackman designed the lovely scenery. (2/2/81) Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25-26, at 8. . . . ¶ Ibsen's **THE WILD DUCK:** Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, at 8 (previews). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BRING BACK BIRDIE—A musical with a book by Michael Stewart, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams (the trio responsible for "Bye Bye Birdie," twenty years ago). Donald O'Connor and Chita Rivera (returning to her original role in "Bye Bye") will play Albert and Rose Peterson, the couple in search of the long-lost pop idol Conrad Birdie. Joe Layton directed. Previews through Wednesday, March 4. Opens officially on Thursday, March 5. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CHILDE BYRON—Lindsay Crouse and William Hurt in a play by Romulus Linney. The director is Marshall W. Mason. Opens Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7, and will run through Sunday, March 22. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CLOSE OF PLAY—A drama by Simon Gray. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

COMING ATTRACTIONS—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Alberto Casella's comedy, **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY,** adapted by Walter Ferris, is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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FIFTH OF JULY—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42ND STREET—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HEARTLAND—A play by Kevin Heelan, with Larry Nicks, J. C. Quinn, Sean Penn, and Ben Slack. Directed by Art Wolff. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE—A revival of the John Osborne play, with Nicol Williamson once again in the role he originated. Also in the cast is Philip Bosco. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—Joe Masiell has returned to his original role in a three-week engagement of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

LAST SUMMER AT BLUEFISH COVE—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, March 1: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, March 4-8: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.**

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DRAWINGS: *Everett Opie, Robert Weber, Richard McCallister, J. J. Sempé, Jack Ziegler, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Michael Maslin, Eldon Dedini, James Stevenson, Frank Modell, Ed Fisher, Henry Martin, James Mulligan, Gahan Wilson, Mort Gerberg, Stan Hunt, Roz Zanengo, David Pascal, Mischa Richter, Dean Vietor*

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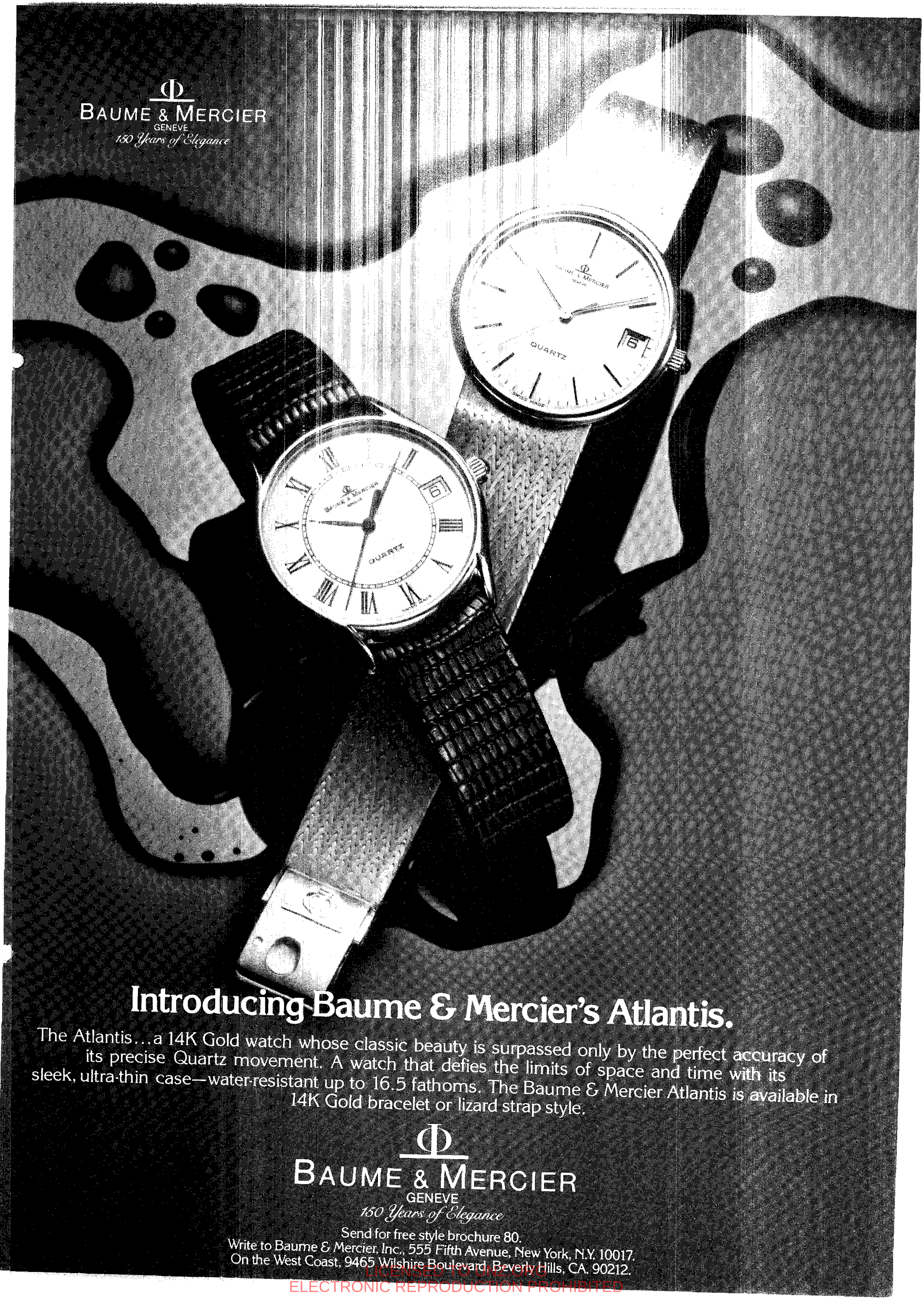
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVII, No. 2, March 2, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1981 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.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(Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lolita—Edward Albee's adaptation of the Nabokov novel, with Donald Sutherland, Ian Richardson, Clive Revill, and Shirley Stoler. Blanche Baker has the title role. Frank Dunlop is the director. Previews through Tuesday, March 3. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 4. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8, opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lunch Hour—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—An unsuccessful production of the old thriller, starring Philip Anglim and Maureen Anderman. Sarah Caldwell directed. Kelsey Grammer fills in for Mr. Anglim at the Thursday matinées. (2/2/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 15.)

Mary Stuart—In this "absurdist" comedy by a German dramatist, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, about the Queen's last day on earth, that fine actress Roberta Maxwell is given a chance to do some amusing clowning. The script grows tiresome, but the performance of the entire company is quite lively. Des McAnuff directed, and Jim Clayburgh designed the impressive setting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

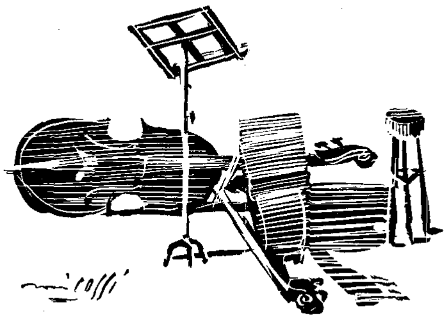
Negro Ensemble Company—The third in this season's series of four productions is **WEEP NOT FOR ME**, Gus Edwards' unsparing but also sympathetic and ironic view of a black family in the decaying South Bronx. It is given a fine performance under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. In the leading roles, Bill Cobbs and Ethel Ayler are especially fine as the stepfather of the family and his two-timing wife. (2/16/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Piaf—An ill-written, hit-or-miss account of the life and early death of the sad little "kid sparrow" who was one of the greatest music-hall singers of our time. Jane Lapotaire invents an authentically touching person out of mere scraps of words and songs. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, and Rex Smith in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Real Life Funnies—An entertainment by Howard Ashman (book) and Alan Menken (music and lyrics), based on Stan Mack's weekly *Village Voice* comic strip of the same title. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)



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Shakespeare's Cabaret—Lyrics by the Bard, set to music by Lance Mulcahy. A group of eager young singers do their best to breathe life into this unlucky enterprise. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A musical conceived and directed by Donald McKayle, dedicated to the music of Duke Ellington. With Judith Jamison and Gregory Hines in the cast, and a twenty-five-piece onstage band conducted by Mercer Ellington. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Sunday, March 1. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Survivor—A play by Susan Nanus (based on the recently published book of the same title by Jack Eisner), about a group of Warsaw-ghetto teen-agers during the Nazi occupation. Craig Anderson is the director. Previews through Sunday, March 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 3. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Grandmother's House We Go—A pleasant comedy set in a big old house in Connecticut. Eva Le Gallienne is sensationally effective as a spirited grandmother beset by less spirited grandchildren. (1/26/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A miserable performance of Dario Fo's farce about the rebellion of some working people in Milan. (2/23/81) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,664 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. Phyllis Newman portrays the night-club singer. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 15.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Joey Bishop pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. Mickey Rooney returns to the show on Sunday, March 1. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. Starting Tuesday, March 3, John Hammil will replace Mr. Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Gus Giordano Jazz Dance Chicago—Three performances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 2.)

Charles Moore Dance Theatre—"Jigbu," "Dahomey Court Dance," "Sacred Forest," and other works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-5451.)

Kathryn Posin Dance Company—The last two performances of new works. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-March 1, all at 8.)

Daniel Lewis Dance Repertory Company—Thursday, March 5, at 7:30: "Beethoven Trio," "No Strings," "There's Nothing Here of Me But Me," "And First They Slaughtered the Angels," and "Open Book" (première). . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, March 8, at 3 and 8: "Nightspell," "La Malinche," "Ballade," "There's Nothing Here of Me But Me," and "Open Book." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 580-8107.)

Greenhouse Dance Ensemble—A program of contemporary dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, March 7, at 8, and Sunday, March 8, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Pianist **JOHN HICKS,** who accompanies Betty Carter and works as a member of Arthur Blythe's In the Tradition quartet, will perform with a bassist on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28. On the following Friday and Saturday (March 6-7), pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated duos in town, will be on hand. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** leads a quartet through Sunday, March 1; on Tuesday, March 3, **DON ELLIOTT,** who plays vibes and mellophone and sings and whistles, will begin leading a quartet. Music nightly from nine.

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Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. The varied schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, folkies **KATE & ANNA MC GARRIGLE;** Tuesday, March 3, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL;** and Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, Beaver Brown, a rock outfit. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Feb. 25.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Feb. 28. Sunday, March 1, will belong to actor, singer, pianist, and songwriter **MICHAEL MORIARTY** and bassist **JAY LEONHART.** On Monday, March 2, pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** will move in with his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five.

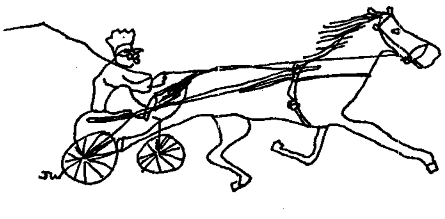
Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** a true-blue melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, has settled in for his annual midwinter stint in the Café Carlyle with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF.** They play Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Feb. 25, Lynn Messinger and People Falling; Thursday, Feb. 26, On the Run and the Yorks; Friday, Feb. 27, the Same, Trendsetters, and Jr. Birdmen; and Saturday, Feb. 28, Sic F**ks and the Coolies. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.



City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—When it's cold you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assistance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—If you spend enough time in this down-home bar, you actually might go out the front door expecting to see a courthouse square instead of dreary old nighttime 14th Street. Bluegrass, string-band, and folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Thursday, Feb. 26, fiddler Neil Rossi and guitarist Peter Kairo; Saturday, Feb. 28, the Zenith String Band; Thursday, March 5, guitarist Russ Barenberg; and Saturday, March 7, banjoist Tony Trischka and his band. Music from about eight-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 1, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will lead a bebop-flavored quartet that will feature **CHUCK WAYNE** on guitar. They'll start about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. **RON CARTER,** the magical bassist who lately has been working in duos again—he recently performed with pianists Cedar Walton and Kenny Barron—hasn't exactly given up his lead instrument, the piccolo bass. He'll be playing it with his new young quartet—Ted Lo on piano, Leon Maleson on double bass, and drummer Wilby Fletcher—through Sunday, March 1. On Tuesday, March 3, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will arrive with a Latin-jazz octet. Music nightly, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The music: the Ink Spots (not *the* Ink Spots but a group that performs Ink Spots hits from the forties) Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28; pianist Jorge Dalto on Sunday, March 1; singer Juanita Fleming on Monday, March 2; saxophonist **BILL SAXTON** Tuesday and Wednesday, March 3-4; and Platinum Hook, an R. & B. band, Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7. Music every night after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Saturdays from seven to ten, and Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **ART HODES,** who played piano on Sidney Bechet clarinet recordings some forty years ago and is in his upper seventies now, plays Chicago-style jazz

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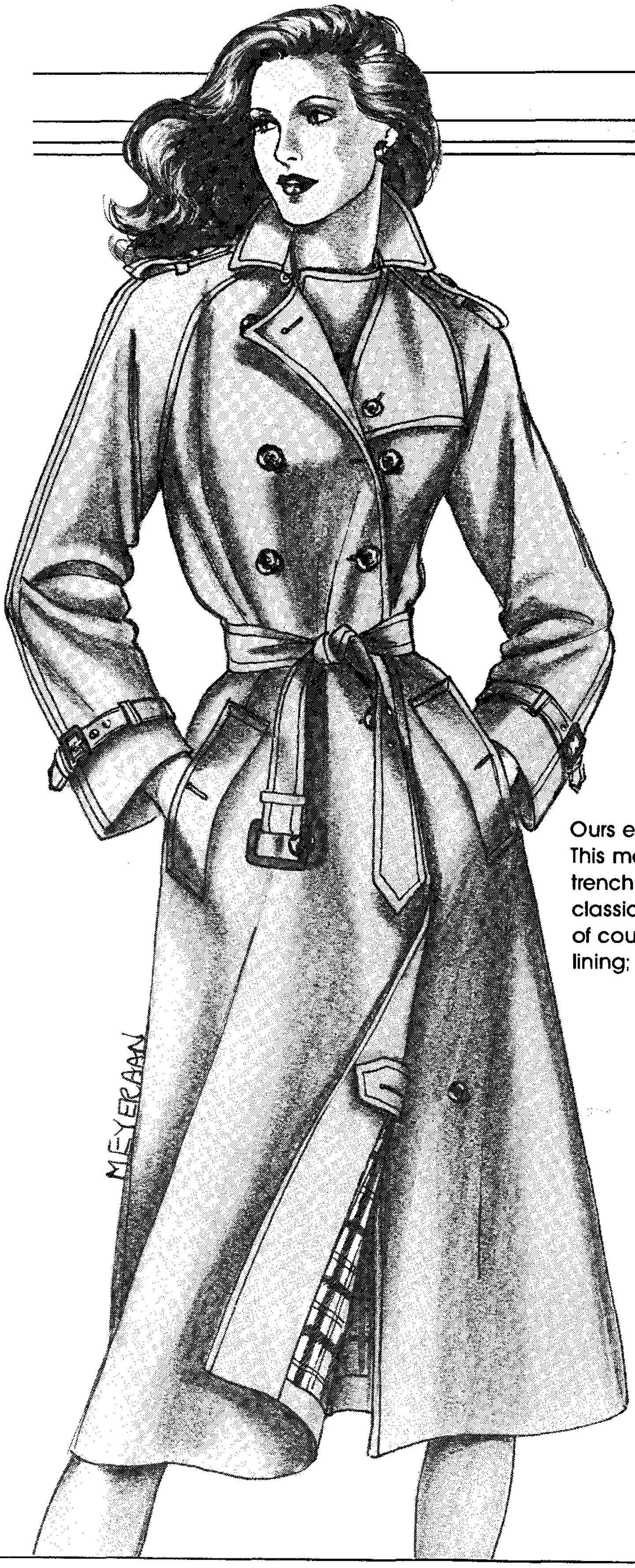

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Miami/The Falls
Opening soon:
Jacksonville/Regency Square
GEORGIA:
Atlanta/Omni International
IOWA:
Cedar Rapids/Westdale Mall
Des Moines/Valley West Mall
Sioux City/Southern Hills Mall
KENTUCKY:
Bowling Green/Greenwood Mall
Florence/Florence Mall
LOUISIANA:
Shreveport/Mall of St. Vincent
MARYLAND:
Opening soon:
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MINNESOTA:
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Minneapolis/Southdale Center
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Nashville/Rivergate Mall
TEXAS:
Dallas/Prestonwood Town Center
Houston/The Galleria
Houston/Greenspoint Mall
Midland/Midland Park Mall
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UTAH:
Ogden/Ogden City Mall
Salt Lake City/Crossroads Plaza
VIRGINIA:
Charlottesville/Fashions Square
WASHINGTON:
Seattle/Alderwood Mall
WISCONSIN:
Green Bay/Port Plaza Mall

through Saturday, Feb. 28. On Tuesday, March 3, **RALPH SUTTON**, a mostly ragtime pianist, will take over. Mr. Sutton's less-than-rigorous style incorporates at one time or another the buoyancy of Teddy Wilson, the bluesy, oscillating chords of Junior Mance, and obeisant quotes from Fats Waller. Some purists might take exception to all this, but then again Mr. Sutton really does move on out. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MCMANUS**, a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Thursday, Feb. 26, Sorrows; Friday, Feb. 27, Bauhaus and Circus Mort; and Saturday, Feb. 28, Colin Newman and Bunny Drums. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying (windchill factor permitting) the nearby Flatiron Building. Saxophonist **BILL BARRON** and his younger brother, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, will co-pilot a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28; Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, will belong to alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his quartet. On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides a ten-piece loose and limber band that specializes in Brazilian jazz and crackling trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI**. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN**, who directs a quintet at about two in the morning.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, long before the CBS Building and the Sperry Building architects had their eyes on the neighborhood. Not all the seven famous clubs that made up the historic strip—Jimmy Ryan's (52nd Street was its earlier home), the Onyx, the Famous Door, the Samoa, the Downbeat, the Spotlight, and the Three Deuces—presented ground-breaking music, but a lot of new sounds were first heard in many of them. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist, composer, and National Public Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, are back in this club, their New York base, through Saturday, Feb. 28. On Tuesday, March 3, pianist and occasional singer **JIMMY ROWLES** will take over with bassist **MARC JOHNSON**. Pianist and composer **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. On Wednesday, Feb. 25, **TAJ MAHAL** will sing folk and blues; on Thursday, Feb. 26, **DOUG SAHM**, the energetic Tex-Mex-blues-Cajun-acid-country rocker, will head up the New Sir Douglas Quintet; and on Sunday and Monday, March 1-2, Texas singer and songwriter **RAY WYLIE HUBBARD &** (the remnants of) **THE LOST GONZO BAND** will perform. Tuesday, March 3, will mark the Texas Independence Day—a sort of Kiss Me, I'm Texan day—festivities here. (The actual, correct date on which Texas declared its independence—from Mexico, and from just about everything else since then—is March 2, 1836.) The participants include **HUBBARD & THE LOST GONZOS**, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**, **GARY P. NUNN**, and other Texans and non-Texans. On Wednesday, March 4, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL** will have the place to itself. Dining.

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Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. Lana Cantrell sings through Saturday, Feb. 28; on Monday, March 2, *Tony Martin (yes, Tony Martin)* will begin performing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

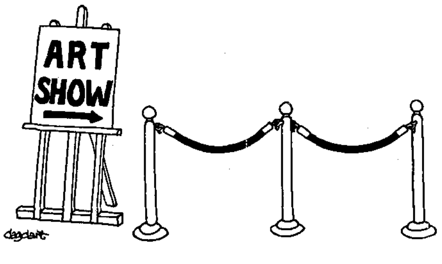
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Feb. 25, V, High Sheriffs of Blue, and Before Ming; Thursday, Feb. 26, Jetz, Frisco Whites, and Superior Beings; Friday, Feb. 27, Nitecaps and Minors Aloud; Saturday, Feb. 28, Ronnie & the Jitters and Delancey Street Hawaiians; Sunday, March 1, Brooklyn Slim Blues Band and BMT; Monday, March 2, Chit Chat, Phones, and Subway; and Tuesday, March 3, Daemon, Privates, and Sapphires. Music after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—Thursdays through Saturdays this pretty new restaurant, which offers nouvelle cuisine and nouvelle interior design—that is, uncluttered—might be called **BROOKS KERR**, because that is when the stride pianist and singer performs here. (It's actually named for its owner.) Mr. Kerr's sets begin at ten-thirty and end at two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**FRAN WARREN**, who came to prominence as the vocalist with the Claude Thornhill band, is singing, with help from an octet, music associated with Woody Herman, Gene Krupa, and Harry James Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not *sell yogurt: it is this club. R. & B. and soul* comprise the current music lineup: singer Zulema and her band on Wednesday, Feb. 25; the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL**, six adept players—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE** are two of them—and two flashy vocalists, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28; and singer Tasha Thomas and her band on Friday and Saturday, March 6-7. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family, Hendricks & Hendricks, will be onstage; and Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, **MOSE ALLISON**, the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, will bring in his trio. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.



Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. The quite solid lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 25, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS**, pianist **DON PULLEN**, and their **360-DEGREE MUSIC EXPERIENCE**—i.e., a quartet with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** and tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD**; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, composer and pianist **STEVE KUHN**, singer **SHEILA JORDAN**, bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**, and drummer **BOB MOSES**; Sunday, March 1, trumpeter **DIZZY REECE'S** combo; Monday through Wednesday, March 2-4, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN**; and Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, singer Bobby McFerrin with pianist **STANLEY COWELL'S** trio. The first set begins about ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS**, the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a rec-room and a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

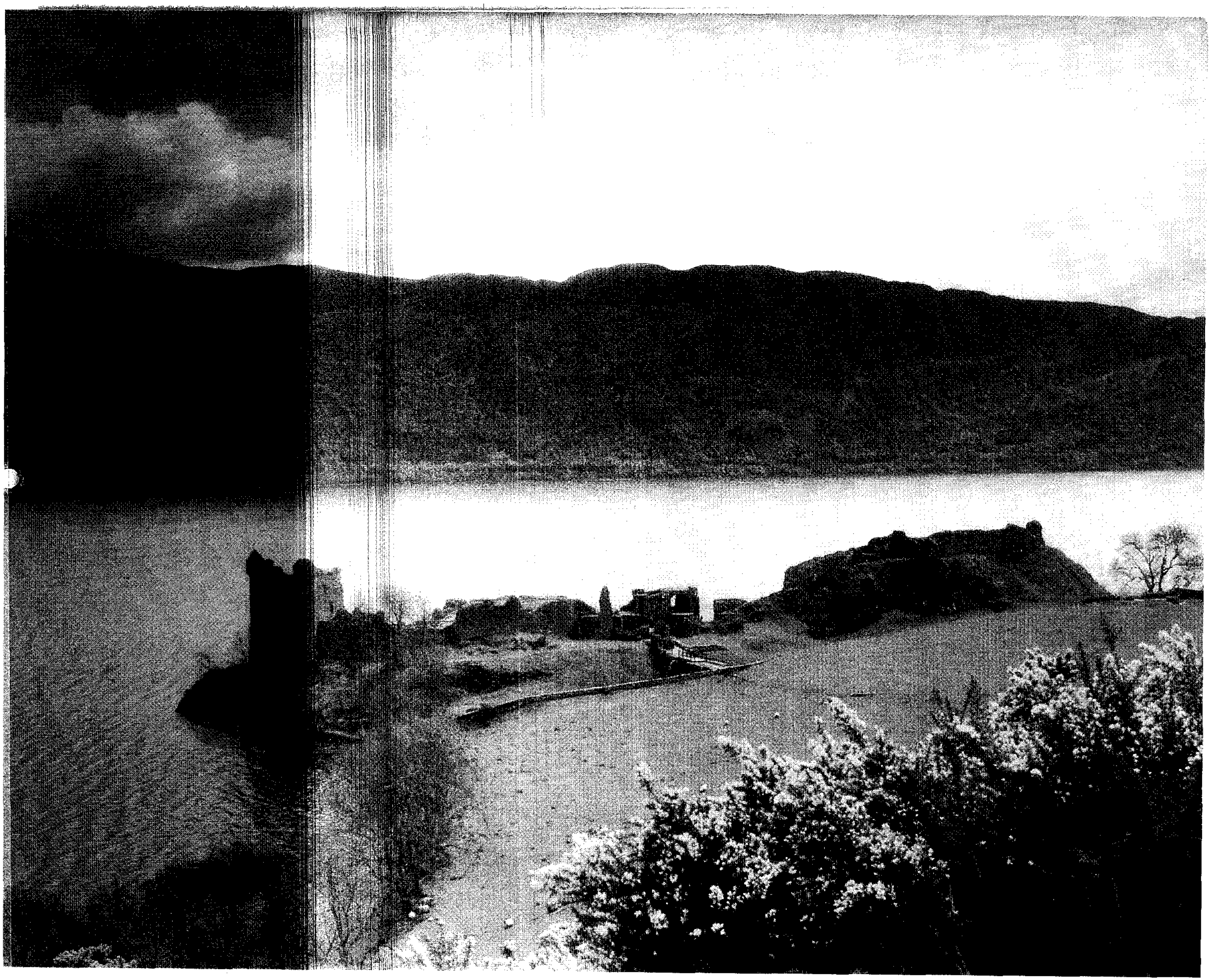
Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Feb. 25, UFO; Thursday, Feb. 26, Rudies, Design, and Colors; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, Steel Pulse; Sunday, March 1, Ian Lloyd; and Monday, March 2, Chelsea Funk Orchestra and Kieran Liscoe. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Rock Lounge, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—The music: DOR, or dance-oriented rock. The activities: dancing (as a participation or a spectator sport) and video watching (clips of Patti Smith in concert, of Mary Tyler Moore in her TV series, of Sean Connery in "Goldfinger"). The bands: Thursday, Feb. 26, 4/4 and the Senders; Friday, Feb. 27, Indoor Life and Colin Newman; Saturday, Feb. 28, **POLYROCK** and Blurt. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Some of the most wonderful things from the twenties, thirties, and part of the forties—Rodgers and Hart songs—are being celebrated here. The celebrants are Larry Kert and Mimi Hines. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. Wednesday, Feb. 25, **DOUBLE IMAGE**, a quartet that features vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS** and oboist **PAUL MC CANDLESS**; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 26-March 1, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, saxophonist **BOB BERG**, bassist **SAM JONES**, and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS**; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 3-4, blues and jazz guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO'S** quintet; and Thursday through Sunday, March 5-8, drummer **MAX ROACH** and his newest quartet: bassist **CALVIN HILL**, trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**, and saxophonist **ODEON POPE**. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth



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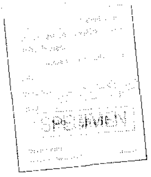

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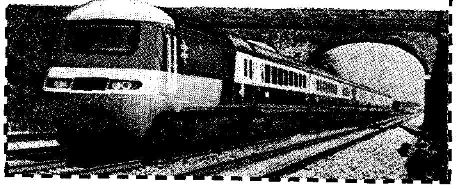

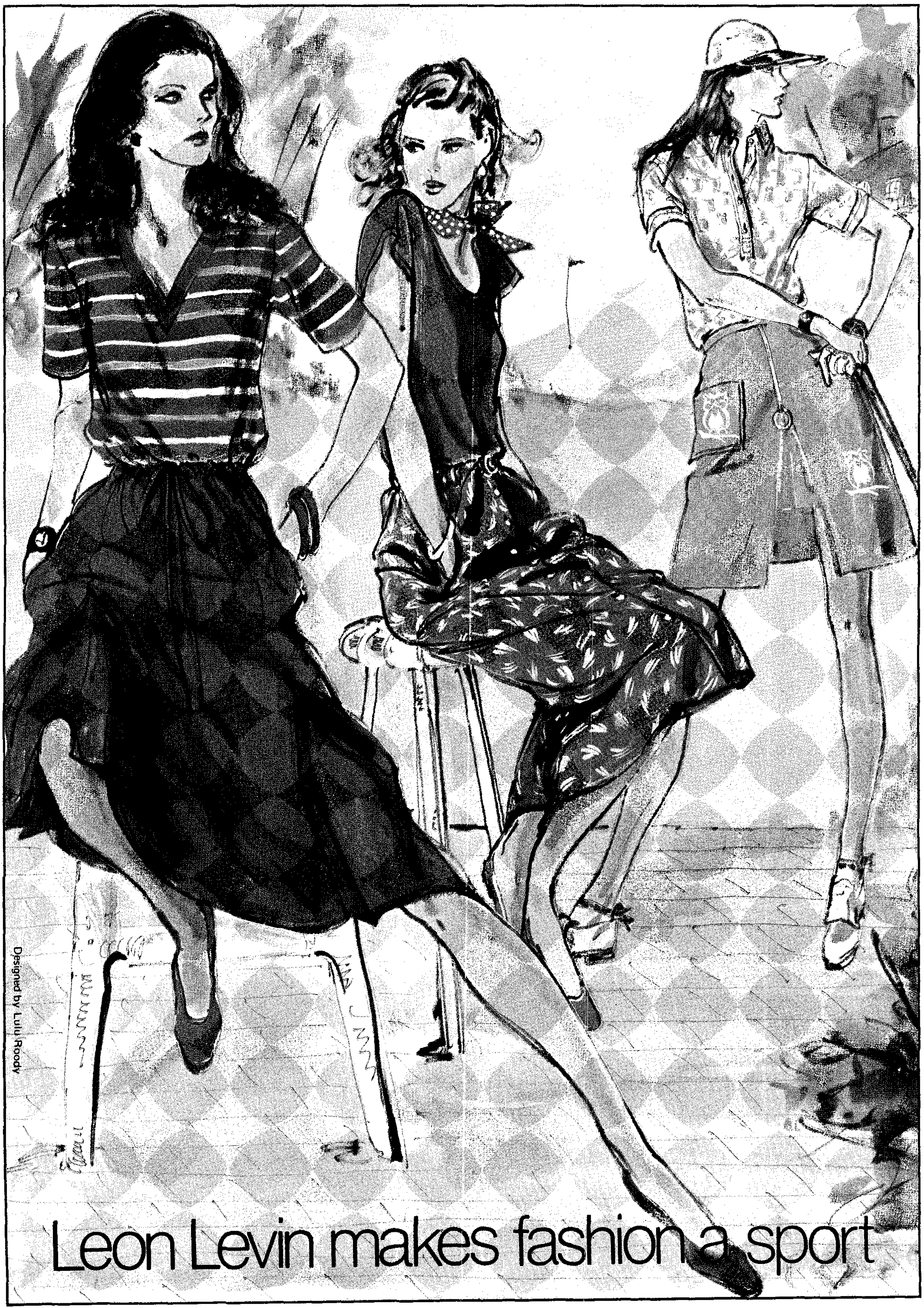
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Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. The current catch is tenor saxophonist **AL COHN,** who is leading a trio through Saturday, Feb. 28. On Sunday, March 1, pianist **DANNY MIXON** will lead a trio; on Monday and Tuesday, March 2-3, Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry will sing and play piano; and on Wednesday, March 4, **DANNY MIXON'S** trio will come back for a four-night visit. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Alto saxophonist and singer **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON** started out with Milt Larkins' Houston-based territorial band in the late thirties, and he has been a main keeper-of-the-flame blues shouter since then. Mr. Vinson performs "Juice Head Baby," "Alimony Blues," and the other twelve-bar melodramas that he's sung over the years, with a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 28. Sunday, March 1, will be claimed by **DAKOTA STATON,** who'll sing blues and ballads with a backing trio, and beginning Tuesday, March 3, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will perform with trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON,** drummer **FREDDIE WAITS,** and pianist **KENNY BARRON.** On one night, Thursday, March 5, pianist **JOHN LEWIS,** bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and drummer **CONNIE KAY** will substitute for the Davis quartet. Mondays belong to trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** and her stirring octet. Sets from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides, and an extensive music schedule. On Sundays and Wednesdays and on Monday, March 2, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** is personally responsible for the music—he leads a trio those nights. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, will be devoted to the hard bop of trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN,** tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** and their quintet, which features **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** on piano. Music from about ten, give or take a half hour. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime soul music. R. & B. singer **LITTLE MILTON** will be here on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28. Shows at approximately nine and midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Arthur Monroe Zone and Ziggurat on Wednesday, Feb. 25; Marshall Crenshaw and Joe Bidewell on Thursday, Feb. 26; Root Boy Slim on Friday, Feb. 27; B-Girls and Tiger Beats on Saturday, Feb. 28; James Montgomery Band and the Uptown Horns on Monday, March 2; and the Scruffs and Charlie Karp Group on Tuesday, March 3. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays the barnlike downstairs room is given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Pianist Terry Waldo plays piano rags on the Terrace Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio alternate with Mr. Waldo on Tuesdays. And in the Top of the Gate, composer, singer, and pianist **AL CARMINES** performs old blues songs and his own tunes on Fridays from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon said of his club in a recent radio interview, "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW'S** new quintet performs through Sunday, March 1; on Tuesday, March 3, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** will move in. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing Cole Porter's piano in Peacock Alley, a quiet passageway that connects the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable.

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He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Hideaway, a small, smoky room that looks like Shangri-la with ice buckets, **HAZEL SCOTT** is at the piano singing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and innumerable other tunes in her lively, intelligent way. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A tranquil, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays Harris Simon is the musician. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Trumpeter **JABBO SMITH'S** Rhythm Aces are here through Saturday, Feb. 28; on Sundays, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a quintet, performs convincing hot jazz; on Mondays, ageless drummer **SONNY GREER** and pianist **BROOKS KERR** go at it; Tuesday, March 3, will belong to drummer **JO JONES** and his band; and Wednesday through Friday, March 4-6, bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his quartet will be in charge. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

NANA MOUSKOURI—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.

OLU DARA'S OKRA ORCHESTRA—450 W. 31st St., twelfth floor. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 9 and 11. For information, call 947-0808.

ARETHA FRANKLIN—With Tom Browne. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25-26, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8 and midnight; and Sunday, March 1, at 7:30.)

WAYNE HORVITZ QUINTET—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

CHEAP TRICK—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

JOHN LINDBERG QUINTET—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.

HOW TO CHANGE A FLAT TIRE—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.

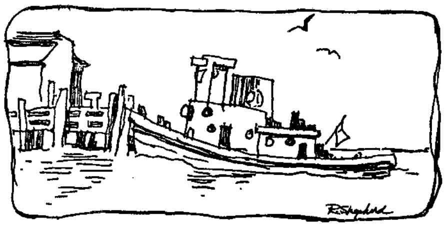
PAUL WINTER & THE WINTER CONSORT—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 8:30.

BOOMTOWN RATS—With the Johnny Average Band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

EDDIE BONNEMÈRE QUINTET—Performing both liturgical and jazz works. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The third in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Gretchen Cryer, with composer Nancy Ford) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, March 1-2, at 8.)

RITA GARDNER AND BUDDY BARNES—Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Monday, March 2, at 8.



BEN VEREEN—With Lionel Hampton, Frank Foster's Band, and others, in a benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.)

GERRY MULLIGAN—With Harvey Estrin and the Y Studio Orchestra. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 5, at 8.)

JAZZ CONCERTS AT CARNEGIE HALL—The first of three weekly concerts celebrating the Hall's ninetieth anniversary will be a salute to W. C. Handy, re-creating his 1928 Carnegie Hall concert. Among the participants will be Bobby Short, Carrie Smith, Don Shirley, and the Jubilee Handy Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 6, at 8.)

CLANCY BROTHERS—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8.

GRAND OLD OPRY BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL—With the Osborne Brothers, and Jim and Jesse & the Virginia Boys. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Bauhaus and DNA. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Saturday, Feb. 28, after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Feb. 25: Frank Tiberi, Marc Johnson, and Joe La Barbera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26: Jim McNeely quartet. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 27-March 1: Clifford Jordan and Barry Harris quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655. The first set starts around nine-thirty.)

JAZZ GALLERY—Grace Marie Testani. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8:30: John Zorn. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8:30: Kalapurusha Maurice McIntyre quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8:30: The second in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring jazz singers Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, Louis Armstrong, Nat Cole, and Ella Fitzgerald. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MARA ABBOUD—Paintings. Through Monday, March 2. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

WILL BARNET—New paintings and works on paper dealing with women, the sea, and solitude. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP / WINIFRED GALLAGHER—Paintings of male figures, mostly in groups, and works on paper. / Groups of cutout silhouettes with a common theme (Manhattan, for instance), painted in patterns related to it. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

DAVID BURT / RUTH LERMAN—Abstract metal sculptures including a series of weathervanes. / Abstract carved-stone sculptures and bronzes. Through March 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Color abstractions on canvas. Through March 21. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

EDWARD CORBETT (1919-71)—Late paintings in an elegant, Minimalist style by this abstractionist. Through March 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Constructivist works: Painted-wood constructions and large graphite drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Tempera paintings of birds and still-lifes by this veteran artist, now seventy. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ERICH HECKEL (1883-1970)—Paintings and drawings by a founding member of Die Brücke. Through March 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

William Curtis Holdsworth—Representational paintings—still-lifes, beach scenes, cityscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Robert LaHotan—Landscape paintings of Andalusian villages, Portugal, and the Maine coast. Also still-lifes. Through March 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Joan Mitchell—An exuberant four-panel painting, more than twenty-three feet long, denotes a recent brightening in this artist's palette. Most of the works on exhibit are oils, but there are also thirteen lively pastels. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Robert Motherwell—A survey of the artist's use of black in collages, drawings, and paintings dating from the late forties to the eighties. Through March 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large new abstract paintings. Through March 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Peter Robbie—Sculptural works, including realistic robes carved from marble, a huge beetle and a scallop shell carved from mahogany, and a sealed letter and a flattened grocery bag in low-relief marble. The artist is a professor at Dartmouth. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

David Smyth—Works that, generally speaking, combine architectural elements, figures, and text. Through Saturday, March 7. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscapes, cityscapes, and architectural and figure studies. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

James Twitty—The Rockies around Aspen are the inspiration for these compositions, in which a realistic landscape is painted on a secondary, interior picture plane nested among radiating lines of perspective. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, mostly of his favorite subjects—churches and dance halls—and many of them from the period when white dominated his palette. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Show—Braque, Picasso, Klee, Dufy, and Hugo Robus are among the artists represented in a show of works inspired by music. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Seven monumental painted welded-steel sculptures, plus smaller works in the same material, shown with the drawings from which they sprang. Through Saturday, March 7. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Alice Baber—Paintings of pale, delicately colored petal-shaped forms that appear to be floating on a white ground. Through March 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957) / **Louis Lozowick** (1892-1973)—Hammered-metal figurative reliefs, several large-scale. / Lithographs and drawings focussing on Manhattan bridges in the thirties. Through March 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Bush (1909-77) / **Anne Ryan** (1889-1954)—Abstract paintings in which broad swipes of vivid color are laid onto mottled backgrounds. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. / Collages and paintings. Through March 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford—Strange oil paintings in which elongated figures and geometrical forms are seen against a rich, mysterious background in which evocative words ("Echo," "Voyager") have been almost imperceptibly scratched. There are also wax sculptures in the same vein. Through Thursday, March 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—Paintings done during the fifties and leading up to the striped works he is best

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known for today. Through Saturday, March 7. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Fourteen large collages in a show dominated by a huge triptych, each panel seven feet tall. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara / **Charles Moore**—Sculptural pieces constructed of stacked lengths of sanded white pine nailed together and reminiscent of Mayan temples. / Models, renderings, and photographs of a church designed by this architect which is being built in Pacific Palisades, California. Through Saturday, March 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

R. M. Fischer—Lamps and fountains constructed of ordinary utensils, found metal, and plastic objects. Through March 14. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Outsize watercolors of tangled forest depths, many of them done during this California artist's recent stay at the MacDowell Colony. Through March 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Juan Gómez-Quiroz—Still-lifes in which the forms of plants and vases and bottles are delineated by a sort of crosshatch of multicolored curved lines, giving a misty aspect to the work. Through March 14. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin—Realist paintings of interiors. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gordon Hart—Abstract paintings and works on paper plus drawings done on wet plaster or incised into ceramic slabs before firing. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Holly Solomon, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Oil paintings of the Maine woods seen from aloft in autumn, including a monumental triptych commissioned for the Federal Office Building in Bangor. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Ceramic models of projected landscapes, with rills of water coursing along and collecting in pools here and there. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Oliver Johnson—Representational still-lifes and portraits on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Alex Katz—Paintings dated 1957-59, including several portraits of his wife, a self-portrait, and portraits of friends, plus a Provincetown seascape. Curiously, these have a warmth that seems missing in his later works. Through Saturday, March 7. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Paper painted by this colorist with egg tempera, acrylics, inks, and dyes and then folded into abstract patterns. Through March 21. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Colorful patterns worked out in dots and dashes on large grids by a veteran painter who changed from a figurative to an abstract style in the mid-forties. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Keith Martin—Collages by an artist who has recently been obliged to retire because of failing eyesight. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings from the seventies, often called the Avignon paintings, after the city where they were first exhibited. Through March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Paintings and drawings by an Illinois artist who achieves a kind of medieval richness in her works. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Porter—Abstract paintings. Through March 14. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract compositions that have a pronounced three-dimensional quality. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—Large recent works drawn with a black oil stick on white paper and suggestive of the huge metal abstract sculptures he is noted for. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—New paintings, including scenes of Manhattan (done from the artist's apartment window) and Fire Island. Also, drawings for proposed outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, March 7. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Don Wynn—Paintings of figures, interiors, and landscapes, a good many seen in an evening light. Through March 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Dintenfass**, 50 W. 57th St.: A diverting collection of line drawings representing seventy-eight artists, ranging from James Thurber to Henri Matisse. Through Friday, Feb. 27. . . . **Janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: More than thirty contemporary paintings, sculptures, and photographs selected from about a hundred that the art historian Sam Hunter purchased for a corporate collection. Through Saturday, March 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Touchstone**, 29 W. 57th St.: A group show that includes one of Dotty Attie's insinuating little picture stories; a wall sculpture incorporating wood, screening, and rubberized fabric by Bill Freeland; and three panels from a huge mural of Moorish aspect being done for a Stamford office building by Edgar Buonagurio. Through Saturday, Feb. 28.

Sculpture—A number of artists (Joel Shapiro, Marisol, Brian Hunt, Lynda Benglis) are showing one piece each in bronze, a new material for some of them. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Alpert—A survey of constructions and drawings taking in the years between 1974 and the present. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Ida Applebroog—A series of stage scenes, drawn on vellum, in which cartoonlike figures play out strange little dramas without ever moving. Captions and the viewer's imagination keep the action going. Through Saturday, March 7. (Feldman, in spacious new downtown-branch quarters at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts. Open Mondays.)

William Crovello—Small and medium-size abstract sculptures, in marble, granite, and stainless steel, by the artist who made that double "U" in front of the Time-Life Building. Through Tuesday, March 3. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Enzo Cucchi—Large paintings in an extravagantly Expressionist style by one of the so-called Bad Boys of contemporary Italian art. The subject matter, like the colors, is violent. Through March 10. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Hans Haacke—More protest works, the artist this time heaping ironic praise upon the Mobil Oil Company in the form of ten large etchings joined together to represent a greatly enlarged facsimile of a stock certificate, scribbled over with handwritten comments and observations. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings done between 1930 and 1950 by this abstract artist, who was a disciple of Gorky but shifted to wholly geometrical forms in her later years. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Daphne Mumford—Ten paintings, plus charcoal and pastel drawings. Through March 12. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Manuel Neri / Dennis Ashbaugh—Sculptures of life-size nude figures that have a deliberately sketchy, unfinished look. Some are made of plaster or clay on an armature, others are cast in bronze or carved from stone. / Bright-colored abstract paintings in a show occasioned by the publication of the artist's poster for Lincoln Center Great Performers. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Garry Rich—Thirty portraits that have in common their size (24 x 24 inches) and medium (industrial enamel on canvas under glass). The subjects include the artists Larry Bell and Bruce Nauman, the dealer Pam Adler, and the actor Dennis Hopper. Through March 14. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mark Saltz—Large paintings, mostly six feet square, of simple forms—a hat, a leg—done in rich colors thickly applied. Through March 14. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Carol J. Steen / Margo Herr—Abstract constructions (sheets of lead joined to wood) in various sizes. / Paintings and pastels based on standing stones. Through March 14. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Michael Hunt Stolbach—A two-gallery exhibit of works from his "Quadrettatura" series: an installation—painted rag paper on canvas—covering three walls at Neill, 136 Greene St.; and small works at Fields, 60 Grand St., between West Broadway and Wooster St. (opens at noon). Both shows through March 18.

Lawrence Weiner and Edward Ruscha—Two shows relying on the printed word, the first consisting of opaque statements applied to the gallery floor and the second of what the artist calls stutter drawings ("G Gosh It's a Sm Small W World"). Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Robin Winters—A group of eighty gouache heads is titled "Eighty Noses," and a group of eighty sketchy figures is called "A Hundred and Sixty Legs." Through Thursday, March 5. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

C. J. Yao—Hyperrealist watercolor depictions of buildings here and in Houston. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Squares of plate steel and strips of copper laid out on the gallery floor by Carl Andre; large monochromatic paintings by David Budd, who has lately added gold and silver to his palette; and a boxlike installation (seven feet square) involving self-reflecting mirrors by Molly Burgess. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A fourth-anniversary show of works on paper by eleven artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dennis Oppenheim—An installation by a conceptual sculptor with a penchant for large-scale machines. Through March 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Benjamin Disraeli Centenary—"Dizzy and Beaconsfield," an exhibit marking the hundredth anniversary of the statesman's death. More than a hundred items have been brought together; included are such memorabilia as letters (one from Tennyson), photographs, cartoons, and a variety of commemorative items. Also on display are first editions of Disraeli's novels, among them "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," "The Letters of Runnymede," and "Endymion." Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CLAYWORKS STUDIO WORKSHOP**, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramics by eight painters and sculptors working with clay for the first time. They include Kikuo Saito, Joyce Kozloff, Sherron Francis, and James Wolfe. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . **COMMUNITY GALLERY**, 28 E. 35th St.: Paintings by ten black artists, among them Beauford Delaney, Alma Thomas, and Hale Woodruff. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Opens at 1.) . . . **80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES**, New York University: The fifth annual small-works (under twelve inches) competition; the two hundred and sixty-six paintings, drawings, photographs, and constructions were chosen by Marcia Tucker from more than three thousand entries. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo / Wright Morris—Platinum prints (still-lifes, landscapes, portraits) by the Mexican photographer. / Works recently printed from negatives made in the forties. Through Saturday, March 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Lewis Baltz—More than a hundred gelatin-silver photographs recording the construction of a Utah ski resort. Through Saturday, March 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Hans Bellmer (1902-75)—This European Surrealist, known for his doll mobiles, also did doll photographs—exclusively. Through Saturday, March 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Coplans—Portraits made with a 4 x 5 view camera, over half of them contact prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another gallery at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Both shows through March 29.

Robert Frank / Mitch Epstein—Vintage prints from the forties and fifties. / Color photographs of Egypt. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of birds in urban settings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

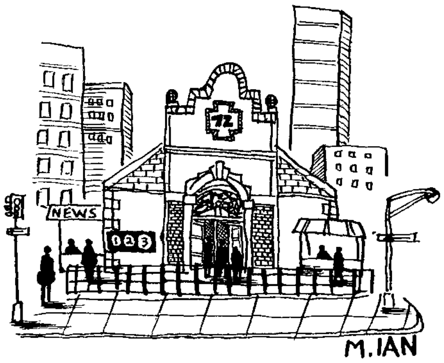
Marvin E. Newman—Photographs of open areas in the city, both temporary and permanent. Through Tuesday, March 3. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Photographs dated between 1937 and 1952, including examples from the Second World War and a series entitled "Chaplin at Work." Through Saturday, March 7. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Yang—Eight-by-ten contact prints of landscapes. Through March 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A pair of winged-animal sculptures about the entrance to the museum's new Assyrian gallery, on the second floor, and within are various other objects that were recovered at the ancient capital of Nimrud, including a group of seven-foot limestone bas-reliefs arranged as they might have been in the palace of King Assurnasirpal II (884-859 B.C.), from which they came. These works have not been on view since 1968. . . . ¶ A show of more than fifty works by John Marin, nearly all of them watercolors. Through March 15. . . . ¶ A survey of Korean art incorporating more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; Koryo celadon; Yi ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . ¶ "The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Department of Prints and Drawings has acquired hundreds of works in the past two years, and of these a hundred have been put on view—by Delacroix, Marguerite Zorach, Alex Katz, William T. Wiley, and others. Through March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Hopi Indian life is seen in historical perspective in a show of ancient and contemporary artifacts (among them a hundred and fifty kachina dolls), two prehistoric murals, and two large-scale models of Hopi villages. Through May 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of nearly five hundred matchsafes from the Brener collection, which has examples made of precious materials (silver, ivory, gold) in precious shapes (babies, animals, musical instruments) dating from the eighteen-seventies, not long after the invention of the friction match. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing the works of thirty-six major Israeli artists. More than a hundred works, many borrowed from collections both in this country and abroad. Included are paintings by Reuven Rubin and Moshe Castel, a large triptych by Mordecai Ardon, and sculptures

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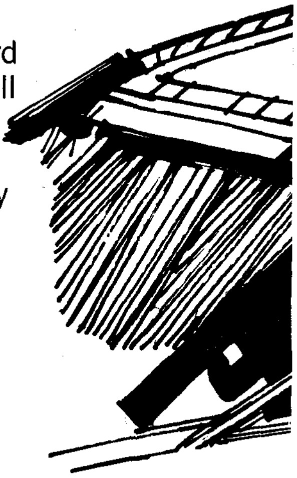

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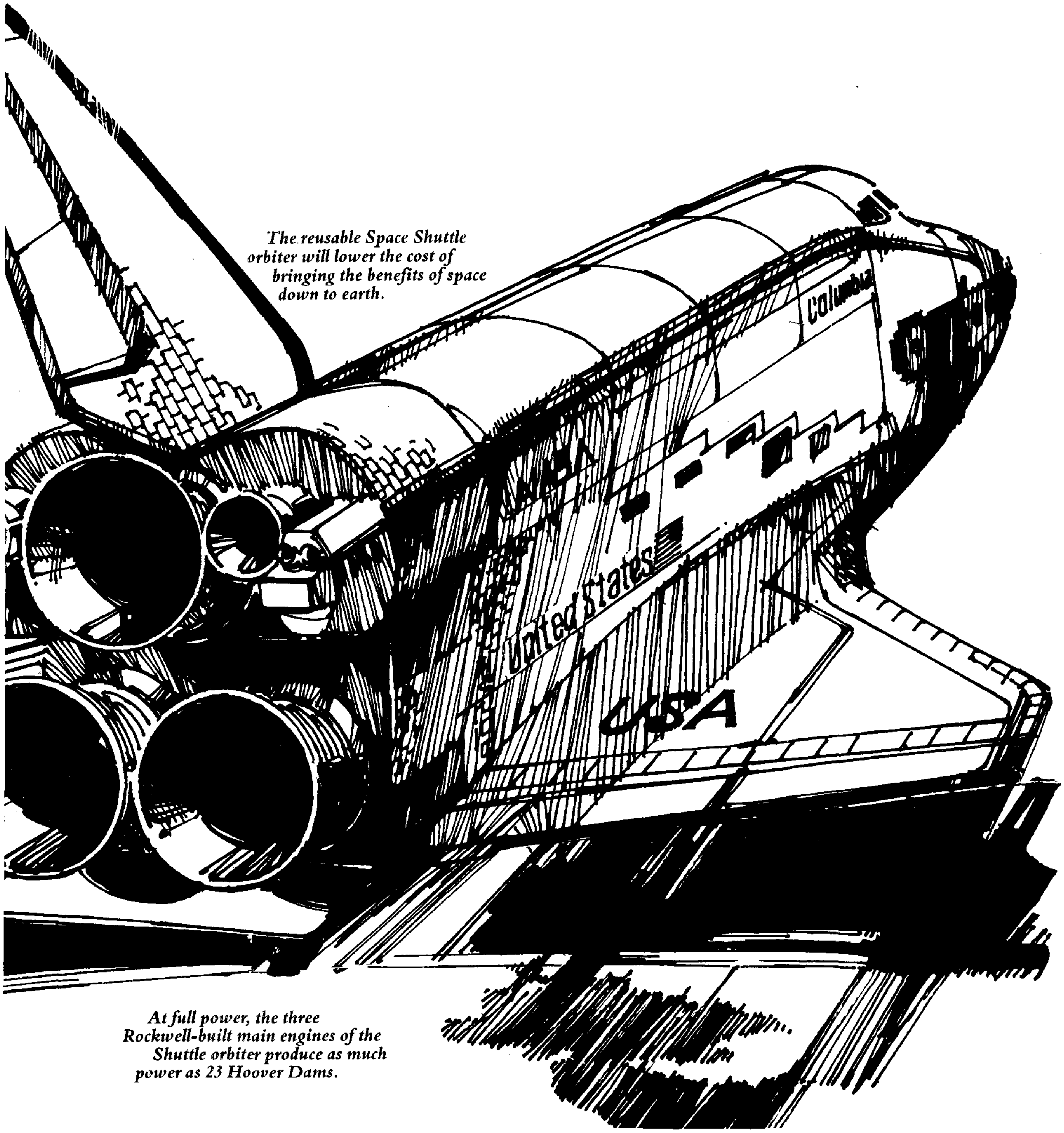

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Yaacov Agam and Igael Tumarkin. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-sixth annual juried exhibition: paintings, sculptures, and graphics by more than two hundred artists. Among the prize-winners are Karl Schrag, Lennart Anderson, Anne Poor, Paul Georges, and James Lechay. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. Many photographs. Through May 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Through April 11. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of photographs, prints, assemblages, sculptures, and paintings by six contemporary artists showing here for the first time: Curtis Bunyan, Nanette Carter, Janet Henry, Howard McCalebb, Leon Waller, and Stanley K. Whitney. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Saturday, Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Howardena Pindell (video performance), Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30 and 9:00; women performance artists from London and Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8 (both taking place at 626 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston Sts.). Exhibitions: Photographs and drawings by Daile Kaplan; through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Newspapers, magazines, and books by artists (John Cage, Yoko Ono, Allan Kaprow) from the fifties and sixties; through April 11.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Wendy Perron (dance), Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 8, at 3; a video installation, with sound, by Rita Myers, through Saturday, Feb. 28.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—More than a hundred artists are on view in the main show: an homage to New Wave culture, including such works as fourteen mounted metal panels painted by graffiti artists who consider themselves masters of their craft. Also paintings, drawings, and photographs, similarly inspired. Through April 5.

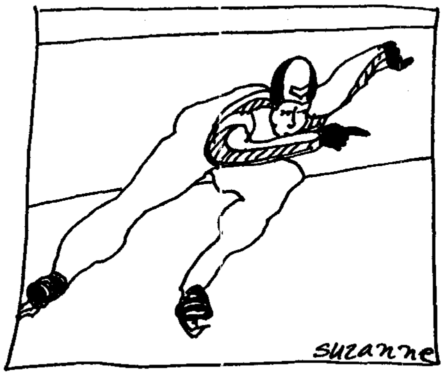
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, Arthur Thompson, and Julien Robbins; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, Timothy Jenkins, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Monday, March 2, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Louise Wohlafka, Luciano Pavarotti, Brent Ellis, and Sesto Bruscantini; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Pablo Elvira; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 8: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Arthur Thompson; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Louise Wohlafka, Luciano Pavarotti, Brent Ellis, and Sesto Bruscantini; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 2:30: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works.



New York City Opera—Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Boris Martinovich; conducted by Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28: "Don Giovanni," with Heather Thomson, Ellen Shade, Samuel Ramey, Justino Díaz, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Marianna Christos, Joanna Simon Nadia Pelle, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 1: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Janice Hall, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, William Wildermann, and Dan Sullivan; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 1, and Tuesday evening, March 3: A new production of Thea Musgrave's "Mary, Queen of Scots," with Ashley Putnam, Barry Busse, Rico Serbo, Richard Fredricks, Kenneth Bell, and John Seabury; Peter Mark. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 6: "La Bohème," with Carol Vaness, Karon Poston, Barry McCauley, Alan Titus, Boris Martinovich, and Thomas Jamerson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 7: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Kathleen Hegierski, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 7: "Mary, Queen of Scots," with Ashley Putnam, Barry Busse, Rico Serbo, Richard Fredricks, Kenneth Bell, and John Seabury; Peter Mark. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Staged by Norman Ayrton, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Laszlo Halasz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting the New York première of two one-act operas—Ned Rorem's "Bertha" (based on a play by Kenneth Koch), and Thomas Benjamin's "The Rehearsal." (Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. 691-6105. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 7 and 9:30, and Sunday, March 1, at 3 and 8.)

"Madame Butterfly"—The Eastern Opera Theatre's production of the Puccini opera, in English, with Ok-Ja Lim, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Donald Westwood, tenor; and Jay Willoughby, baritone. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall —Rafael Kubelik conducting performances of Mahler's Seventh Symphony Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, at 8, and Tuesday, March 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Edo de Waart conducting a Haydn-Ravel program on Thursday, March 5, at 8; Friday, March 6, at 2; and Saturday, March 7, and Tuesday, March 10, at 8 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano).

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson conducting a program that includes the New York première of Anthony Newman's Violin Concerto. With Hidetaro Suzuki, violin, and Mr. Newman, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.) .

Württemberg Chamber Orchestra—Jörg Faerber conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra of Budapest—A seventeen-member orchestra performing without a conductor. With János Rolla, Kálmán Kostyál, and Zoltán Tfirst, all violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 3, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a program that includes the New York première of Peter Maxwell Davies' Second Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 4-5, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Vladimir Kin conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting, with Jennifer Hoult, harp, and Michael Kelly, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Tchaikovsky-Weber-Hindemith program, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing performances of Moussorgsky's opera "Khovantschina," with orchestration by Shostakovich, in concert form. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8, with Donnie Ray Albert and Stephen Markuson, basses, and Renata Babak, mezzo-soprano. Free tickets will be available at the door on the night of the performance. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 7:30, with Paul Plishka and Leonard Mroz, basses; Allan Monk, baritone; Stefania Toczyska, mezzo-soprano; and four choruses.)

Chamber Orchestra of Nice—Philippe Bender conducting a twenty-eight member ensemble appearing here for the first time. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 1, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting a Wagner-Mahler program, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Edward Auer, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program that includes the premières of Maurice Wright's "Like an Autumn Sky" and Marga Richter's "To Whom?" (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano; and John Gilmore, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:15.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The first in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by Calvin Hampton. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 5:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Shoshana and Michael Rudiakov—Cello and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Jan DeGaetani, soprano, and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25-26, at 8.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Marcy Rosen, cello; and Philipp Naegele, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Stephanie Jutt—Flute, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Thérèse Dussaut—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ A varied program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Chamber Music—Ronald Roseman and Virginia Brewer, oboe; Donald MacCourt, bassoon; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The fourth and fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, and Saturday, March 7, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Brian Schweickhardt—Clarinet. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Totally Telemann." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Daniel Varsano—Piano, in a performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 1, at 2.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The Hilliard Ensemble performing a program entitled "Vocal Masterworks of Medieval and Renaissance Europe." (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 1, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

Bethany Beardslee and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano in an all-Schubert program. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Joseph Ness, David Olan, William Schuman, and Morton Subotnick, performed by the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble; Harvey Sollberger, flute and piccolo; Susan Belling, soprano; Susan Jolles, harp; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, March 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jan DeGaetani and Gilbert Kalish—Mezzo-soprano and piano in the last in a series of joint recitals, this one an all-Ives program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 3, at 8.)

Ida Kavafian—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 3, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music on original instruments, with Jaap Schröder, baroque violin. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Tuesday, March 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Steven Kanoff—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.)

Michael Oelbaum—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The third in a series of four programs, this one entitled "The Birth of Bel Canto." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 5, and Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

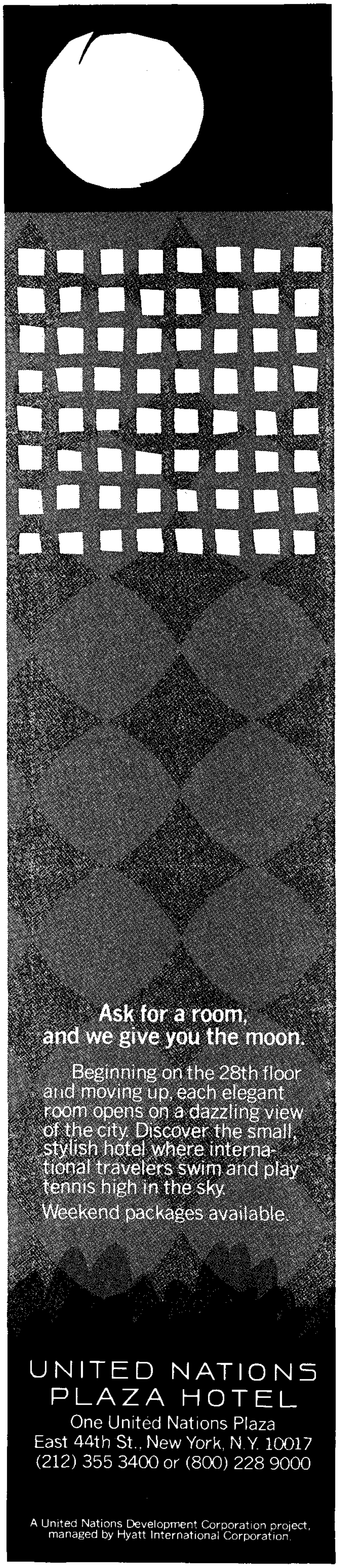
Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, March 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-1274.)

Aston Magna—A Mozart-Bach program performed by Albert Fuller and Lionel Party, harpsichord; Stephen Hammer, oboe; John Solum, flute; and Jaap Schröder and Linda Quan, baroque violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 6, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist, in a program celebrating Carnegie Hall's ninety years of musical life. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Benefit Concerts—The annual *La Follia di New York* benefit will include such participants as the actor Paul Sorvino, making his début as an operatic tenor; Rosario Andrade and Con-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stance Barnett, sopranos; Gwynn Cornell, mezzo-soprano; and Boris Martinovich, bass. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, March 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Marvin Hamlisch, piano, and the Mannes Philharmonic, in a concert for the benefit of Mannes College of Music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 737-9088.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave., between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, March 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Friday, March 6, at 7:35. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Detroit, Sunday, March 1, at 4:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, March 1, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, March 4, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, March 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, March 7, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Next Move Handicap, Sunday, March 1, and the Swift, Saturday, March 7. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14. The Bowie, Saturday, Feb. 28, and the Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 7.

Track—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Jayne Anne Phillips and William Goyen reading from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 2, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Irving reading from his own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Michael Brownstein and Daniel Krakauer reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Constance Urdang and Donald Finkel reading from their own poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Thursday, March 5, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 28, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, March 1, from 10 to 6.)

Flower Shows—The Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. . . . ¶ The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 7-8, from 11 to 5.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, including a group of School of Paris paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 2, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades, snuff bottles, and works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese and Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental ceramics. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 10:15: Decorative works of art, together with furniture and rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 2, and Friday, March 6, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, among them works by Kandinsky, Renoir, Dali, and Laurencin. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Friday, Feb. 27, at 2: Old Master and modern prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Elizabeth F. Chapman. Exhibition starts Sunday, March 1. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8: Paintings, from the estate of Elizabeth F. Chapman. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . PHILLIPS, 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, March 4, at 11: Furniture, decorations, books, and silver; from the estate of Elizabeth F. Chapman. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, April 9, 11, and 12 (all day games). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, April 14-16 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 13 (Chicago), March 15 (Philadelphia), March 17 (Indiana), March 21 (Cleveland), March 24 (Boston), and March 29 (Nets). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: March 11 (Washington), March 17 (Philadelphia), March 20 (Atlanta), March 22 (Milwaukee), March 25 (Boston), and March 28 (Knicks).

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 20.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 9-12.)

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 8 (Detroit), March 11 (Colorado), March 14 (Hartford), March 18 (Boston), March 22 (Quebec), March 30 (Philadelphia), and April 3 (Chicago). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: March 14 (Philadelphia), March 17 (Montreal), March 28 (Pittsburgh), April 2 (Rangers), and April 4 (Washington).

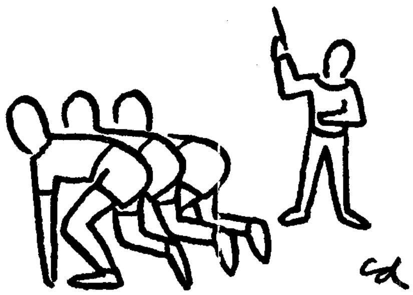
Karate—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden: All-American Open Karate Championships, March 21. . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions, March 22.

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 4.

Tennis—Avon Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 25-29.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: April 6-June 17.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 18. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 9. . . . ¶ Württemberg Chamber Orchestra, March 8. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 9. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, March 11, 13, and 15. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ Joan Sutherland, soprano, Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, and Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, March 20 and 23. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 22. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, March 29. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, April 5. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, April 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Warsaw Castle Chamber Orchestra, March 8. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 10 and April 7. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 15. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 15. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 17. . . . ¶ Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, March 18-19. . . . ¶ Leontyne Price, soprano, March 22. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, March 22. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, March 23, 25, and 27. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 24. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, March 26. . . . ¶ Martha Argerich, piano, March 28. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, March 29. . . . ¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, March 30. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 1-2. . . . ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, April 3. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, April 4. . . . ¶ Ensemble Instrumental de France, April 6. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, April 8. . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, April 9. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus, April 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, March 8. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, March 11. . . . ¶ Leonard Raver, organ, March 12. . . . ¶ Lorin Hollander, piano, March 14. . . . ¶ Sharon Robinson, cello, March 15. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, March 15. . . . ¶ Ann Schein, piano, March 16 and 30. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 18, 19, and 25. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 22-24 and April 3 and 5. . . . ¶ Continuum, March 28. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, March 29. . . . ¶ Eugenia Zukerman, flute, April 4. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, April 5 and 8. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 9. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Carol Wincenc, flute, March 10. . . . ¶ Zaidee Parkinson, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, March 12. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, March 14. . . . ¶ Yehuda Hanani, cello, and Edward Auer, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 16-17. . . . ¶ Håkan Hagegård, baritone, March 18. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 21-22. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and the Tokyo String Quartet, March 24. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, March 25, and April 1 and 8. . . . ¶ Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist, and the Orford String Quartet, March 26. . . . ¶ Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and Ned Rorem, piano, April 2. . . . ¶ David Bar-Illan, piano, April 4. . . . ¶ Zamir Chorale, April 5. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Orpheus, March 16. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, March 19 and April 9. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 20 and April 10. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 21-22. . . . ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, March 28. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 3.

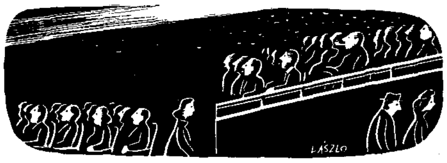


Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Broadway Follies," a contemporary entertainment done in vaudeville style, with the comedy team of Shields and Yarnell, Tessie O'Shea, acrobats, animal acts, magicians, and so on. Walter Marks is responsible for the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ "Rose," a London import by Andrew Davies, will have Glenda Jackson portraying a Midlands schoolteacher attempting to break away from her quotidian existence. . . . ¶ Lauren Bacall and Harry Guardino will team up in a musical version of "Woman of the Year." (Hepburn and Tracy first teamed up in the 1942 film version.) The book is by Peter Stone, the music is by John Kander, and the lyrics are by Fred Ebb. . . . ¶ Neil Simon's comic fable "The Curse of Kulyenchikov," with John Rubinstein as the lead. . . . ¶ Ralph Waite and Frances Sternhagen will appear in a revival of Strindberg's "The Father," which has a new translation by Harry G. Carlson. . . . ¶ A musical, "Copperfield," based on Dickens' "David Copperfield," with book, music, and lyrics by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. Evan Richards will have the title role.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Tuesday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 1-May 31. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1980 and estimates for 1981 are due Wednesday, April 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7150; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 26: "Alambrista" (1978; directed by Robert M. Young), with Domingo Ambriz. On Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8 P.M., Mr. Young will be present. Also on Thursday, at 10 P.M. only, a showing of Mr. Young's "One-Trick Pony," with Paul Simon and Blair Brown.
From Feb. 27: A nine-day festival of over forty documentaries, dramas, and experimental and short films made over the past sixty years by, and with, black Americans. The schedule, which also includes personal appearances by New York-based filmmakers, is complicated; our best advice is to call the theatre, after 1. The theatre will be closed on Monday, March 2.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Feb. 28: "Guys and Dolls" (†) and "The Hurricane." (†)
From March 1: "Northern Lights" (1979; John Hanson and Rob Nilsson).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 26: "Seems Like Old Times" (Jay Sandrich), with Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn; and "The Electric Horseman." (†)
Feb. 27-March 5: "Flash Gordon" (†) and "Where the Buffalo Roam." (†)
From March 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Altered States." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 26: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen" (Clive Donner), with Peter Ustinov.
From Feb. 27: "Raging Bull." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5" (Colin Higgins), with Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, and Dolly Parton.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 26: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 27: "Eyewitness" (Peter Yates), with William Hurt and Sigourney Weaver.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Caddie" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Helen Morse and Jack Thompson.

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 26: "Sphinx" (Franklin J. Schaffner), with Lesley-Anne Down and Frank Langella.
From Feb. 27: "One Wild Moment" (Claude Berri; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle and Victor Lanoux.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Great Santini." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 26: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (Joel Schumacher), with Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin.
From Feb. 27: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 26: "Spetters" (Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Feb. 26: "Tell Me a Riddle" (Lee Grant), with Melvyn Douglas and Lila Kedrova.
From Feb. 27: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi.

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II" (Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 5: "The Competition." (†)
From March 6: "All Night Long" (Jean-Claude Tramont), with Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 26: "Seems Like Old Times" (Jay Sandrich), with Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn.
Feb. 27-March 5: "The Mirror Crack'd" (Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple.
From March 6: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Feb. 26: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (Joel Schumacher), with Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin.
From Feb. 27: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen" (Clive Donner), with Peter Ustinov.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "9 to 5" (Colin Higgins), with Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, and Dolly Parton. From Feb. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Private Benjamin." (†) From Feb. 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (directed by Joel Schumacher), with Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 26: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen" (Clive Donner), with Peter Ustinov.
From Feb. 27: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"La Cage aux Folles II" (Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From March 6: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 4: Through March 5: "Tell Me a Riddle" (Lee Grant), with Melvyn Douglas and Lila Kedrova. From March 6 (tentative): "Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)" (Francis Mankiewicz; a Canadian film, in French), with Marie Tifo.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Earthling" (Peter Collinson), with William Holden and Ricky Schroder.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Resurrection." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II" (Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Man of Marble" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)" (Francis Mankiewicz; a Canadian film, in French), with Marie Tifo.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"). (†) March 5: Theatre closed. From March 6: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei and Oleg Tabakov.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Competition." (†)
Theatre 2: "Tell Me a Riddle" (Lee Grant), with Melvyn Douglas and Lila Kedrova.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 26: "Seems Like Old Times" (Jay Sandrich), with Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn. From Feb. 27: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi.
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (Joel Schumacher), with Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "Raging Bull." (†) Feb. 27-March 5: "Flash Gordon." (†) From March 6: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (Joel Schumacher), with Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Seems Like Old Times" (Jay Sandrich), with Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn. From Feb. 27: "Galaxina" (William Sachs), with Stephen Macht and Dorothy R. Stratten.
Theatre 3: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "Sphinx" (directed by Franklin J. Schaffner), with Lesley-Anne Down and Frank Langella. From Feb. 27: "Eyewitness" (Peter Yates), with William Hurt and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 3: "9 to 5" (Colin Higgins), with Jane

Fonda, Lily Tomlin, and Dolly Parton.

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 26: "Maniac" (William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro. From Feb. 27: "One Wild Moment" (Claude Berri; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle and Victor Lanoux.

Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 6: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408) "Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 26: "Fear No Evil" (Frank LaLoggia), with Stefan Arngrim and Elizabeth Hoffman. From Feb. 27: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi.

Theatre 4: "Popeye." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636) "The Competition." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through March 5: "Altered States." (†)

From March 6: "All Night Long" (Jean-Claude Tramont), with Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand.

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060) "The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070) "My Bloody Valentine" (George Mihalka; a Canadian film), with Paul Kelman and Lori Hallier.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320) "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950) "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through Feb. 26: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (Joel Schumacher), with Lily Tomlin and Charles Grodin.

From Feb. 27: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

Through Feb. 26: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen" (Clive Donner), with Peter Ustinov.

From Feb. 27: "Galaxina" (William Sachs), with Stephen Macht and Dorothy R. Stratten.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369) "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Feb. 25: "The Servant" (1963; directed by Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "Mr. Klein" (1977; Joseph Losey), with Alain Delon, Jean Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.

Feb. 26: "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs.

Feb. 27: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Feb. 28: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

March 1: "The Talk of the Town" (†); and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

March 2: "Night and Fog" (a short documentary film; 1955; Alain Resnais); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour." (†)

March 3: "New Tales of the Genji" (1961; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

March 4: "Crime and Punishment" (†); and "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

March 5: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Eve Notte a Roma (It Was Night in Rome)" (1960; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).

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March 6: "Les Mistons" (†) and "My Life to Live." (†)

March 7: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 25: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Feb. 26: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and three Polanski short films.

Feb. 27: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Feb. 28: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

March 1: "My Fair Lady" (1964; George Cukor), with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

March 2: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (†) and "A Man for All Seasons." (†)

March 3: "Pirosmani" (†); and "The Gypsy Camp Vanishes Into the Blue" (1976; Emil Loteanu; in Russian).

March 4: "The Greatest Show on Earth" (†); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.

March 5: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, and Yvonne Furneaux; and "Forbidden Dreams (What?)" (1973; Roman Polanski), with Marcello Mastroianni.

March 6: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.

March 7: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 26: "Lilith" (1964; Robert Rossen), with Warren Beatty and Jean Seberg; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Feb. 27-28: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

March 1-2: "Fedora" (1979; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Marthe Keller, and Hildegard Knef; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

March 3: "Shoe-Shine" (†) and "Miracle in Milan." (†)

March 4-5: "Debbie Does Dallas" and "Misty Beethoven," both X-rated films.

March 6-7: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966; a Japanese film, dubbed in English by Woody Allen); and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Feb. 25: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975; Martin Scorsese), with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.

Feb. 26-28: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

March 1-2: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

March 3-4: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

March 5-7: "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, and E. G. Marshall; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Feb. 26: "Imitation of Life" (1934; John Stahl), with Claudette Colbert, Louise Beavers, Rochelle Hudson, Fredi Washington, and Warren William; and "Back Street" (1932; John Stahl), with Irene Dunne, John Boles, and ZaSu Pitts.

Feb. 27-March 1: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

March 2-4: "One Hour with You" (†); and "Girls About Town" (1931; George Cukor) with Kay Francis, Joel McCrea, and Lilyan Tashman.

March 5-7: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Horse Feathers" (1932), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 25: "Johnny Eager" (1942; Mervyn LeRoy), with Lana Turner, Robert Taylor, and Barry Nelson; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe.

Feb. 26-28: "Du Barry Was a Lady" (1943; Roy Del Ruth), with Red Skelton and Lucille Ball; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

March 1-2: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†); and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

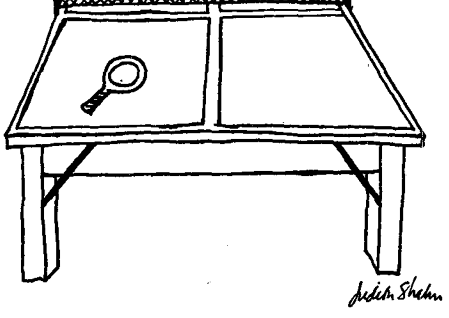
March 3-4: "Easy to Love" (1953; Charles Walters), with Esther Williams, Van Johnson, and Tony Martin; and "Everything I Have Is Yours" (1952; Robert Z. Leonard), with Marge and Gower Champion and Dennis O'Keefe.

March 5-7: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 25: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Feb. 26: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930; Lewis Milestone), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim; and "The Red Pony"



(1949; Lewis Milestone), with Robert Mitchum, Myrna Loy, Louis Calhern, and Peter Miles.

Feb. 27-28: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with the Who.

March 1-5: Forty-five B films, shown nine a day, starting at 2 and ending at midnight. Call theatre for titles and times.

March 6-7: "Nightmare Alley" (†) and "Carny." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 25: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Across the Pacific" (1942; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet.

Feb. 26: "Night After Night" (1932; Archie Mayo), with Mae West and George Raft; and "My Little Chickadee" (1940; Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields.

Feb. 27: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Feb. 28-March 1: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

March 2: "They Drive by Night" (†); and "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.

March 3: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†) and "World Première." (†)

March 4: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†); and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

March 5: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray; and "Dead Reckoning." (†)

March 6: "It's a Gift" (1934; Norman Z. McLeod), with W. C. Fields; and "Man on the Flying Trapeze." (†)

March 7: "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Les Trois Derniers Hommes" (1980; directed by Antoine Perset; in French, English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6: "Anthracite" (1980; Edouard Niermans; in French, English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8:30: "Exterieur Nuit" (1980; Jacques Bral; in French, English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: A program of five recent French short films; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: A program of recent Polish animated films. The animator, Miroslaw Kijowicz, will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at noon: "Seventh Heaven" (1927; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Guns" (1980; Robert Kramer; in French, English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 5: "Exterieur Nuit." . . . ¶ March 1 at noon: "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien, and Kay Johnson. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Vacances Royales" (1980; Gabriel Auer; in French, English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 1 at 5: "Guns." . . . ¶ March 2 at noon: A program of recent Polish animated films. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "Les Trois Derniers Hommes." . . . ¶ March 2 at 6: "Anthracite." . . . ¶ March 3 at noon: A program of recent Polish animated films. . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "Let There Be Light" (1946; John Huston), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 3 at 6: "Hobie's Heroes" (1980; Steven Montgomery) and "Doc: The Oldest Man in the Sea" (1980; Kathryn Larson), both documentary films. . . . ¶ March 5 at 2:30: "Gunn" (1967; Blake Edwards), with Craig Stevens, Laura Devon, Ed Asner, and Sherry Jackson. . . . ¶ March 5 at 6: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ March 5 at 8:30 and March 6 at 2:30: "10" (1979; Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews, Bo Derek, and Robert Webber. . . . ¶ March 6 at 6: "Gunn." . . . ¶ March 7 at noon: "Proud Valley" (1940; Pen Tennyson), with Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30: "Breakfast at Tiffany's." . . . ¶ March 7 at 5: "The Party" (1968; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers, Claudine Longet, and Marge Champion. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 25 at 3: A program of video films by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 8: A program of five films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8, and Feb. 27 at 7 and 10: Three programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2: A program of video films by Gary Hill. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 7 and 10, and March 1 at 8: Three programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 3 at 8: A video program by Stephen Beck and Woody and Steina Vasulka. . . . ¶ March 4 at 8: A program of four films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ March 5 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ March 5 at 8: A program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ March 6 at 7 and 10: Two programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2: A video program by Antonio Muntadas. . . . ¶ March 7 at 7 and 10: Two programs of films by West Coast filmmakers.

FROM MAO TO MOZART—ISAAC STERN IN CHINA—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by his Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. 865-2557. Through Saturday, Feb. 28, showings at 6, 8, and 10.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALTERED STATES—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde tricks, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/19/81.) (Murray Hill, and Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through March 5.)

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS (1970)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical, and the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton's Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless; it's almost as if he *remembered* how to act but couldn't work up much enthusiasm or involvement. Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl who keeps the King waiting for her sexual favors for six years—until he can marry her and make their children heirs to the throne. Bujold works at the role with all her will and intelligence, and her readings are often extraordinary, but she's too tight and too self-contained; one admires her as an actress but one does not really warm to her performance. The adapters sharpened Maxwell Anderson's play, and the dialogue is often much crisper than one anticipates, but the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne Henry would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. And at the end we're left with Maxwell Anderson's glowing, fatuous hindsight: a final shot of Anne's posthumous triumph—the baby Elizabeth wandering about, deserted, as her foolish father, who doesn't know what *we* know, goes off to beget a male heir. The director is Charles (Static Camera) Jarrott; with Irene Papas, Michael Hordern, John Colicos, and Anthony Quayle. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

CARNY—As the teen-age small-town girl looking for excitement who joins up with a carnival that's travelling through, Jodie Foster has a marvellous sexy bravado. With her long legs and knowledgeable eyes, this blooming young actress gives the picture a toehold on recognizable human experience. But the carny partners she hooks up with are played by Gary Busey and Robbie Robertson, and it's hard to know what they think they're doing. Busey is the carnival's hostile, sadistic bozo (who manipulates customers by insulting them), yet we can't see what his meanness comes out of—he seems to be an open-faced farm boy. And the heavy-lidded Robertson, who was so remarkable as himself in "The Last Waltz," Scorsese's concert film about The Band, acts like a burned-out dowager here. His twitches and druggy, Garbo-esque expressions don't connect with anything. The low-life carny world has been shot for funky exoticism, and the director, Robert Kaylor, overdoes it—the images are too grotesque, too ominous, too garish, and the music (by Alex North) is too insistent. There isn't enough humor and there isn't enough clarity about how things work; it doesn't help to have a carny hand say to somebody, "You still don't get it, do you?" when we don't either. There's an authentically eerie scene of Harold the 600-pound Fat Man (George Emerson) singing, and an even eerier moment when he goes out into the rain—presumably the only shower big enough for him. The dialogue, from Thomas Baum's screenplay, is often colorful, but the picture is heavy. The minute Elisha Cook, Jr., turns up as an endearing crazy, it's obvious he's going to be bumped off, and there's an ugly sequence with Jodie Foster apparently trapped by a sexual psychopath. With Meg Foster, who gives off a lot of energy, though she has nothing to do, and Kenneth McMillan and Bert Remsen. (Thalia; March 6-7.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François

Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Ziegfeld.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Rivoli; starting Feb. 27.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through March 5.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedicated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, and, as the horrid stepson, Richard Quine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 3.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 4.)

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Dead Reckoning (1947)—A forgettable Bogart melodrama that was already familiar when it came out; it had been synthesized from several of his hits, with Lizabeth Scott's role processed out of Mary Astor and Lauren Bacall routines. Scott double-crosses a friend of Bogart's, and as he takes her to the authorities he snarls, "You're going to fry." "Ah," she says yearningly, flaring her nostrils, "can't we put this behind us? Don't you love me?" He sneers heavily, though you can see that deep down under he loves her. She fries. John Cromwell directed; with Morris Carnovsky, Wallace Ford, and William Prince. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 5.)

The Electric Horseman (1979)—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. If the story sounds familiar, it's because it's an almost perfectly preserved specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" in Frye boots and Las Vegas lights. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy.)

Flash Gordon—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the archfiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, agreeable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), Timothy Dalton as Prince Barin, and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino De Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Feb. 27-March 5.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Criterion Center.)

The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)—A huge, mawkish, trite circus movie directed by Cecil B. De Mille in a neo-Biblical style. It suggests that the rivalry and love affairs of a couple of trapeze artists (Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde), an assistant to an elephant trainer (Gloria Grahame), the circus manager (Charlton Heston), and a clown (James Stewart) are awesome. Life under this particular big top is also awesomely clean and awesomely melodramatic; Stewart isn't just a clown—he's a doctor who's disguised himself as a clown. This cornball enterprise won the Academy Award for best picture. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Art; through Feb. 28.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 2.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Handsome and exciting adventure film, directed by John Ford, with some exteriors shot in Samoa. The tall-corn story seems to enhance this particular movie; Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong, is the native girl, and chesty Jon Hall is her sweetheart, who is unjustly sentenced to prison by a vicious European governor (Raymond Massey). With Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jerome Cowan, John Carradine, and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane itself is a knockout. Dudley Nichols did the screenplay, from a Nordhoff and Hall novel; Samuel Goldwyn produced, lavishly. (Art; through Feb. 28.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 4.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The director, Fred Zinnemann, places himself at the service of Robert Bolt's play about the moral tug of war between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), and the results are tasteful and moderately enjoyable. The weakness is that though Bolt's dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well-spoken, his presentation of More's martyrdom is so one-sided we don't even get to understand *that* side. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he's got all the good lines; he's the kind of hero we used to read about in biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds, and Scofield is so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously "subtle" he's like a man of conscience in a school play. With Orson Welles as Wolsey and Leo McKern as Cromwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 6.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Baronet.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Cinema Village; March 3.)

Les Mistons (1957; "The Mischief-Makers")—In this twenty-seven-minute film, five little French boys seek to become members of a courtship: they follow the lovers (Gérard Blain and Bernadette Lafont), spy on them, jeer at them. François Truffaut's first feature film, the 1959 "The 400 Blows," is a child's cry of protest against a world black with adult injustice; this earlier film is a poetic reverie: the children look at the adult world greedily but contemptuously, and the adult world pays no heed. For an experimental work, it shows a marvellous command of sensual image and atmosphere (the opening bicycle ride, for example), but to Americans the total conception may seem fearfully sensitive and precious. The English commentary is full of high-flown romantic nostalgia toward the first confused stirrings of sexual desire—"the fate and the privilege of the flesh" and that sort of thing—with references to mythology, rites, divinity, etc. Based on the short story "Virginales," by Maurice Pons. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 6.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 6.)

GOOD FOOD
anne Burgess

Nightmare Alley (1947)—A tough-minded treatment of telepathy. It starts in the carnival world, where the ultimate in how low a man can sink is represented by the Geek, who bites the heads off live chickens; shuddering dipsomaniacs take the job, for a bottle a day. We know that this is what is in store for the smart, smiling young climber Stan (Tyrone Power); the shrewd, absorbing movie is about how he gets to that point. Stan eagerly and ruthlessly learns everything he can from the plump mind reader Zeena (Joan Blondell, in a rich, intensely likable performance); using her tricks, he becomes a headliner in a Chicago night club and begins to sample the possibilities of spiritualist rackets. William Gresham's novel has been toned down slightly, but Jules Furthman's script has some daring hard edges. The film loses its imaginative energy once it moves out of the ripe, sleazy carny milieu, and the technique of the director, Edmund Goulding, is conventional, even a little stodgy. Still, the material is unusual and the cast first-rate. Power, who persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox to let him play this doublecrossing heel-charlatan, puts his black-Irish good looks to ambivalent effect. With Ian Keith, Coleen Gray, Helen Walker, Taylor Holmes, and Mike Mazurki. (Thalia; March 6-7.)

One Hour with You (1932)—Lubitsch directed this remake of his 1924 picture "The Marriage Circle;" George Cukor was taken off the film, and Lubitsch moved in, to work with his usual fun and sense of light chic. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier play a genially married couple disturbed by a flirt played by Genevieve Tobin. But only temporarily, of course. (Mini Cinema; March 2-4.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Pirosmani (1973)—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Russian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded on their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Embassy.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Feb. 26.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta, (12/8/80) (Quad Cinema, Paramount, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 27.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Festival.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Cinema Village; March 3.)

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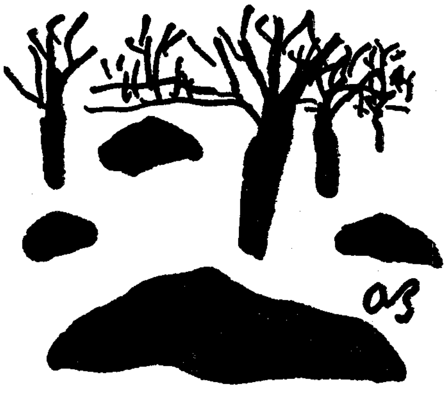
A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. No one since the early Lillian Gish and the almost unknown, plaintive Nadia Sibirskaya of "Menilmontant" (1926) has had this quality of hopeless, feminine frailty; Shakespeare must have had a woman like this in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? When Vivien Leigh says "The Tarantula Arms!" or "It's Della Robbia blue," you know how good Tennessee Williams can be. He adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul; the music is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Harry Stradling. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. (It took a while for this movie to reach its audience.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girlfriend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page. (We hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit.) Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Regency; March 1-2.)



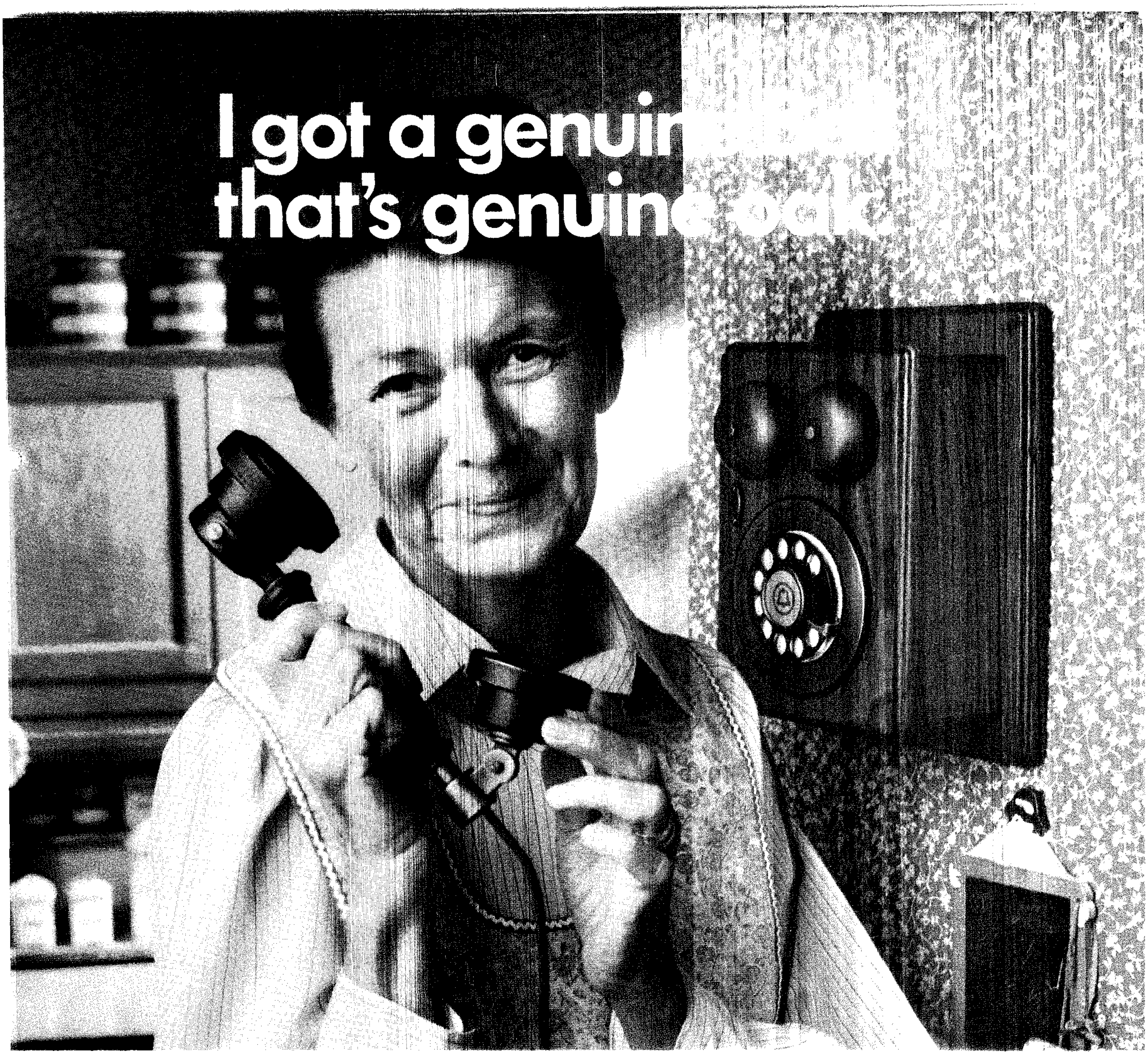
The Talk of the Town (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a vaguely radical factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softhearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic, legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are garbled and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, Rex Ingram, Emma Dunn, and Charles Dingle. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

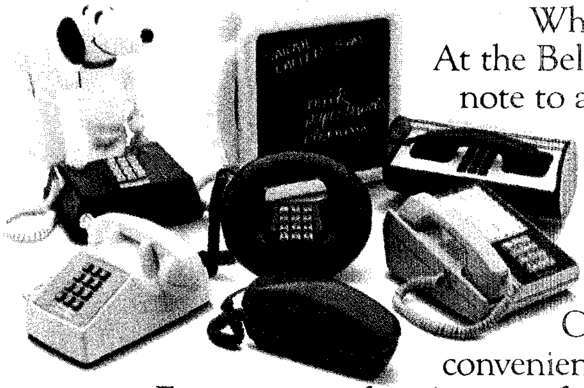
Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

They Drive by Night (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about freelance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectably at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares anymore whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time; they're busy watching Lupino go off her scheming nut in a big courtroom scene. This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karnes, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. E. Bezzerides. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2.)

Where the Buffalo Roam—A raunchy, childlike comedy based on the writings and exploits of "gonzo journalist" Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, whose defense against the Nixon years was to sustain a condition of personal freakiness that matched or exceeded the depressing weirdness of those times. The picture is extremely uneven, often resembling an "Animal House" of politics, but a lot of Thompson's stoned, satiric style comes through, thanks to fine comic performances by Bill Murray as Thompson and by Peter Boyle as his lawyer and fellow-narcissist-provocateur. (5/12/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 27-March 5.)

World Première (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer. An insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 3.)





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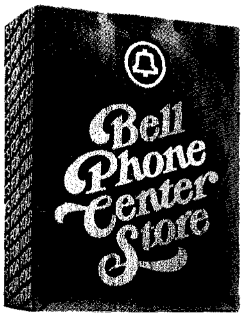

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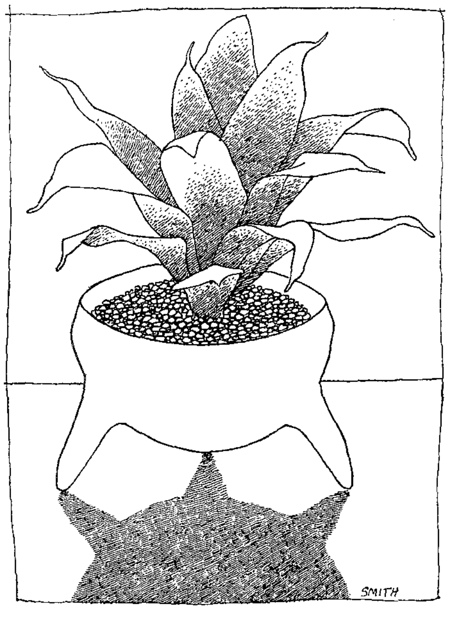
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONLY a specialist in federal budgetary matters can hope to weigh the merits of the Reagan Administration's new economic policy (the Washington *Post's* helpful protracted editorial on the subject is already up to Part IX), but even to sideline observers of the economy there are at least two points that stand out as unusual. One is the policy's unprecedented reliance on sheer theory, and the other is its reliance on faith. With the help of these two, economics—the "dismal science"—has taken on an almost cheerful air in Administration circles. The theory, as everyone knows by now, is "supply-side economics," which holds, among other things, that if you cut tax rates the economy will grow so swiftly in response that the total amount of taxes you take in will be higher. What is still better is that by virtue of that same burst of growth the demand created by letting people spend their money instead of taking it away from them will supposedly be soaked up in the economy, without bringing on the inflation that is thought to occur when too much money in the hands of consumers chases too few goods. In the opinion of the economist Walter Heller, who, as it happens, was an architect in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations of a tax cut that the Reagan people cite as a model for their own, the supply-side theorists "ignore common sense and arithmetic" and also "devastating evidence" of contrary results. He claims that experience has shown that tax cuts generate far more demand than they do supply, and points out that when the Kennedy-Johnson tax cut was put through, inflation was at less than two per cent, whereas now it is at twelve per cent. On the accuracy of the supply-side forecast, however, depends the coherence of the Administration plan as a whole, which calls for a balanced budget by 1984; the budget, of course, will only be further unbalanced if the tax cuts lead, as Heller and other conventional analysts think they may, to a reduction in tax revenues. But even if the conventional analysts are wrong (and the Reagan economists say they are), the supply-side miracles would probably only cancel out the *increase* in the inflation rate which conventional theory predicts, and one is left wondering how an actual *reduction* in the inflation rate—the leading goal of the Administration—is to be achieved. This is where faith comes in. The Reagan people are divided on the point, but a number of them believe that, as the Washington *Post* put it, "their government-shrinking policies will almost of themselves produce a near one hundred and eighty degree turnabout in the economic expectations and behavior of consumers and businessmen," and that this behavior, in turn, will bring down the rate of inflation. John Rutledge, a consultant to the Office of Management and Budget, has explained, "Our view of the world is that it is expectation-driven. The only value the past has is in teaching people to think about the future. What you need to do is to provide them with signals that they view as reliable, and they will organize their lives around those signals." In other words, if people have faith that inflation will come down, inflation will come down.



Some of the thinking that underlies the new policy may have been revealed in a recently published book titled "Wealth and Poverty," by George Gilder, which David Stockman, President Reagan's Director of the Office of Management and Budget, has called "Promethean in its intellectual power and insight." The book is an evangelistic defense of capitalism which argues that the motive force of capitalism is faith. Gilder writes, "Faith in man, faith in the future, faith in the rising returns of giving, faith in the mutual benefits of trade, faith in the providence of God are all essential to successful capitalism." In a recent interview with Henry Allen, of the Washington *Post*, Gilder described some more fruits of his faith. "ESP is important to me," he said, and he went on, "I learned that it absolutely exists. A . . . man in the building [where Gilder lived] was a psychic. He taught me how to do it. The single most striking trick I learned how to do was cutting for the queen of spades in a deck of cards. I got so I could do it time after time. . . . The trick is that you have to have faith." Summing up his philosophy aphoristically, Gilder writes in his book, "Belief precedes knowledge." It's a manner of thinking that could get you to believe almost anything and is perfectly attuned to what may soon be the economic policy of the United

States. In sum, the theory is that faith will bring about the economic results we all want. But faith in what? In the theory, of course.

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Roundup

A FEW recent cultural doings in town:

ON the second floor of the Metropolitan Museum, Prudence Harper, curator of Ancient Near Eastern Art, was supervising the reinstallation of a remarkable collection of Assyrian art—twenty massive limestone bas-reliefs, two enormous freestanding stone figures of human-headed, winged animals (a lion and a bull), and twenty-eight delicately carved ivories—in the new Raymond and Beverly Sackler Gallery. The Assyrian objects, which haven't been seen as a group since 1968, were all found at Nimrud, a large deserted mound in northern Iraq which turned out to be the capital city of Assurnasirpal II, one of Assyria's greatest warrior kings. His city, which was built in about 880 B.C. and destroyed a little less than three hundred years later, contained palaces, temples, private houses, and, eventually, a big fort, where the formidable Assyrian armies were equipped and trained. Surrounding the city were five miles of mud-brick walls. In 879, when most of the buildings were completed, Assurnasirpal gave a housewarming party and invited—according to a surviving inscription—69,574 guests, all of whom had a wonderful time. The Metropolitan's bas-reliefs and stone figures come from a palace that was discovered in 1845 by Sir Austen Henry Layard, a British adventurer-archeologist, who, with a little help from the Bible, practically reinvented Assyrian civilization. The ivories were found more than a century later by Sir Max Mallowan, a distinguished British archeologist (and the husband of Agatha Christie), who continued Layard's work at Nimrud with some financial help from the Metropolitan. Having absorbed this information from a handsome new catalogue, we looked around the gallery, a large, rectangular, high-ceilinged room where Miss Harper—a trim, attractive woman—was watching two art conservationists touch up some breaks in a seven-foot-high limestone bas-relief of a hawk-headed god mounted on one of the walls. Among the other panels we looked at were a profile portrait of King Assurnasirpal—a powerfully built bearded man with strong features, wearing earrings, a necklace, and bracelets, and carrying a bow—and a pair of human-headed, winged divinities, holding mysterious buckets and date-palm cones. "We think those objects are connected with some kind of fertility rite, but we're *not* sure," said Miss Harper. "We've arranged the panels to give you an idea of a room in an Assyrian palace, but in fact they came from several different rooms. This art is highly sophisticated for its period and place, and it's mysterious, because nothing on such a monumental scale had ever happened in Assyria before. These panels represent a brand-new artistic tradition, which began with Assurnasirpal, and we have no idea how he happened to create it."

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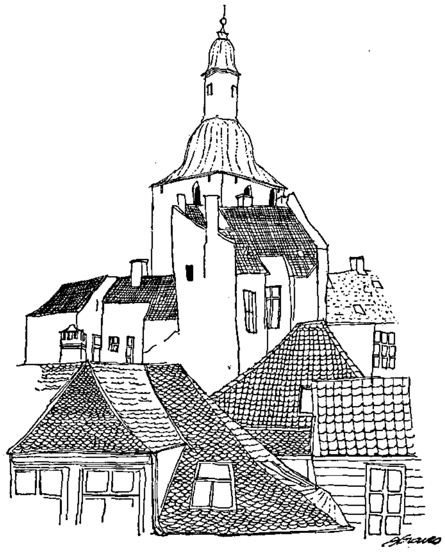
SEVEN blocks to the south, we found the Whitney's 1981 biennial—a vast, exuberantly eclectic collection of works by living American artists, ranging from the very far-in (realistic still-lifes; expressionist and gestural abstractions) to the very far-out (three-dimensional environments; video, sound, and film installations). The show, which covers three floors and includes a hundred and fifteen artists, is confined to work that has been produced during the past two years. Much of it is so experimental that when visitors encounter the three enormous de Koonings hanging at the entrance to the third-floor galleries they are apt to regard them as a welcome form of aesthetic refreshment. On the second floor, we were taken with two ingenious installations—one video, one film—that seemed to be an updating of trompe-l'oeil paintings. The first was Buky Schwartz's "In Real Time," an irregular yellow shape with a horizontal white rod in the center which had been painted into the corner of one of the Whitney's large white walls. The yellow image was picked up by two television cameras and somehow transferred to four monitors as a perfect yellow square. Two of the monitors showed the square with the white rod; the two others showed additional black and blue rods, arranged to form a Mondrianlike pattern. We looked around to see where these rods came from, and found a piece of blue tape stretched across a mirror that was tilted to reflect into one of the cameras. The black rod was harder to locate. After searching the room, we discovered that it was a piece of electrical tape that had been pasted onto the glass surface of each of the two monitors. Our second visual adventure consisted of two sixteen-millimetre film loops—"Identity" and "Out and About"—by the Lebanese-born artist Benni Efrat. "Identity" showed Mr. Efrat, a short, dark-haired man, standing in the center of a large wooden frame and painting it white. On closer inspection, the small screen on which the film was projected proved to have a tiny white wooden frame that matched the projected frame that Mr. Efrat was painting. "Out and About" used a similar double image. It began with a blank white screen that had a small white bucket-shaped cup affixed to the center and a miniature elevator running up and down on its right side. Mr. Efrat (on film) emerged from the (real) elevator and painted a (filmed) wall gray and yellow, pausing from time to time to pour leftover paint into a (filmed) gray bucket that duplicated the (real) white cup. Eventually, he reached around to paint the bucket white, and as the bucket vanished into the (real) cup the artist vanished into the (real) miniature elevator. When we asked the real Mr. Efrat what he was trying to say in his work, he replied that he was concerned with defining surfaces in terms of exposure to the human eye. "There are two kinds of light—general light, in which we live, and the special, projected light of film," he said. "Wherever the projected light hits, there is the context of the piece."



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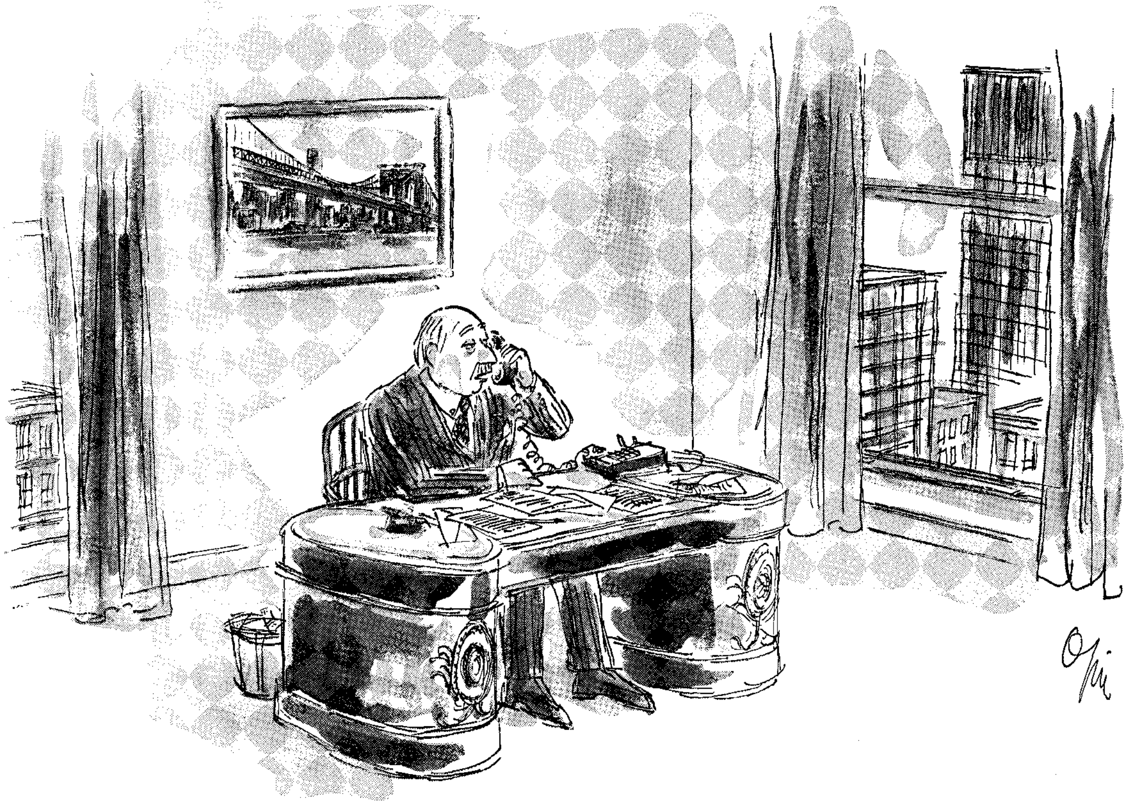
AT Carnegie Hall, WNET was taping "Gala of Stars 1981," a gilt-edged vaudeville show that is scheduled to be broadcast on March 22nd. The talent was mostly straight



“This is the main office. I’m afraid it’s our tentacle in Sandusky that manufactures the flashlight bulbs.”

classical, but there were two exceptions: Victor Borge, who brought down the house playing—with a companion—a maniacal four-hand version of a Liszt “Hungarian Rhapsody;” and Liza Minnelli, who torched and pranced her way through “New York, New York” in her best Las Vegas style. The hero of the evening was James Levine, who conducted the American Symphony Orchestra during the first half of the program—accompanying Itzhak Perlman in Sarasate’s dazzling “Carmen” Fantasy, Alexis Weissenberg in the first movement of Rachmaninoff’s Second Piano Concerto, and Marilyn Horne, Montserrat Caballé, and Sherrill Milnes in operatic arias—and then turned into a pianist to play part of a lyric Mendelssohn trio with Perlman and the cellist Yo-yo Ma, and to accompany Victoria de los Angeles in a couple of limpid German lieder. The heroine of the evening was Beverly Sills, who spent nearly four hours onstage—the taping was out of sequence and involved long pauses for technical adjustments—introducing artists (“When I look over my right shoulder, please applaud with me”), making small talk (Isaac Stern to Sills: “Long waits can be nerve-racking for performers.” Sills to Stern: “They can make the audience pretty sleepy, too”), and chatting up the audience (“When I sang Zerbinetta here in 1969 with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony, we did the original Strauss version, which was five minutes longer and a tone higher than the one that’s usually performed. I sang an F-sharp—the highest note of my career. It’s a note only *dogs* can hear, and there were a couple of them waiting at the stage door when I’d finished”). The stage was decorated with hanging stars, a large neon sign, and fresh flowers; the men were in evening clothes, and the women were dressed to the teeth. Miss Sills looked splendid in a long-sleeved, scoop-necked gown of iridescent blue chiffon; Miss Horne swept onstage in a glittering robe of plum-colored metallic silk; Miss de los Angeles looked fragile in a long, loose caftan of lilac-and-gold chiffon; Miss Minnelli wore shimmering black chiffon pants and a halter top; and Miss Caballé was enveloped in a deep-red silk dress that was covered by a surplice of black lace. Miss Minnelli and Jean-Pierre Rampal, the flutist, brought their own accompanists; Mr. Borge brought his long-suffering assisting pianist, Sahan Arzruni; and Mr. Levine imported Reinhardt Elster, the Metropolitan Opera’s principal harpist, to play for Miss Caballé’s “Pace, Pace” aria. “Montserrat just arrived from Spain this afternoon, and there was no time to rehearse,” Mr. Levine said afterward. “She sang the aria for me over the phone, so that we could agree on phrasing and tempo, and I asked Mr. Elster to play for her, because he’s done the piece with me so many times and he knows all the rubatos. But what you saw out there tonight was Take One.”

Toward the end of the evening, we wandered backstage to the greenroom, where we found Victor Borge, white-haired and distinguished, talking about piano technique with Alexis Weissenberg, who was smoking a cigar; Jean-Pierre Rampal pacing back and forth holding his gold flute; Isaac Stern fiddling snatches of the Saint-Saëns that he would play for Gelsey Kirkland’s “Dying Swan;” and Itzhak Perlman and Yo-yo Ma kidding with James Levine about the Mendelssohn trio. (“Let’s go and rehearse the spot where we all play in unison, and then we’ll decide who stays out so it will *stay* in unison,” said the irrepressible Mr. Perlman.)

When the taping ended, at eleven-thirty, champagne corks popped backstage and everybody began to unwind. “My God! I feel I’ve been talking for a week,” said Miss Sills as a WNET engineer unhooked her wireless mike.

Mr. Levine, who had changed into a red sports shirt and navy slacks, lifted a glass and said, “What I did today—so many short pieces in so many different styles, one right after another—was harder than doing a five-hour Wagner opera.”

Now and Then

WE went to a marvellous party on New Year’s Eve, awash with the best of our old friends, and we half expected that E. M. Frimbo, the oldest friend of all, would be there. Someone said to us, "You seem to have forgotten that this is the time of year Frimbo goes into his annual retreat. Right now, he's on a train somewhere, shut away in his bedroom with the lights turned off." And then we remembered that we had actually witnessed the beginning of a Frimbo retreat years ago. We were spending the Christmas holidays in Pau, one of the most beautiful cities in France and certainly—with that tremendous view of the snowy Lower Pyrenees—the most beautifully sited city in France. It was pleasurably off-season in that splendid resort, and the jolliest of the few restaurants that were open for business was the railway-station buffet, at which we took most of our meals, to the accompaniment—via the buffet's jukebox—of slender female voices coping with the French lyrics of all the country-and-Western American hit songs we thought we had left at home. At luncheon on New Year's Eve, Frimbo came to table carrying a handbag. "You're all the best of company," he said, "but this is the day I become, for a brief time, that cat who walks by himself." Outside stood a train so small as to be almost imperceptible, its snout pointed south, toward the Pyrenees and Spain. Frimbo's disappearance into it raised the count, he told us later, to an even dozen passengers. He was nearly alone by the time his train had wormed its way to the top of the Pyrenees and sloped off into Canfranc, the first station in Spain. He dined in solitude at the Canfranc station buffet, shut himself into his compartment in a Wagons-Lits sleeping car (he was now completely alone), and arrived early the next afternoon in Madrid. It was a railway service that then offered itself only four times a week (it now offers itself not at all), so we did not see Frimbo again for three days. "What a wonderful journey!" he said on his return. "And what a wonderful sleeping car! The walls of my compartment were mahogany inlaid with bouquets of stylized golden flowers, and the window curtains were hand-knit lace."

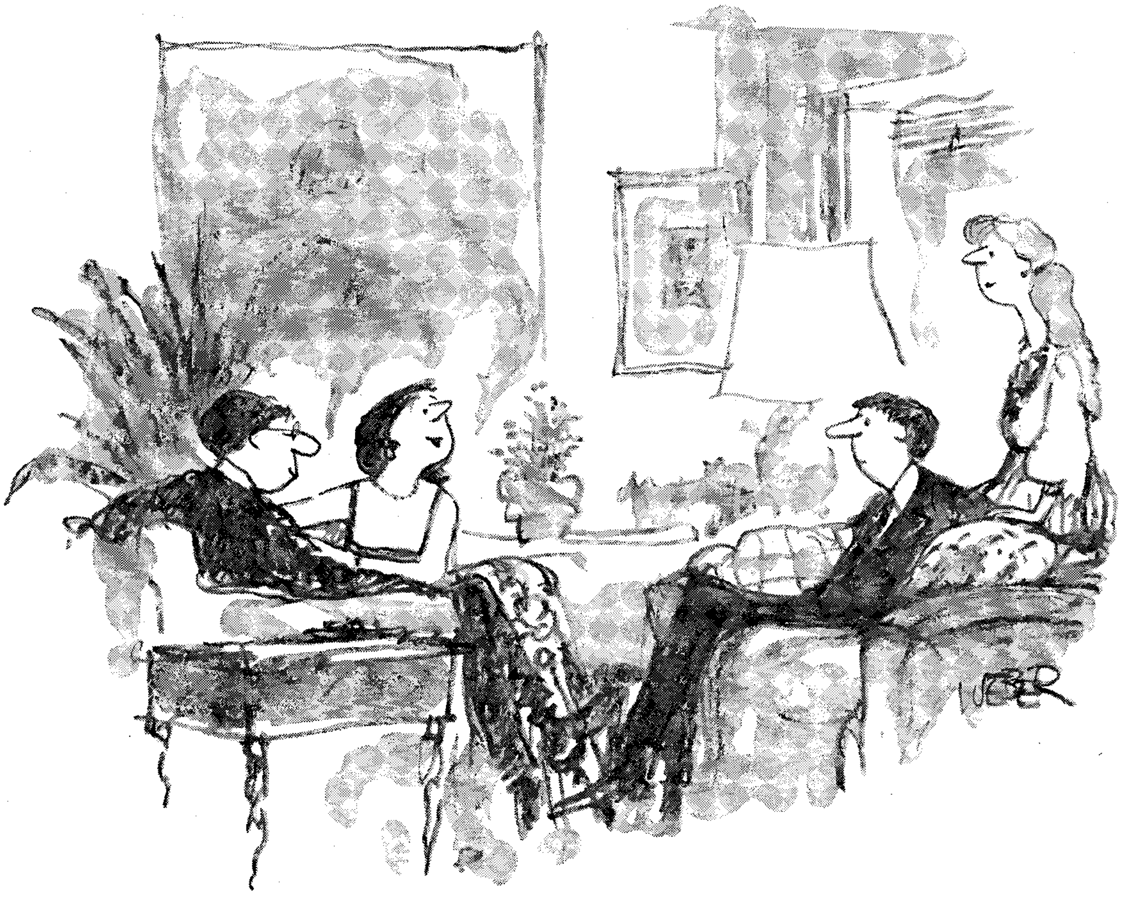
Last week, in a vast crowd on the concourse at Penn Station, we saw an unmistakable venerable black homburg towering above the throng, and, sure enough, E. M. Frimbo was under it. "Yes," he said after we had intercepted him with the inevitable question. "I got to Grand Central at five that evening, downed a handful of smelts and a glass of white wine at the Oyster Bar, boarded my train as soon as it was announced, got into bed, propped myself upright, raised the shade, and turned off all the lights. There is no finer way of going into retreat."

"And?" we said.

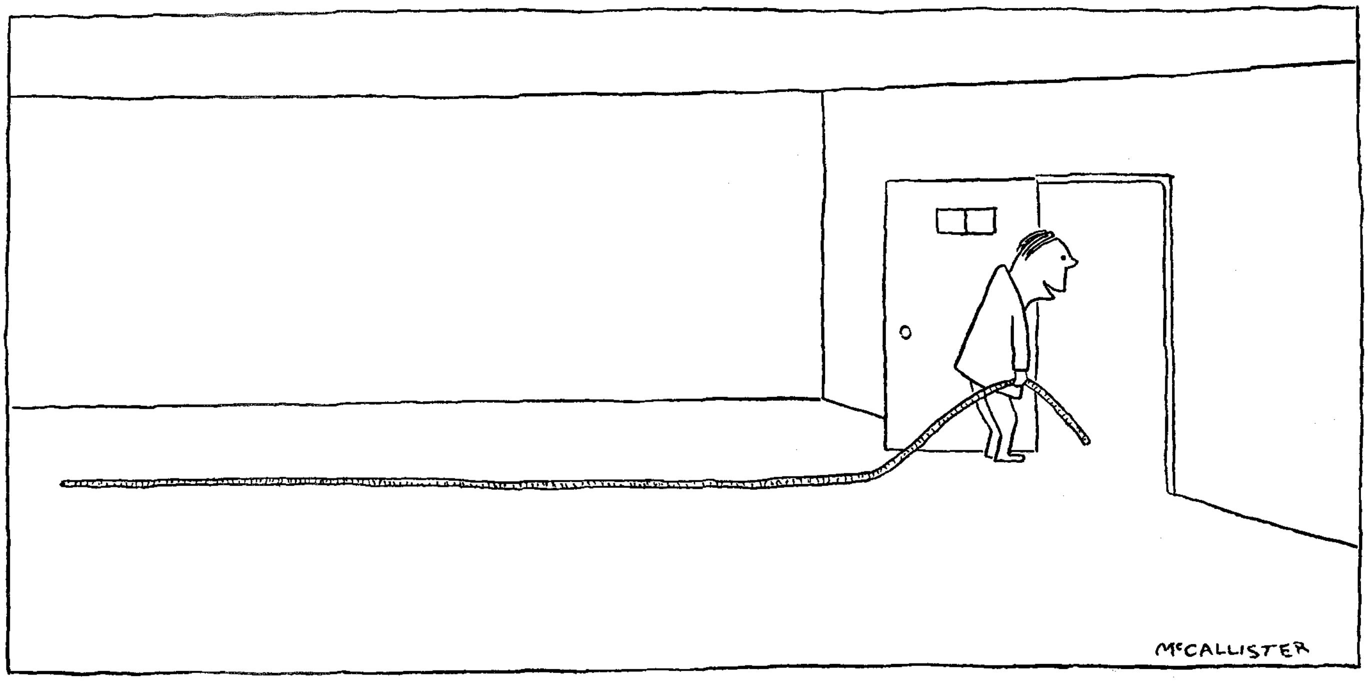
"I don't know when I fell asleep, but I do know that I did not hear a peep—of revelry or anything else—out of anyone or anything until a public-address system was announcing our arrival in Cleveland. My shade was still up, the sun was up even higher, but I knew that E. M. Frimbo would not bestir himself until the dining-car steward came along to inform everyone that the final moments of the breakfast hour were at hand. That was the one thing that got me out of my comfortable rolling cubicle before, in midafternoon, we attained Chicago."

We said we could understand why he had made his long-ago journey into Spain, knowing, as he did, that extinction was about to overtake that unusual approach, but we wondered where Frimbo could find in the United States a train that could take him anywhere he hadn't already been.

"You will recall that I absented myself from civilian life during two very large wars, and, in the course of my uprooting, and in the performance of my duties, I spent a deal of time travelling on troop trains, and even helping out in the operation of them," he replied. "It seems romantic to me now—barging about for so long a time, not of my own volition but under military orders, never knowing where I would be next. But it wasn't all romance; although there were plenty of good-Joe types, who were philosophical about being inducted into the Army, the draft boards sent us some fairly dubious types as well. One night when a contingent of recruits was occupying a couple of cars on a regular Baltimore & Ohio train, a draftee who had managed to conceal a gun from all of us went into the dining car and, when the steward refused to serve him



"Don't you think Jonathan is a kind of cross between Richard Dreyfuss and Henry Fonda when he was younger?"



"Tug-of-war, anyone?"

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any more drinks, shot the man dead. Supervision tightened up after that, I can tell you. Well, this mid-December an Army friend who knows that I am what you might call a troop-train buff got me on the blower to say that a troop train—the first one I'd heard about in years—would be leaving New York on the third of January to return soldiers on Christmas leave to Fort Leonard Wood, which is really out back of beyond, a hundred and fifty miles southwest of St. Louis, at the end of a nineteen-mile branch line that had never seen a passenger train. At the fare Amtrak was asking, the train might be a sellout, but he had been promised that he could get me and a few other approved civilians aboard, even though the notices in stations along the way declared that the trip was for military personnel and no one else. America is still the land of opportunity, and opportunity has to knock but once for me. So from Chicago I took a morning train to Minneapolis—I can never get tired of those many miles alongside the noble Mississippi—and a night train back to Chicago, and then a just-born train on a newly invented route to Indianapolis, where I'd collect my troop train in the morning."

A pause, and then: "That day would be the diciest part of this retreat. We were not due in Leonard Wood until after nine in the evening, less than an hour before the bus we civilians hoped to catch to get back to St. Louis in time to nab an early-morning train to Chicago. There's no accommodation at the Fort for civilians, so if we missed that we'd have to wait until one in the morning for the next one, and the nearest airport would have nothing for us until after eight in the morning. I had a good look at the Indianapolis Union Station—a celebrated architectural nonesuch—and then took a deep breath, crossed myself several times, and approached the man at the ticket window. My train was running three hours late. Never mind! The risk I was taking was worthwhile. The United States is retrograding in many respects, but the art of the troop train has really flowered. There was a car for checked luggage—checked luggage on a *troop* train! There were six day coaches, none of them more than three years old—not forty. The floors were carpeted, and every seat was thoroughly upholstered and had its own overhead reading light. The thumping, clanging, and leaking steam pipes that warmed the cars of forty years ago had given way to a series of little grilles behind which electricity was doing its magic. There were two coaches with counters over which, all day long, an Amtrak crew was dispensing food and drink of considerable variety. There was no litter in the aisles. No one was roughhousing; no one was reading a comic. And every one of the—by my count—four hundred and sixty-five soldiers aboard was young and chipper and orderly. A brace of drill sergeants were patrolling the train, but there seemed no need for them. And—novelty of novelties—at the rear end of one coach sat in mouse-like silence a clutch (perhaps two dozen in all) of *girl* soldiers, rather fetching in their jaunty big berets. What conversations I picked up here and there consisted not of barroom jokes but of talk about the problems of handling to best advantage the complex machines of war the soldiers had to deal with. I realized that for the first time I was in the presence of a *new* United States Army—a wholly *voluntary* one. Out of what I'm afraid is sheer necessity, our Army is a multinational corporation, scattered almost worldwide. In one around-the-globe trip, I came across our Army in England and Germany and Spain and Australia and Turkey, and until the recent trouble there were clusters of it in northern Iran."

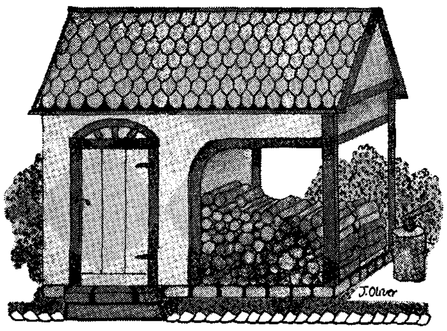
Another pause. And then: "We'd picked up just half an hour on the long run into St. Louis. The Amtrak man who was serving as train commander bolted into the station, and when he emerged he said that Amtrak wanted the train deadheaded—run empty, that is—as soon as might be to St. Louis, where he'd stick it on the early train to Chicago; and that if any of us civilians wanted to chance going back on it instead of trying to catch that bus, we could. There was, he added, a dormitory car at the rear of our train, where the drill sergeants and the Amtrak crew had slept, and there would be space for us there. Leonard Wood was midwinter Siberia—floodlights revealed rows of those bleak identical buildings the Army is so fond of, and if there were streets between them they had vanished beneath a sea of hard-packed snow. The train was evacuated in slow march time. 'Attention!' said the loudspeakers outside. 'Men of the Fourth Brigade, you will leave the train first. Pick up your hand baggage and board the buses in front of you. Your checked baggage will be taken to the gymnasium and you will claim it there. Everyone else, stay on board.' Et cetera. I slid into an empty bed in the dormitory, and the next thing I heard was a far more welcome loudspeaker, saying, 'This train departs in five minutes for Chicago,' and I knew we were in St. Louis on time. Mission accomplished! In Chicago, I'd assemble a parcel of goodies, both protein and liquid, for the night's journey on the Lake Shore Limited, and not leave my bedroom aboard it until the sudden eclipse of daylight early next afternoon warned me that we were in the railway tunnel under Park Avenue, and that Grand Central Terminal was only three miles away."

Dynasty

LEO STAR, amateur Sinologist and president of the Monarch Wine Company, of Brooklyn (bottlers of the Manischewitz brand of kosher sacramental wines), having just attended a twelve-course banquet at the Canton, a restaurant on Division Street, in Chinatown, to honor the Chinese New Year 4679, the Year of the Rooster, reflects upon his company's coveted position as exclusive United States importer of Tsingtao beer, a product of the People's Republic of China: "Certain American businessmen, when they go to China, behave as if they were just taking a trip to China to take a trip to China. We went there to do business."

Chester C. Moss, director of operations for the Monarch Wine Company and son-in-law of Leo Star (having been married for thirty-four years to Leo Star's daughter Shirley, who also attended the twelve-course banquet in honor of the Year of the Rooster), speaks candidly about his hopes and dreams for 4679 and onward (the upcoming Years of the Dog, the Pig, the Rat, the Bull, the Tiger, etc.): "Next September, our first three-year contract to import Tsingtao beer expires. I'm going back to China next month to negotiate another contract. We'd like a ten-year deal. I'll have to be very strong with these people. I'll have to say, 'This is it, this is how much we can sell—a million cases of beer a year in the United States now, and in ten years up to three million.' On my first trip to China, in 1978, I flew over on a plane with a bunch of reporters. A guy sees me on the plane and he asks me why I'm going to China. I say I'm with Monarch, in Brooklyn, we make Manischewitz wines, we want to get a contract to bring China's beer back to America. This reporter says, 'Where do you get the guts to go over there to get that contract?' He says, 'A little guy like you is going to embarrass the United States trying to bring Chinese beer over here.' The first trip, I stayed one month. The Chinese had a lot of questions. They knew I'd been to Russia, so they wanted me to explain the Russian secret of how to make Russian champagne. I went back to China on a second trip, and after another month of meetings they began to soften up. You can't be sure that you're going to make a deal with the Chinese until you've done it. When it came time to close the deal, they wanted to do business with one man—the head of our company, Leo Star."

Leo Star, signatory of the first Tsingtao/Monarch Wines Agreement and eighty-one-year-old patriarch (born 4598, Year of the Pig), father-in-law not only of Chester Moss but of Clifford C. Adelson, Monarch's director of national sales and husband of Shirley Moss's younger sister Claire (and also owner of silver Cadillac limousine with monogrammed license plate "CCA," not to be confused with silver Cadillac driven by Bob Bronstein, Metropolitan New York sales manager, whose license tag says "TSING TAO"), echoes the sentiments of Chester Moss: "The Chinese have a lot of respect for an older person. They appreciated the fact that I travelled so far. I was there for a month. Americans tend to do business fast, fast, fast. The Chinese don't. They say, O.K., so much for today, we'll see you whenever—next Tuesday. Before we went there to make the deal, their consular service had checked us out good. They don't mind that we make Manischewitz wines and have a rabbi on the label. This is part of us. We wouldn't take the rabbi off the wine label to do business in China. They respect us. You know, their religion before they became Communist was Buddhism. If you read the Buddhist bible—and I've read it—you'll see that all Buddhism is goodness. How to treat human beings. They have a holiday over there—know what they call it? Respect for Elders Day."

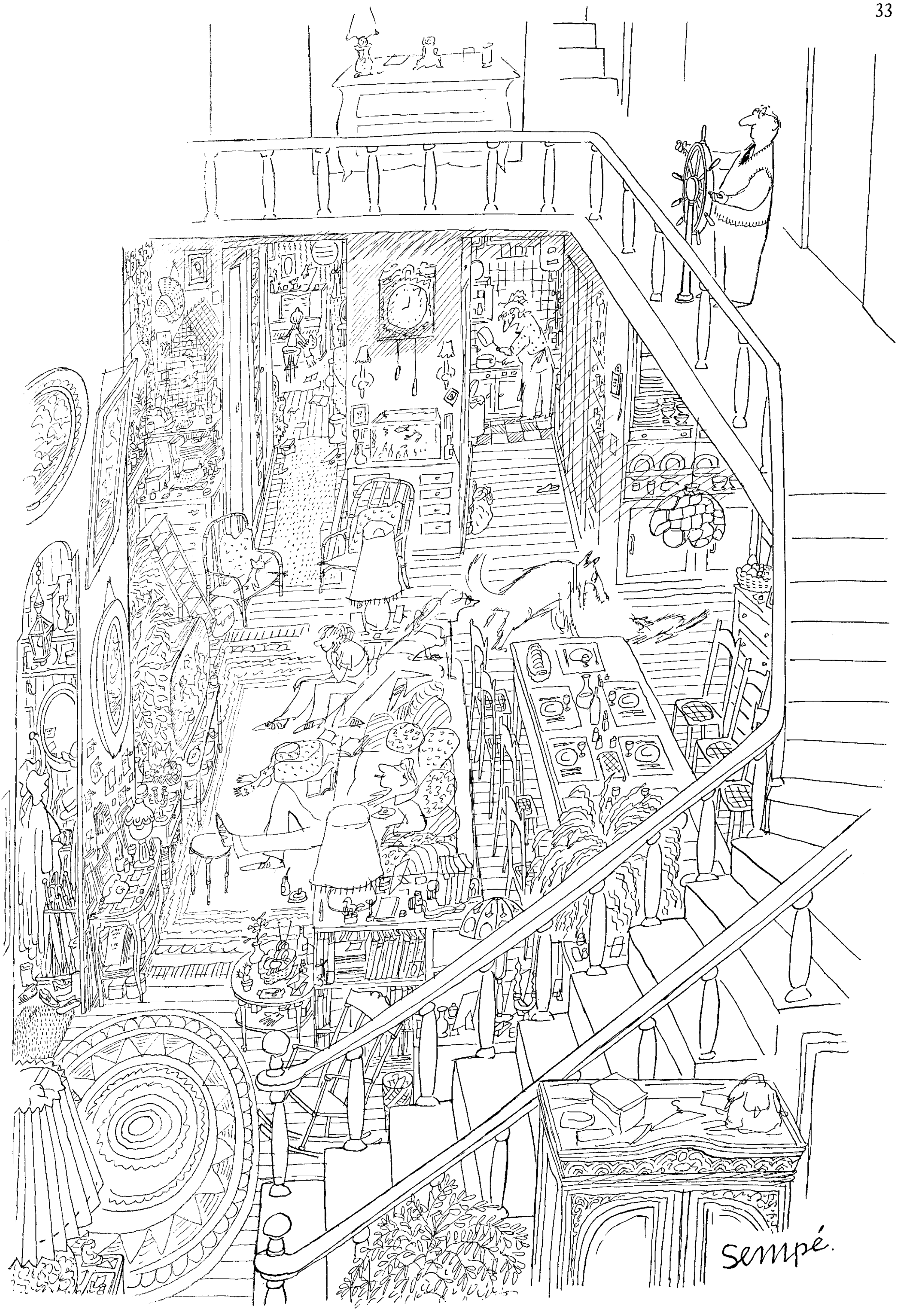


Chester Moss, ever respectful toward elders—not only toward Leo Star but also toward Meyer H. Robinson, secretary-treasurer and co-owner of Monarch Wines (unable to attend the Year of the Rooster celebration at the Canton because urgent vacation plans called him away to Puerto Rico) and father-in-law of Marshall Goldberg, chairman of management committee of Monarch (married to Meyer Robinson's daughter Gale)—makes another point: "I called some of our friends in China to wish them a Happy New Year. I wanted to talk to Mrs. Tung, our interpreter, but the plant was closed for the holiday. I think they close down the whole country for the holiday. I only got the switchboard, but I said give Mrs. Tung my regards. We have a very warm relationship with the Tsingtao people. And they like us because they see that we're a dynasty. They like that we go there to do business, that we're a family, in business together, that all the husbands love their wives. They don't want to deal with a company where a guy might be in China this week but leave the company the next week."

Leo Star amplifies Chester Moss's observation: "The Chinese particularly like Chester Moss. That helped us to make the deal."

Chester Moss asks a rhetorical question: "The Chinese like the dynasty part and they think that Meyer Robinson and Leo Star are lucky guys to have three sons-in-law like Marshall Goldberg, Chester Moss, and Cliff Adelson—right, Leo?"

Leo Star: "Right, Chester."



BREAK

Alastair Brown's Scots ancestors had leaped over the Roman Wall to the North of England many centuries ago, but his later ancestors must have been as restless there as in Scotland, for in the fifteenth century a line of them had fled to what is now Czechoslovakia. Alastair, a Czech child in the nineteen-thirties times of anti-Semitism, had extremely formally told his family and friends that he was now to be called Eli. He wished to belong.

He was brought up in the castle of his grandfather, a Prague judge. Alert for hours after being put to bed, Eli lived in hope of hearing the sound of his grandfather's slippers on the stone corridors as the old man, who was unflawed in blitheness during the daytime, gave in to the beleaguered circumstances of his adopted country when the evening drew on. Eli would hear him dragging his bed from room to room, looking for somewhere to rest. Any room, anywhere. A man's world is carried with him. The old man's bed would be laden with books, and his cat would always follow him, wrecking the possibility of sleep by interestedly scratching pages to bits. From the cat's point of view, this nightly adventure was another day, and hurrah for that. Anything for activity. From the cat's point of view, again, there was no such thing as an appointed time for a party or for breakfast. This dorm feast of paper and company represented both. The old man understood that. Tired, though, and in spite of being ashamed of himself, he would flick the infernal engrossed animal off his books. Then his conscience smote him, of course, and he would take the cat down to the old prison of the castle, which had once been a trial house; the jail was now the kitchen, and the judge would feed the cat.

Eli had heard of all this. He was shipped off from Prague as a schoolboy, for safety. He went to America. It seemed a way out. He learned Villon's French, Latin, and Hebrew. In New York, he felt among kin. On Broadway, especially, the place where many people are to be heard muttering to themselves in many languages. Then, when he had crossed the Atlantic again, thoughts of his grandfather's profession took him to Oxford to read Modern Greats and Law. He practiced law until his forties, when he more and more pressingly understood that his knowledge of civil law was doing his clients less and less good. A poor man would come to him with a case. This apple tree, you see. It was growing in this man's back garden; had been for eighty years. But now it was drooping over the wall into a neighbor's garden, and the neighbor was a wretch who never returned so much as a lent cupful of flour; and, besides that, the apples were dropping into his neighbor's garden. So whom did the apples belong to? Could Eli get the apples, because the man wanted them for his adopted son, who, being West Indian, had never had the pleasure of apple snow and apple queen's cake and apple pie? Eli would give his best advice. But sometimes even he would lose the case. Paying mind to such clients, he found their toll in hope and time too much. He made a decision to go back to America and learn there to be a doctor. When he had made the decision, he leaned his head against the cold wall over the drawing-room fireplace and sobbed, as men will when decisions have been made.

He put on a Fred Astaire album to cheer himself. His daily came into the room—his nightly, rather, for she was the one who cooked for him when he came back from chambers—and danced with him. Things bettered. They danced until two in the morning. Eli started to play the piano and then the maid danced by herself. A pretty woman, small, the shape of a yellowhammer with its feathers plumped out against the cold, but she danced lightly. It is often said of the plump that they are cumbersome, but it seems to be more of a truth that they are dainty. More often the thin are landlocked and blunder into things.

"You'll have noticed, sir," she said, dancing a foxtrot with herself as he played, "that the ironmongers came today. They said that they had come to see the fireplace. That they had come to take away the guard. I thought they said they had come to take away God, but after a sec I recollected myself and I said to myself, 'Nora, you're not a God-fearing woman.' "

"It's all right now," he said, playing "By Myself." " 'I'll go my way by myself,' " he sang. " 'I'm by myself alone.' I don't know why people always say that this is a man's tune."

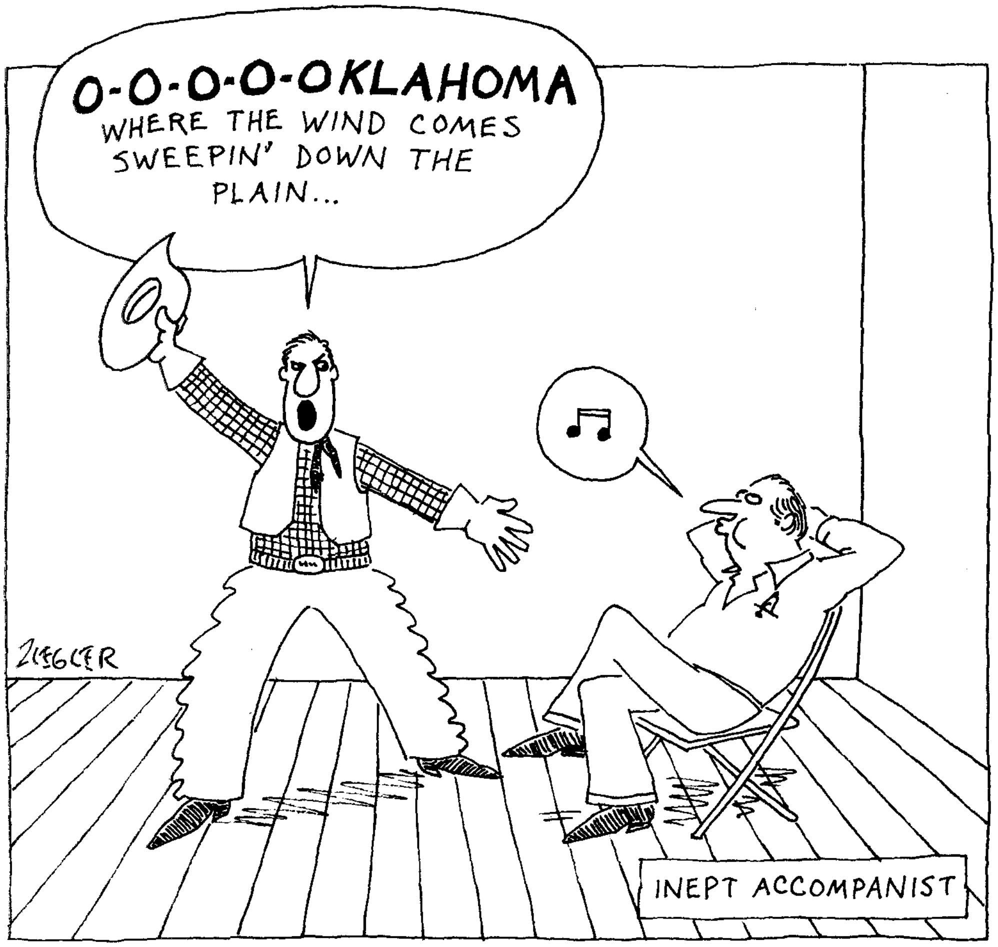
So Eli came back to New York, and took a medical degree. Another discipline. It was, of course, late in life, but there are always further chances, he would say to himself at night. He had come across the Atlantic by ship, because of the weight of his luggage. He wanted all his books with him. They were now in his quite grand-looking office: many of them old Penguins and rare copies, in wartime utility paper, of Eliot, Auden, Spender ("One bullet in ten thousand kills a man"), Stevie Smith, Kafka, Edward Lear (the Indian drawings), P. G. Wodehouse, C. S. Lewis, Beckett in French. Few patients noticed them, or the tattered series of "New Writing," though one would have thought them apparent among the medical tomes.

Eli was poor and slept on a camp bed in his waiting room to save rent. Folly for a single man to pay double rent. His office had a bathroom. He did without secretary or nurse and spent the weekend paying bills and sending out his own, these last often not even acknowledged. He retained scorn of the employees of bill-collection businesses, being his own man, though he knew his present life to be one of attrition and his lack of any way of cooking for his friends to be meagre-spirited.

" 'An interlude,' " Eli said to himself. " 'Lear.' " And some Perrier while he thought. For the sake of its being European, though this thing called Canada Dry Club Soda was cheaper. But where was the club?

He always kept his passport renewed. Exits important. Cleave to choice. He addressed his waiting room. "The point of this lonely place is that it possibly holds out hopes of being a good place to look for a good place from."

And at the same time, in the same land, in the same city, a countrywoman of his called Averil Paget was playing tennis of a sort in a playground with her daughter, Eliza. Eliza, being seven, had a short-handled racquet. Averil made a gentle serve to her, underhand, from four feet away, and Eliza missed it. Averil made a dive to stop the ongoing ball from hitting a toddler in the face, saved the ball, and tore a calf muscle. She went across the street to her apartment on her hands and knees, with Eliza on her back. To Eliza it seemed play, and to Averil on hands and knees the calf muscle gave no hurt. The street was a street so enlightened that it had, by block occupants' wish, been improved to the extent that no fire engines or ambulances could get in, the entrance and the exit having been so inefficiently narrowed—artistically narrowed—that barely a skateboard got in past the parked cars. This artistic element had come into things through hope of giving the impression of a slightly European mall. There were also, for the same aesthetic reasons, and by block vote, large figurative concrete ducks beside each lamppost and fire hydrant. Two men were in the street digging up the electrical wires and the telephone wires: respectively, Averil trusted. They looked with admiration at the sight of a pretty young mother giving her daughter a treat by riding her on her grownup hands and knees.


O-O-O-O-OKLAHOMA WHERE THE WIND COMES SWEEPIN' DOWN THE PLAIN...
♫
INEPT ACCOMPANIST
ZIEGLER

Averil made it up the five steps to the front door, on hands and knees. Eliza used the keys, because Averil couldn't reach. They went in, Eliza carefully leading.

Eliza, listening hard for what was to happen next, heard her mother on the telephone asking four friends how to find a doctor. It was, of course, a Sunday, but Dr. Eli Brown would be in, said one of Averil's best friends, Michele. Dr. Brown, she said, was always in on Sunday mornings doing the bills.

"Dr. Brown, I think I've broken a plantaris muscle," Averil said on the telephone.

"Which leg does it appear to be?"

"It is quite definitely the right. I mean, I can feel it, you see."

"And what makes you think it is the plantaris muscle?"

"I shouldn't have said 'I think.' I *know* it's the plantaris muscle."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've done it before."

"I'd have to see you."

"Yes, of course."

Eliza brought her a ginger ale and the bottle opener, not yet being able to use a bottle opener.

"And when did you do it before?" said Dr. Eli Brown.

"When I was skiing."

"The plantaris muscle is a useless muscle. It doesn't do any work for us."

"No, I know, but it's stopping my being able to walk."

"Is the pain like being hit in the calf by a very hard serve from a tennis ball?"

"I hadn't thought of it that way, but roughly."

"Roughly?"

"In this case, I was playing tennis with my daughter in a playground and the ball was going toward her from the front. From me to her, you see. So I didn't feel any tennis ball on the back of my leg. My particular leg."

"We'd better see you. I'm on my own. It's not easy on a Sunday, but we'll manage somehow."

Why "we"?

And Averil also pondered "somehow." There was no grownup in the house to help, and she would have to drive to the doctor herself, with Eliza. Every nearby friend was out by now, and Dr. Brown's bills pressed. Averil crawled down the steps again, and Eliza, comforted by their alliance in such circumstances, equipped the car's glove compartment with more bottles of ginger ale and some toffees. Averil, who owned a sports Volvo, drove it on the gear stick and the hand brake and the hand throttle, keeping the leg that worked for the clutch. Parking was no difficulty.

The doctor's office was at the end of a wide and long marble passage watched by two liveried doormen, who were obviously bewildered by the sight of a woman on hands and knees and didn't catch the idea that a manly shoulder or two would make a deal of difference.

Eliza ran up to Dr. Brown, who was standing at the top of six stairs leading into his office, and said, "She's coming."

"Take your time," shouted Dr. Brown to Averil.

Dr. Brown, nurseless and secretaryless, took unnecessary details for billing, very slowly, on an electric typewriter.

"It keeps hitting me when I tell it to get to the next line," he said.

"I know. And when you're not using it, it makes that reproachful hum. Do you want me to help?"

He looked around at her sympathetic position, which hurt her. Then, locked again into his thin frame, he continued: from a skyless cell, it seemed. He wanted Averil's name, address, age, marital status, medical history ("chicken pox"), and he put in "possible case of repeated ruptured right plantaris muscle." "Billing address" had to be where she lived ("resided") in New York, not where she worked. "Credit information nil," he typed, very slowly; and then, looking at her over his spectacles, "You don't use charge cards?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Nor do I. Now we'll climb onto the couch. No, not that way. Up the steps."

"Eliza, darling, I saw some magazines in the doctor's waiting room." Eliza looked back as she left, unwilling to go.

"You see, Dr. Brown, I can't get up the steps, because of this leg. I can get up backward right onto the bed if you'll be patient."

But he was kind. He gave Eliza diversions, outside in the waiting room.

"Are you all right? How are you feeling?" he asked Averil when he came back in. "What are you laughing about?"

"I was thinking that the last time I asked somebody that question about 'How are you,' he said, and it took a long time, 'Well, you see, I've got these two colds. One coming and one going.' "

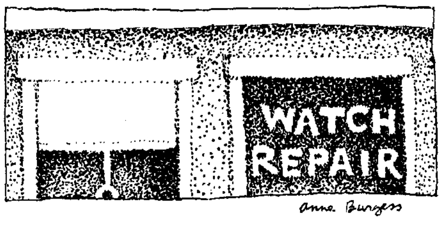
Dr. Brown tried to grow serious and said, "Yes, I'm afraid we've got a ruptured plantaris here. Six weeks. A cast. What are you laughing about now?"

"Perhaps there's something peculiar about me."

"Do you feel the need of an aspirin?"

"No. I mean, no, thank you."

Eliza came in, gave toffees to all three of them, and then, bored, went back to the waiting room to tear things out of the *National Geographic*.



"While we're sitting around for the plaster to dry, what were you laughing about that time?" asked the doctor.

"Only that my little girl, who's wrecking your magazines—"

"It doesn't matter—"

"—that she brought across with us in the car some English newspapers that are in the middle of a circulation battle, and one that I'm particularly fond of had the headline 'GLOOM SPREADS.' "

"It doesn't in you, does it?" said Dr. Brown.

"The last time this muscle thing happened, the doctor kept on telling me it was going to make me cry for six weeks and that he didn't tell men patients that but he was telling me because women are more used to putting up with pain. Are they?"

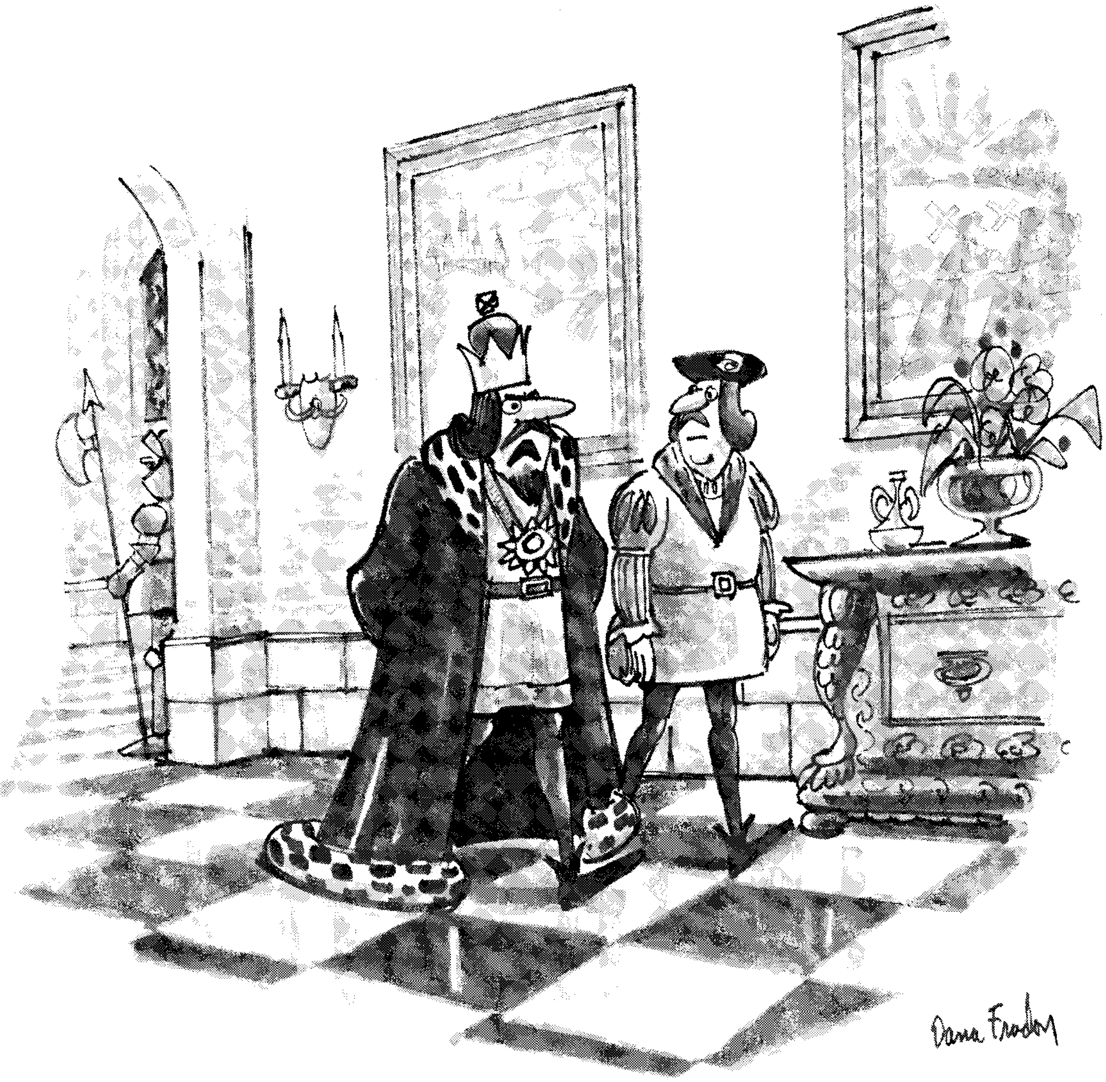
BERNIE'S QUICK-SHAVE (1968)

At dawn three shearsmen
dress in white, exact
non-shade of the blank
prospect that they'll encounter
but—out of their courage—
they refuse to acknowledge.
Or is it their impotence?
Out on the Green,
which in this February
is more in fact
a White, long-haired
students from the college
return to their monuments of ice:
the Carnival theme
this winter is "Life
in the Future." Machines
in this fantastic tableau
are conceived to replace
all dulling labor.
The students in arrogance
consider *themselves* the Future.
Sad, the way
that Frank, Ed, Mike
—pale monoliths,
three plinths
behind the pane—all day
will regard these children in beards
and tattered pants
as the Future, too:
a season gone away
before its own arrival.
The chair keeps yawning like
a dead man's abandoned
recliner. The lather won't rise
to match the drifts
and windrows by their trailers.
It remains the latent billow
within their minds,
as fog and whitecap waves
become mere thought in sailors
grounded—vague things
to fill the void they prophesy,
as yet another night
falls on the village
shops, forlorn and white
as those few unconsoling, early stars.

At length, berobed,
they struggle to their cars,
whose windshields seem at first
to cloud with steam.
Their radios often bear them
news of former
clients now, last regulars
turned in this decade hairless
or thinly crowned with slow-
grown locks that shiver
in the frigid estate to which
their whiteness is witness . . .
The radios announce
old shavers gone,
like figures one has met
within a dream
or landscapes that will never
be replenished.
Snow drifts down like talcum.
But tomorrow dawn
they'll stand again,
tragic as winter gravestones,
those for whom some central thing has vanished.

—Sydney Lea

• •



"You'd think I'd get some credit for the thousands of heads I ***haven't*** *lopped off!"*

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"It seems to me that they try. People do. Your daughter is trying to do something that is beyond her, and she's doing it." Dr. Brown tested the plaster. "Did it?"

"Did it what?"

"Make you cry for six weeks?"

"No."

Dr. Brown nodded.

"I was wondering whether women are used to putting up with things. I'm going to ask you again," said Averil.

"I don't think so, do you? Used, perhaps, but not inured."

Dr. Brown saw her downstairs. Carried her piggyback. Eliza was delighted. He sent no bill. Every four days he rang up to find out how she was managing to get to work after taking Eliza to school. Many another day Michele, the friend who had recommended Dr. Eli Brown, would ring up and ask if there was anything she could do to help. This struck Averil as being most good of her, as Michele was badly off, though learned, and living a long way away by bus; twice she turned up with books and honey.

Dr. Brown came to Averil's house one evening to see how she was. Working, reading. Eliza in bed. He had brought with him a headline for Averil. "KNIGHT'S NEPHEW UNINJURED." After begging to be excused for intruding, in a Russian manner, he took off his muffler and his hat, holding them in his hand.

"Pardon me," he said. "How is the leg?"

She had had it up on the dining-room table. "The cast makes things a bit difficult."

He took off the cast, with heed, and she walked fast around the room.

"You walk on the balls of your feet, like a ballet dancer," he said.

"Apparently I always have."

"For a time, wear high heels."

"What a doctor, to say something like that. One of the greatest friends I have ever had, rather a poor man who plods around in tennis shoes, but a man of distinction—no, of distinctiveness—gave me a voucher last Christmas for a great deal of money to buy two pairs of shoes at the shoe shop he knew I had always gone to in London and Paris."

Still walking on the balls of her feet, liberated and gay, she made some very strong black coffee of the kind she liked.

"Great," he said. "Costly?"

"Tuppence halfpenny in this part of New York. Spaniards and Italians and Russians all around."

"Tuppence halfpenny, you said. But you've moved onto the decimal system."

"It's an expression, you see. Expressions don't die out in old countries, as long as the language goes on leaving room for new ones. Inventing them."

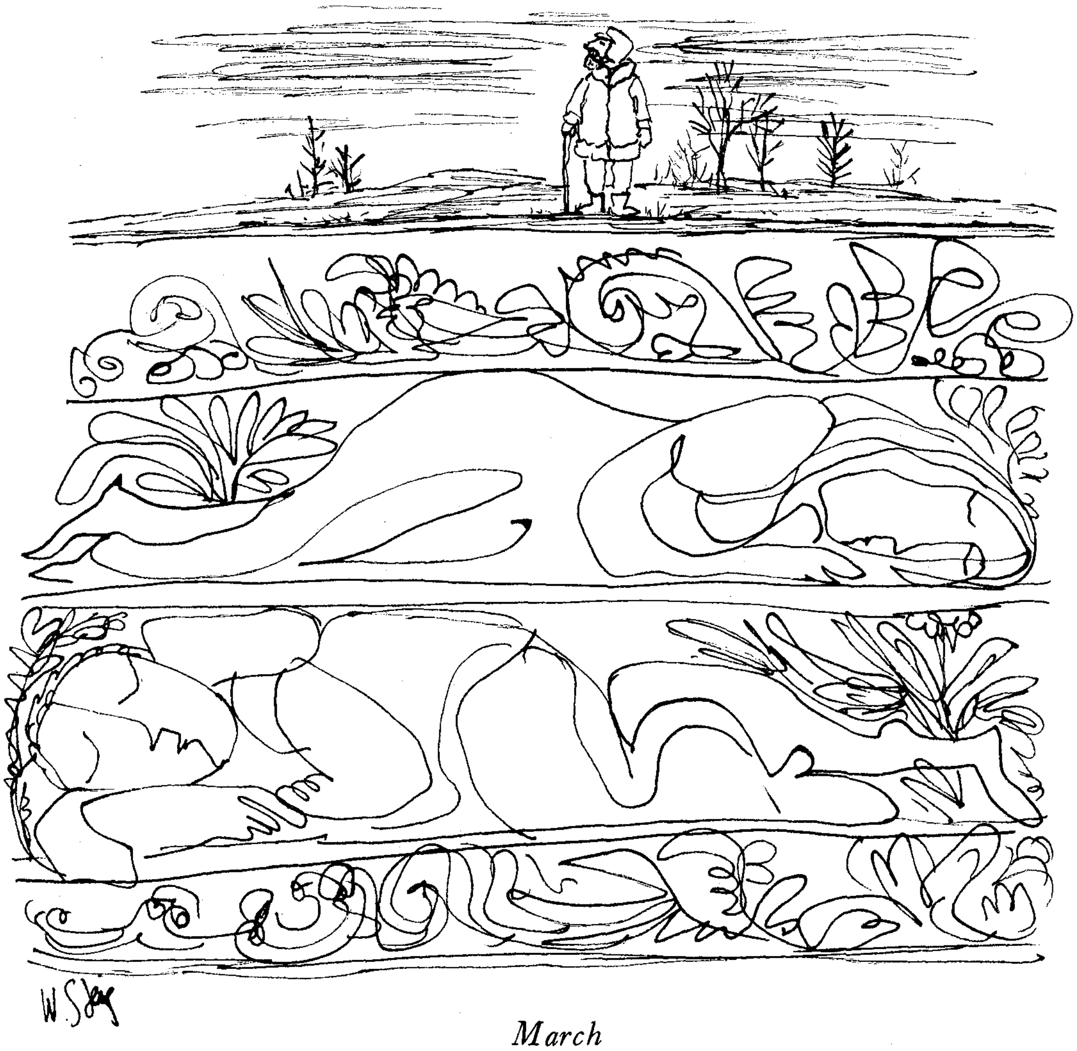
"I noticed once that you used the word 'gubbins.' Could we look it up?"

"I don't think it would be in any dictionary yet. I just happened to use it. It means, oh, say, nonsense, trivia, nothing to get het up about. I particularly like a word that has the sound of Anglo-Saxon in it. I don't go much for Latinate words, do you?"

"You sound as if you're offering me a piece of cake that you hate but that you don't want to throw out."

"Latinate words are the ones that won't shut up, but I suppose they carry on to some purpose to someone."

"Go on walking about. Superior. Yes. And forgive me, but you also look



March

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very pretty. What discussion are you and your daughter engaged in at the moment? I notice that you talk to each other a good deal."

"She's been teaching me about a game called D. and D. It's played with dice. The initials stand for Dungeons and Dragons. I don't understand the rules properly, partly because it seems that the rules alter from place to place and group to group. Each child rolls the dice to give him intellect, bravery, wisdom, charisma, health, or ingenuity. She didn't mention looks. I asked her whether anyone was cursed with evil qualities like cowardice, but they're not. The point is that the children are at the mercy of the Dungeons and the Dragons, and all the children are in alliance. No player is an enemy. The enemy can't be seen. The children I've talked to can't define it. You see, it's a child's position, isn't it. Unseen enemy, no rules, concrete possessions their only protection. The dice aren't talismans."

Dr. Brown poured her some coffee and she drank it back in a gulp as if she were a Slav and it slivovitz.

"Is the enemy the grownup world?" she said. "In the sense that it's been allotted to them? Nothing they can do about it."

"The game." He sneezed. "I suppose I sneezed because I was going to say something about talismans."

"Gesundheit and serve you right. Good grief, a doctor talking about talismans."

The doctor put her skinny leg onto a chair but she said it was fine and made them some more coffee.

Leaning forward, she said, "It struck me that that was a pretty good game. Having all the players in concord. All being in danger but not knowing the rules. A fight to the death without referee, though there is nothing but a gang of friends visible. It's interesting."

Later on that evening, they spoke of his life as it had been spent early on in Czechoslovakia. They talked for many other evenings. They lived together. When it came to their wedding, Averil asked Michele to be a witness.

"Darling," said Michele on the telephone, "you're getting married to Dr. Brown?"

"Yes. You said he might be harsh because you didn't trust men under a hundred and whatever-it-was pounds, but he's not at all. Harsh. When he left Czechoslovakia at twelve, his only worldly goods were the gold fillings in his mouth."

"His?"

"Dr. Brown's."

"Ellie Brown's?"

"You said Eli Brown."

"You said you were getting married to Ellie Brown? Didn't you look her up in the directory? Granted that she's under a hundred and whatever pounds and is indeed a bit harsh—"

"But he's not harsh."

"All right. He. But didn't you look him up in the directory and check that he wasn't the she I'd told you to go to?"

"The address seemed all right and he's a he and there we are."

"Who did you say had recommended you? Did you mention any other patients?"

"He kept looking them up in *Who Was Who* and I said I thought that was glum for him, and he said he thought I was suffering more than I was saying from this fatuous muscle and that a cast would put it right in six weeks. And even if he's the wrong doctor by your lights, a piece of good fortune has come our way. Of luck." She stopped, as other people do on the telephone when they are lighting a cigarette, and Michele waited, knowing that she didn't smoke. "Good word, 'luck.' Words to be saved. Girl, gay, blithe, swink. All monosyllables, you see. Interesting that the word 'spondee' describes its meaning within its sound, but that five-syllable 'monosyllable' goes on and on."

" 'Swink' being?"

" 'Toil.' " —PENELOPE GILLIATT

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY WAYS

At a party her parents gave, Helena met Phillip. He was a beautiful man, tall, with bright blond hair, blue eyes, a small nose and chin. He talked to her for ten minutes about India, where he wanted to go. He described a fishing village with shacks on the water and palm trees. First, he said the beach was white sand; a few sentences later, pink. He had the wonderful picture of a place a tourist has before he gets there. He leaned toward Helena as he spoke, and once, just for a moment, grasped her forearm to make a point. Later that night, she helplessly went over the conversation in her head.

"What does Phillip do?" she asked her father at breakfast.

"You mean the young man Ed Trumbull brought?" her mother asked.

"He's a pansy," her father said. "I'm sure he lives off Ed." Her father had never liked Ed Trumbull, but her mother, who had known him since college, insisted that he was the kind of person who made a party more interesting. "Ed's a nice man," she said. "And can't we have one guest who's just slightly different from all the others?"

The three of them went on eating cereal and drinking juice, and suddenly Helena knew she had fallen in love with Phillip. She would have told her parents, but her father's using the word "pansy" stopped her. It was slang she hadn't heard before, but she understood it. She knew that she was being silly, that the gentle blond man wasn't interested in seventeen-year-old girls, but still she wanted to scream at her father that he was cruel and stupid.

She didn't talk about Phillip with her parents again. She considered beginning a diary, but it seemed unbalanced to have it be all about one thing. On her way to school, she thought of Phillip, and looked instantly over the passengers on her bus to see if he might be among them. She thought of him during classes, and sometimes at meals. Then she wasn't hungry anymore and pushed back her plate, though only a little, wise enough to know that looking vacant and not eating would attract attention. For a few days, she had some notoriety among her friends. "You're in love," they accused, and she didn't deny it. But she refused to say anything more, and when they had guessed the boys they knew and one passably handsome history teacher, they left her alone.

It seemed to her that the one moment Phillip had grasped her arm was the only evidence she had of her own existence, yet she didn't even know whether she would see him again. Ed Trumbull, who had brought Phillip to the party, generally brought a big Russian wolfhound named Otto. He had brought young men before, often blond, and never the same one twice. But she was determined to see Phillip, and, as it happened, she met him downtown at a discount bookstore. During the party, they had talked about books—he had even mentioned this store—and what drew her there at the right moment on a Saturday morning was as concrete and satisfying as his touch on her arm.

He was standing by a table of remaindered novels, reading their flyleaves. She stopped near the door and picked up a book, looked over the dust jacket, and put it back. She waited for him to see her, then was terrified he wouldn't recognize her, so she went over to him and said, "Hello."

He looked up, startled, then smiled.

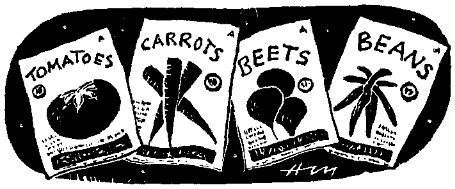
She said, "Helena."

"Phillip."

She always expected the older person to take charge, so she waited for him to ask her a question. He was still picking up books, but listlessly now, and she thought he might be waiting for her to go away. So she picked up two or three to show him that she, too, had come for the inexpensive novels. Then she asked, "What are you doing?"

He looked surprised that she was still there. She realized right away that it was an idiotic question, and added, "When are you going to India?" It was early spring and she was too warm in her winter coat, but taking it off seemed to her awkward and graceless.

"Not for a couple of months. I have business to take care of in New York. What are you doing here?"



"Just looking around."

"So am I."

It made her happy that they were in the same place for the same purpose. His hair was quite yellow under the fluorescent lights, and the way he smiled put her at ease. His front teeth were as small and even as the others—like a beautiful rabbit's, she thought.

"Are you going uptown?" Phillip asked. "We could walk for a while."

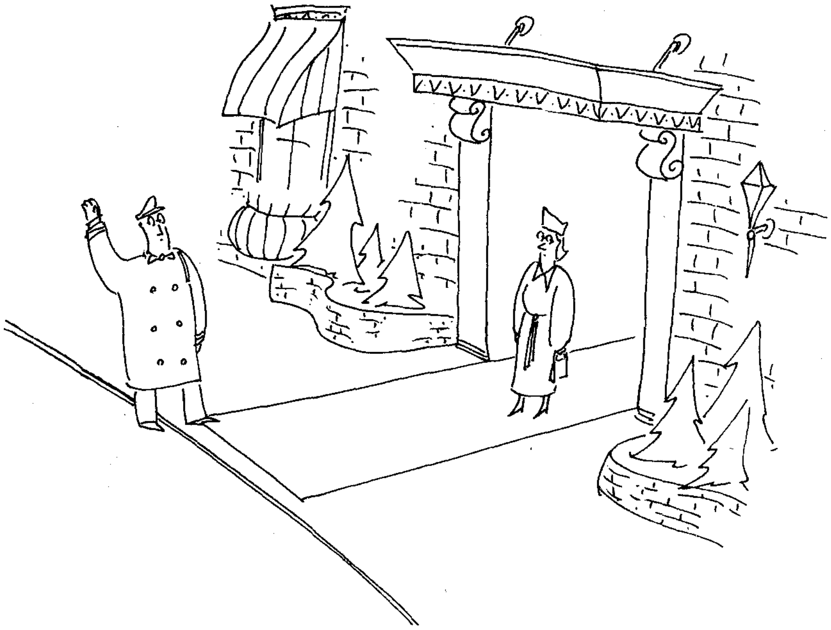
She wasn't really going anywhere, but that seemed complicated to explain, so she walked with him up Fifth Avenue in the wind. They hardly talked. At the corner of Sixty-fifth Street, Helena stepped off the curb as a car came speeding down the street. Phillip shot out his arm in front of her, to hold her back. He would have done the same for a complete stranger, she thought, and this shook her most. The deaths she had imagined were more extraordinary than being run down at a street corner.

"You should be more careful," he said. "Though I'm thrilled to have had this opportunity."

She didn't want to know about him or to tell him anything about herself. She didn't want to go to the movies with him or to dance or sleep with him. She was as happy as she had ever been, walking up Fifth Avenue with him at noon in the sun. But afterward, for days she was sad, and when she came home from school slept heavily, lying flat on her stomach.

Aside from Phillip, life was ordinary. Though she loved her parents, she felt that she was running out of things to say to them, that it was good she would be away at college in the fall. She did the assigned homework—read Jane Austen and E. M. Forster—but when she was reading or working at her desk, she would think of Phillip, and it was as though parts were loose inside her, dancing and clanging in her chest and stomach. Her days seemed endless, divided into thousands and thousands of moments that had happened to her before. Her parents were gentle and sympathetic, and though she wanted to battle with them, she could grasp only at the insubstantial coarseness of her father's calling Phillip a pansy.

In the library, she read about India and the village Phillip had spoken of. Late one afternoon, she went and stood near the apartment building where Ed lived, but only Ed came out, towed along the street by his big



dog. “Good afternoon, Helena,” he said. He didn’t seem surprised that she was there. He had very close-cut dark hair with a tiny fringe of bangs at the top of his forehead. He was always suntanned and wore tight-fitting European clothes, brown or beige. The dog had irregular patches and seemed ill suited to him. Ed stopped to let the dog sniff at a tree and pulled his leather jacket closed around his neck. “It’s still quite nippy, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” Though Ed was American, he seemed slightly English. He used words like “nippy,” said “flat” for apartment, and ended sentences on an upbeat, with questions she thought should be answered. She had never liked him much. He had a shop near her school which sold autographs of famous people, a nice shop with Persian rugs and a machine to make coffee for the customers, so that they would stay for a long time and buy something.

“You’re just done with school. Isn’t it late?”

“We play speed-a-way on Wednesdays.”

“Speed-a-way?”

“It’s like field hockey, without the sticks.” She saw him notice her regulation tennis shoes and white socks.

“Would you like to come up for a cup of tea? You must be tired.”

“Yes, please.” It wasn’t only that she hoped Phillip would be there; she was curious to see how he lived. They crowded into the elevator with the dog, who turned three times, tangling his tail in the operator’s legs.

Ed lived on the sixth floor. As soon as they were in the apartment, he took the dog off the leash, and Helena went and stood by the window. It was beginning to be dark, and the street lights came on just then. Though there had been a lamp on in the corner of the room, she could tell that no one else was home. Everything was shades of blue: a couch covered in velvet, blue Chinese vases on the top shelf of the bookcase, and Persian rugs, like the ones in Ed’s store. It was a lovely place. She thought she could smell that there had been lamb chops for dinner the night before, but that was her only clue that Ed lived like other people she knew.

“What kind of tea would you like?” Ed called from the kitchen.

“Hot.” She couldn’t imagine anyone wanting iced tea on such a chilly evening.

He laughed. “Lapsang Souchong or English Breakfast?”

She hadn’t been offered this kind of choice before and chose the first, since something with “breakfast” in the name seemed likely ground for another mistake. She sat on the middle cushion of the blue couch and picked up the top book from the pile on the coffee table. She opened to the middle of the book, where there was a black-and-white photograph of three naked boys sitting in a parked car by a house with endless fields around it. She turned the page quickly: more naked boys doing perfectly ordinary things. She flipped by more pictures. How could they photograph the naked boys in a supermarket? Just as Ed came into the room with a plate of cookies, she put the book back. He saw her straighten it on the pile and she was embarrassed, and at the same time enchanted to be in a place where everything was different.

Ed put down the teapot and sat opposite her. The tea was very strong and smelled burned; it gave a taste to what was happening. It was quiet in the apartment, and for the moment she pretended that sipping tea and eating a cookie took up her full attention. But she began to feel the heavy, terrible wish to be interesting, and it made her uneasy, so that she knew she would do something wrong.

“Your apartment is awfully nice,” she said.

“Isn’t it?”

“You live here alone?”

“Very often.”

He wouldn’t help her, and she was stuck. “But Phillip is staying with you now?”

“You talked to him at the party. He’s one of my dearest friends. You liked him, didn’t you?”

“He seemed very nice.”

“He’s a charming boy, but he has some serious troubles. I suppose he told you.” He put his cup on the table, with a half-eaten cookie on the saucer.

“Just a little.”

There was a silence and Ed said, “How are your parents?”

She was disappointed. She wanted to be the sort of person who found things out, not one who simply gave out information. “Fine,” she said lightly. “How are yours?”

“Both dead.”

“I’m sorry.” She had no idea how to trace the route back to a normal conversation.

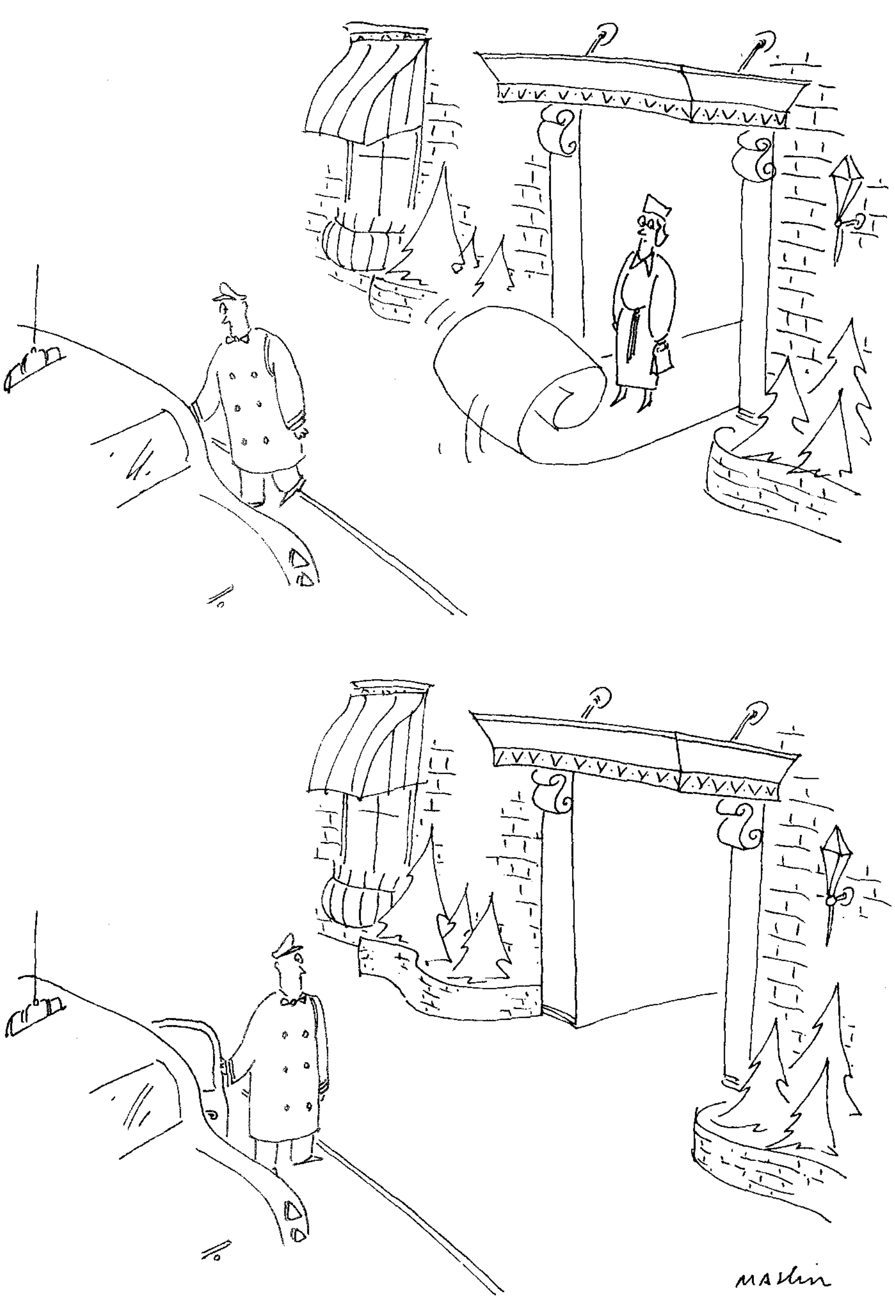
Ed was staring at her. “You’re a very pretty girl, you know, even in that silly uniform. Have you ever been in love?”

No adult had ever asked her this, and she couldn’t imagine why he wanted to know. “Sort of,” she said, shifting her weight. “Not really.”

“I don’t believe you. But it will happen very soon. And often,” he added after a moment. “It happens in the most extraordinary ways.”

She felt as if everything he said had some point she was missing.

“When I was your age,” Ed continued, “a woman standing behind me at the checkout desk at the public library heard me ask for a book they



didn't have. I left, and it was windy and snowing. This was in Illinois, where I grew up. In a minute the woman caught up with me and said, 'I have that book. Won't you come by and get it?' She had soft brown eyes, like a Madonna in a Renaissance painting."

Like a cow, Helena thought. She didn't want to hear the rest of this story, but there was no graceful way out. One moment Ed seemed lost in his thoughts, the next he was watching her again. "What was the book?" she asked.

"A biography of Shelley. I still have it." He pointed toward a bookcase in the other room. "She gave me tea in her husband's study. It was a tiny room with a red leather chair and thousands of books on geology. Her books were upstairs in the bedroom."

The mockery in his voice upset Helena. There must have been better things to tell. Still, she liked the idea of the cold day, the woman's bedroom, with its books. She wondered what color the walls were and whether Ed ever saw her again. Wouldn't he have returned the book? The events in the story took place so long ago that it had lost all importance as truth. She couldn't imagine Ed as the boy.

"And you're in love now?" he asked again.

"I was only joking. Thank you for the tea and telling me the story. I think I'd better go home before they worry."

"Just a minute." Ed raised his hand, urging her not to get up. "Phillip," he called out. "There's someone who would like to say hello to you."

There was an arc of light in the dark hall, and she heard the dog's collar jingle as he moved from the doorway.

Phillip came into the room. He had been sleeping, and the crease of the pillow was marked on the side of his face. "Helena," he said. "How nice to see you again." He did look pleased, and he came and took her hand while she was still sitting on the couch.

"I was about to go." She felt stupid and guileless, near tears. How had she given herself away? Had Phillip laughed at her, telling Ed?

"I'll walk you to the bus," Phillip said.

"Always the gentleman," Ed said.

"You don't have to," Helena said, but Phillip came anyway. As soon as they were out on the street, she said, "How did he know?"

"I suppose he guessed. He's very intuitive—it's one of his good qualities."

He said this with an edge, and she felt a little better. "Why do you live there?"

"It's simplest for now."

"But do you like it?"

"Ed has been very kind to me."

She couldn't ask what this meant and couldn't tell anything from his voice. His face was half dark in the street light, and blocks away she could see the big, white-lit windshield of the bus. "You knew, too?"

"Not really. People haven't fallen in love with me very often."

"Ed said people fall in love all the time."

"He's often wrong."

PHILLIP called the next day and asked her to go for a walk with him. Often after that, she saw him on weekends. One Saturday, he asked her to come to the Frick Collection, and though she didn't like going to museums with other people, she agreed because she was in love. He seemed to know the danger of talking about paintings while you looked at them. He stood up close with his head tilted and his hands folded behind his back, giving each painting the same amount of time. Helena didn't like the Titians, Fragonards, and Corots much, and watched Phillip looking.

"What do you like best?" she asked him afterward, when they were sitting in the enclosed courtyard.

"The Hals portrait of the burgomaster."

"Why?"

"I've never thought of a reason."

"Think of one now," she demanded.

He kissed the top of her head. She was easily reminded that he was eight years older. "Tell me what you liked best."

"All of those enamelled plates in the little room at the end."

He laughed. "I wonder if it means you'll be a great housewife someday."

It made her happy when he was silly, when they pretended to insult each other and made jokes. "What a horrible thing to say. I didn't predict that you'd be a petty civil servant because you liked the old burgomaster."

"You could have."

"I'm too polite."

Her politeness made her afraid to ask him many questions, but she was collecting facts about him. He had grown up in Connecticut, gone to a college in the Midwest whose name she didn't recognize, then come back to New York to look for a job. But there were years unaccounted for, family and friends who weren't mentioned, and this bothered her. Phillip would almost always get her to talk, to tell some long, complicated story about her school or her family, and he would watch her carefully, listening. It was best when she made him laugh—an abrupt laugh, like a cough and a gulp of air. It was a heady feeling, and sometimes when she was alone now she would look in the mirror at her gray eyes with their dark, serious brow and her sharp nose, and she would be pleased with herself. But often she despaired. Asking him about his life was like begging a bird to describe its flight pattern or its nesting habits.

They were sitting on a bench, looking into the pool. Conversation always seemed easier for other people. "Why can't you ever talk about regular things?" she asked him. "Jobs, or friends, or what you do all the time."

"I don't want to bore you."

She hated for him to be coy this way. She wanted him to talk about Ed and where he had just come from, where he'd go next; she wanted something ordinary and familiar to fall back on when they were silent.

He put his arm around her shoulders. "That isn't how it is, my love. You have to find things out slowly, just from spending time with someone." She accepted this, leaning against him.

A CLOCK

What lunatic pastry-cook, what crazed confectioner
Turned goldsmith to concoct this? Gold, solid gold:
A palace, open-fronted, with three floors,

The topmost patently Heaven, with sun, moon, planets,
A covey of inquisitive angels, the blest elect
Simpering with beatitude; in their midst

An awesome Ancient couching on a cloud,
One hand reaching out to hang a star,
Like a tinsel trinket, in its constellation,

The other extended to bestow a crown
Upon a kneeling figure (*symbolism:*
A sovereignty coeval with Creation);

At the base, the fires of Hell—which resemble opening peonies—
Demons in culinary frenzy, a ferocious
Satan enthroned, the final *chef de cuisine,*

And the naked damned, ablaze, writhing voluptuously
But by the apt intervention of a flame
Saved always from an ultimate immodesty.

Halfway (appropriately) between Heaven and Hell
Lies our world, all chased grasses and scrolled waves.
Here—since Time can have no other demesne—

The dial, ornate, its hands and numerals
Shaped by obliging, if improbable, beasts. Below it,
When Time still flowed through this egregious meter,

Small mannikins paraded every hour:
Peasant with oxcart, soldier, priest, and so on,
Till Death himself at midnight closed the show.

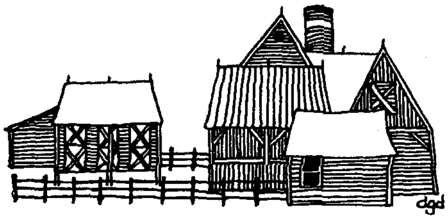
What can this mean, beyond the obvious?
That blest, damned, angels, demons, even Deity
Are, after all, one Substance? That perfection of technique

Is not necessarily art? Possibly that
Flatter Time as you may, it won't reciprocate? No, no,
This merely meant that a king's time was passing—

A thing an assassin taught him soon enough.

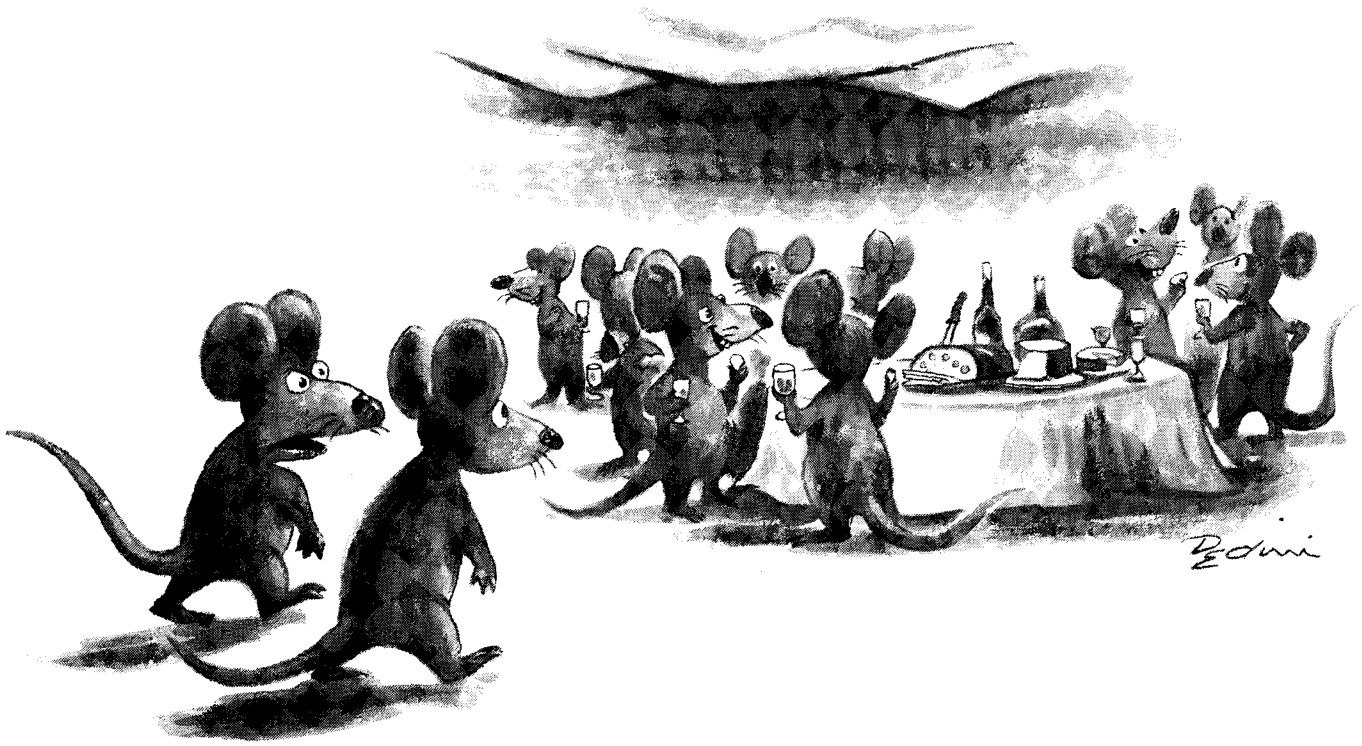
—Elder Olson

• •



At the end of April, Phillip asked her to drive up to Martha's Vineyard with him for the weekend. His aunt had a house there and had asked him to open it for the summer. Helena considered lying to her parents, then told them the truth. Her father said, "It doesn't seem like a very good idea to me. Are you sure you want to go?" But her mother said, "Go. You'll have a lovely time."

It rained from the moment they left



“Oh, Lord! Not another wine-and-cheese party.”

• •

New York until they arrived on the island. On the ferry, it was too cold to go outside, and, sitting on a wooden bench, looking out at the gray water, Helena wished for a moment that she was at home. Phillip was quiet.

“I’ve never been on a car ferry,” she said.

After a while, he said, “We’re almost there. Do you like it?”

“I can’t see it.” There was a lighter gray space in the fog where she guessed the dock was. They went down the steep iron stairs to the bottom deck, which smelled of seawater and gasoline. They sat in the car in the dim light, and she heard foghorns, and then there was the sound of clanking metal, the men getting the boat ready to land. They drove off slowly, behind a line of cars that disappeared one by one into the fog.

“You can find your way?” she asked.

“I used to come here every summer, and you spend a lot of time going down to meet the boat.”

By the time they reached the house, it was completely dark. She stood behind Phillip in the wet grass while he tried different keys in the door and said, “Damn. Look for the light switch.”

She felt along the mossy shingles of the house, but in a moment Phillip had opened the door. Inside was as cold as outside, and smelled of damp rugs and old fires. There was the click of a light switch, and nothing happened.

“Damn,” Phillip said again. “The power’s off. Stay here and I’ll find some candles.”

While she waited by the door, she heard him opening and shutting drawers, and then he came back with a candle on a saucer. In the dark living room, they ate sandwiches they had brought with them, and then they went upstairs. On the second floor, it seemed even darker, and she was frightened, as if she were going deeper and deeper into a cave. She wanted to be in a dry bedroom with the lights on.

“We’ll use this one,” Phillip said. “It’s the biggest.”

IN the darkness, she could just see a difference where the windows were. There was only a double bed. Phillip unpacked his suitcase and opened the bureau drawers, looking for extra blankets. Helena took her clothes from her bag and put them on top of the chest at the end of the bed, then went down the hall to the bathroom to wash. When she came back in her nightgown, Phillip was in bed, lying on his back, with his hands folded outside the covers like a child in a picture. He wasn’t wearing a shirt, and his shoulders were pink in the candlelight.

She lay between the cold sheets, stiff and exhausted. This isn’t happening to me the way I want it to happen, she thought, and she hated Phillip for being so much older, for not speaking, for being Ed’s lover. But at the same time the idea of being in bed with someone else was marvellous and amazing, and she wanted the part of her that believed this to triumph.

The easiest thing to tell is whether someone else is asleep. Phillip wasn’t, though he was lying still, breathing evenly. She felt awkward and big, and as though she were slowly spreading and would unintentionally touch him. She had tightened her legs together and her arms against her sides, so that when Phillip touched her elbow she started and gasped.

“Good night, Helena.”

“Good night, Phillip.” This sounded awkward to her, the way characters talked to each other in bad movies. They had such serious names.

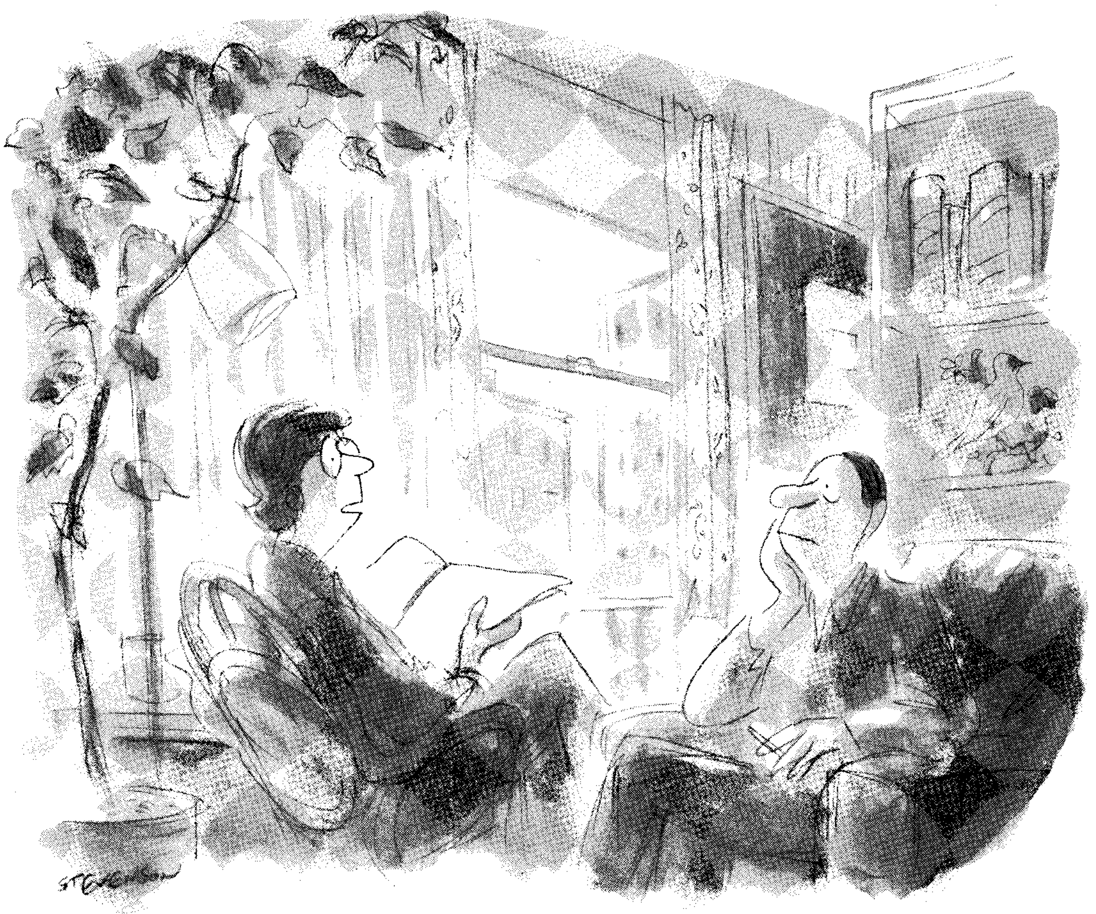
“Are you warm enough?” he asked after a while.

“Yes.”

“Do you want to go to sleep?”

“No.”

He began to sing sadly, “I’ve got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence,” and Helena sang, too. When they got to



"When did you get in the habit of taking the long view?"

• •

"Sixpence to send home to my wife," she thought of Ed. When they stopped, it seemed quieter than before, as though they had frightened the spring peepers into silence. He pulled her into his arms, so that they lay together on their sides. His body felt very hot, and they lay there until he fell asleep and released her.

In the morning, she felt as though she hadn't slept at all. Phillip was on his back, with his head resting on one arm. "What time do you think it is?" she said when he opened his eyes.

"Jesus, don't you have any sense of romance? I think I'll go back to sleep."

She was devastated. She wanted to explain, but he rolled away, feigning deep sleep with growling snores. The shades were up and the room was full of sun. She pulled at the covers where his hip was, to turn him back toward her. He held her again and pulled at the sleeve of her nightgown.

"No."

"Why not?"

She didn't know. She was scared. She saw every detail in the room, as though she were about to drown: the Greek key on the lampshade, the shepherd and shepherdess on the pitcher in the old washing bowl. She was memorizing, though she knew she would remember without trying. For a long time, they lay next to each other without touching, and afterward, when they got up, she was so happy that everything on the island seemed chosen for its beauty—the pebbles on the shore with all of their sharpness worn away, and Phillip's pale, narrow back as he chopped kindling.

As if the absent aunt had become a taskmaster, they dusted away spiderwebs, shook out rugs, washed the curtains, and then they went walking along the beach to the clay cliffs and bicycled down to the pier where the fish market was. "The house is beautifully clean," Phillip said.

Toward evening, she began to wonder if Phillip was as happy as she was. And then at night, when they sat across the table from each other, still using candles, she thought, This will end soon, and wondered why she had to know already. They talked easily of the commonplace—how fresh the fish was, whether it might be warm enough to swim in the morning, and that night they slept next to each other again.

Sunday afternoon, all the way back to New York, she was tired, wondering if she could fit back into her life. She felt wrong for the place she had left, and couldn't imagine herself doing homework or playing speed-a-way and field hockey in the Park. Watching Phillip drive, she wasn't sure if she was still in love. He sat very straight, steering with both hands, and his eyes hardly seemed to move. "Are you tired?" she asked.

"I am."

She wanted to touch his shoulder or his knee, but she let things go. It was as though she had tipped over a pitcher and, instead of picking it up, she sat watching the water spill out. They were wonderfully separate. What different views two people see from the windows of a car, she thought.

They came to Ed's apartment, and he said, "Would you like to come up?"

"No, thank you. I have reading to do for school."

This made them both laugh a little. He took her home, kissed her, and drove off.

Her mother was reading in the living room. "Did you have a nice time?"

"It rained the whole first day." In her mind, the rest of the weekend began to arrange itself, and she knew just what she wanted to say. But she wouldn't tell her mother—not for a long time, and by then it might be easier, as if it had happened to someone else.

—KATHARINE ANDRES

•

There's an elegant new hotel in New York. Just down the street from Carnegie Hall. A stone's throw from Van Cleef & Arpels. A hotel that . . .—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

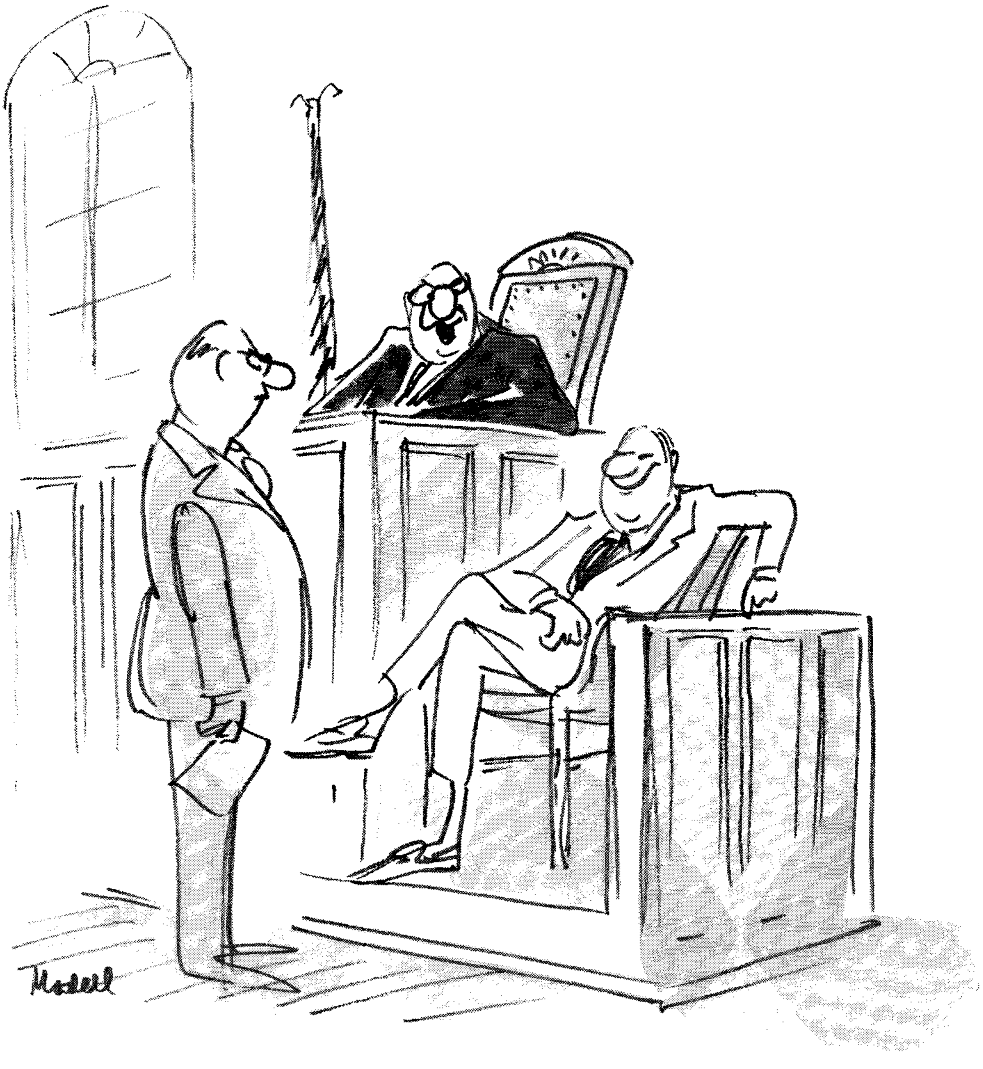
Don't put ideas in our head, please.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

STEELHEAD

THE river on which I live—the Russian, in Northern California—was named in honor of fur traders who established settlements near it almost two centuries ago, beginning in 1812, when Ivan Alexander Kuskoff, a one-legged adventurer employed by the Russian-American Fur Company, leased several acres of coastal land from Pomo Indians, in exchange for blankets, breeches, horses, axes, and some beads. It has its headwaters in the mountains north of Redwood Valley and flows south and west for a hundred and ten miles, to Jenner, on the Pacific Ocean. During the dry summer months, it is a slow, green stream, thick with algae and pestered by canoers. But in November, when the winter rains start, the Russian is transformed: it grows wide and deep and sometimes rises to the limits of its banks and then swamps them, flooding downriver towns like Guerneville and Duncans Mills. It looks majestic at flood stage, seems as broad as the Mississippi; uprooted trees drift by, along with fences, unmoored boats, rusted agricultural implements, plastics, and hubcaps. If you stand on the cliffs above Jenner and watch the procession of objects sweeping past, you get the feeling that entire communities are being borne to oblivion on the tide. Seals congregate at the river mouth, dipping into the turbid, muddy water in search of migratory fish. Large numbers of salmon, shad, sturgeon, and striped bass used to ascend the Russian to spawn in its tributaries, but their runs have been badly depleted, in some cases almost to the point of extinction. The only anadromous ("running upward," in Greek) fish that still persists in any quantity is the steelhead, a subspecies of rainbow trout.

Steelhead are members of the Salmonidae, a family that includes all salmon, trout, and char. They are known scientifically as *Salmo gairdnerii gairdnerii*—*Salmo* from the Latin verb meaning "to leap," and *gairdnerii* for the nineteenth-century naturalist Meredith Gairdner, who helped Sir John Richardson collect specimens of Columbia River fish for the Hudson's Bay Company. They have a stronger migratory urge than most rainbows but are not dependent on an anadromous existence; if they're planted in a lake, they'll spawn in tributaries of that lake, skipping their saltwater wandering. Most Russian River steelhead opt for anadromy: they're born in fresh water, migrate into the Pacific between their first and third years (at sea, their upper bodies turn steel blue, a change that accounts for their common name), reach sexual maturity in from one to three years more, and return to their natal stream to spawn. They recognize the stream by its unique chemical composition and follow its trail like bloodhounds. Once they've paired off and chosen an in-stream spawning site, the female digs a redd, or nest, using her body and tail to clear away gravel, then deposits some of her eggs. Immediately, her mate fertilizes them with his milt, a chalky secretion of the reproductive glands. The process is repeated until two thousand eggs have been deposited. Pacific salmon die after spawning, but some steelhead—perhaps twenty per cent—survive, and may make the journey from ocean to river two, three, or even four times. Steelhead are notoriously elusive at sea, and are seldom snared in a commercial salmon net, although they frequent the same waters as salmon. Nobody knows how they avoid the nets, because marine researchers haven't been able to track them once they enter the Pacific. They disappear—off to the Bering Sea or Baja California or Japan. Anglers find them just about as difficult to catch. In the winter of 1954, the California Department of Fish and Game sponsored a steelhead census among anglers



"Very amusing, but may I remind the witness that we are not on TV yet and he should just answer yes or no."

on the Russian; the figures indicated that the average angler caught 0.55 fish per day. There are probably fewer steelhead in the river now—the annual run is estimated at about fifty thousand—but the weather in which they thrive hasn't changed: cold, foggy mornings and evenings, relieved on occasion by brilliant afternoon sunshine that warms the bones and stipples the water with light.

I knew nothing about steelhead when I moved into my house, some five years ago. I assumed they were neither more nor less intractable than other trout, but I was wrong. The first winter I spent fishing for them proved educational in the extreme. For more hours than I'd care to count, I waited by the river, casting ineffectual lures into the current and wondering why I never got a strike. In fact, I don't think I would have hooked a fish all season if it hadn't been for the man I'll call Paul Deeds, who became my friend and mentor. Deeds is a gentle, ordinarily taciturn soul of forty-two who occupies a ramshackle cottage on a thirty-acre prune ranch out here in the valley. He has as little tolerance for pretense as anybody I've ever known. Once, on his birthday, I gave him a reprint edition of Zane Grey's classic "Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing," which contains a marvellously florid story, "Rocky Riffle," about angling for steelhead on the Rogue River, in Oregon. This book was a risky gift, because of its pervasive floridness, and also because Deeds is not much of a reader—he confines himself to the evening paper and supermarket scandal sheets. He thanked me for the book, then leafed through it and looked at the pictures, stopping when he came to one that showed Grey, in a flat-brimmed hat, cavorting on a snowy hillside with three bears. The photograph was captioned "The Bears on the Way to Crater Lake—Tame, but Not Very!"

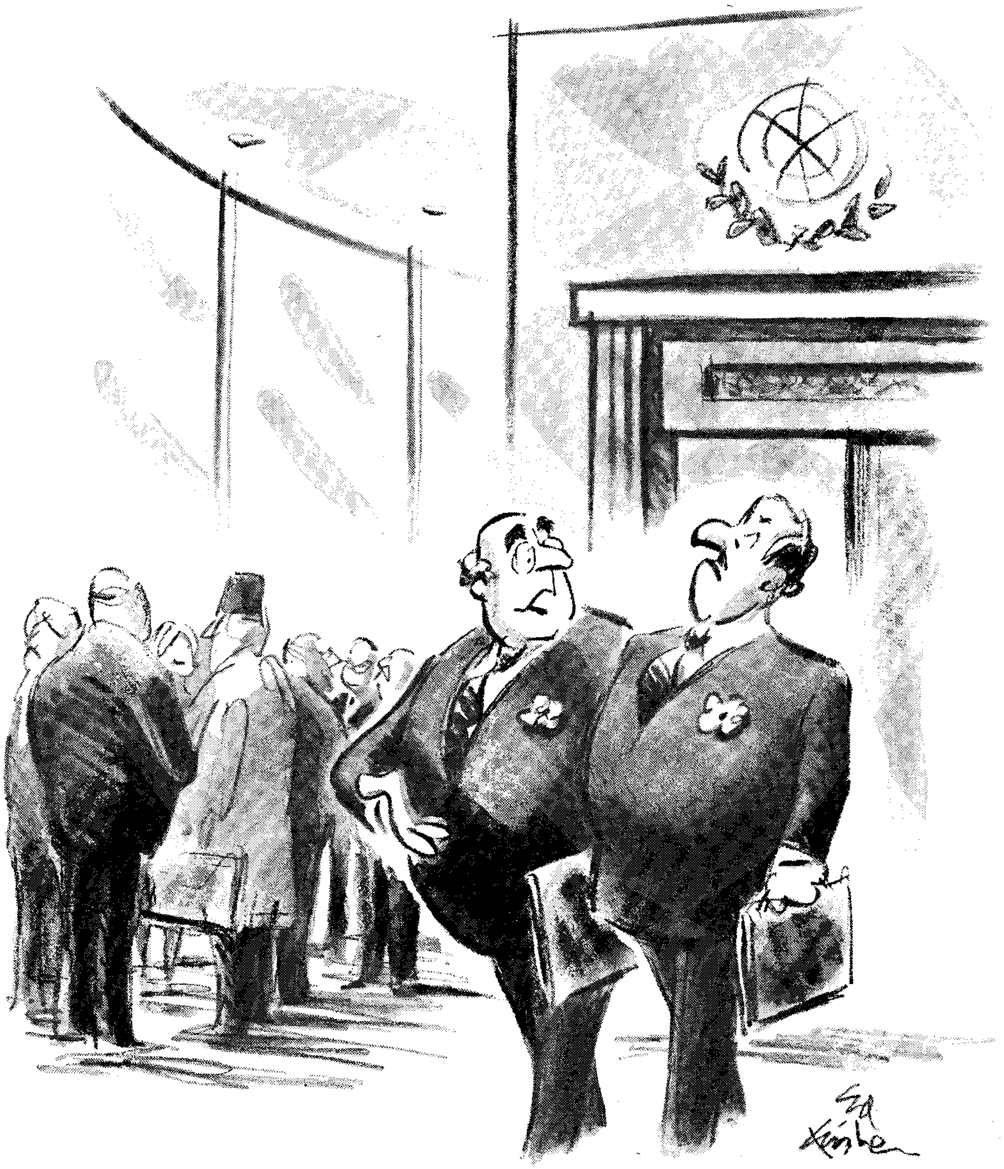
"What's this got to do with steelhead?" Deeds inquired.

In explanation, I said that Grey, like Jack London or Ernest Hemingway, was a larger-than-life character.

"You can't be larger than life," said Deeds. "That's a contradiction in terms. Here, listen to this stuff. 'The steelhead lay flat on the gravel. I stared, longing for the art of the painter, so as to perpetuate the exquisite hues and contours of that fish. All trout are beautiful. But this one of sea species seemed more than beautiful. He gaped, he quivered.' "

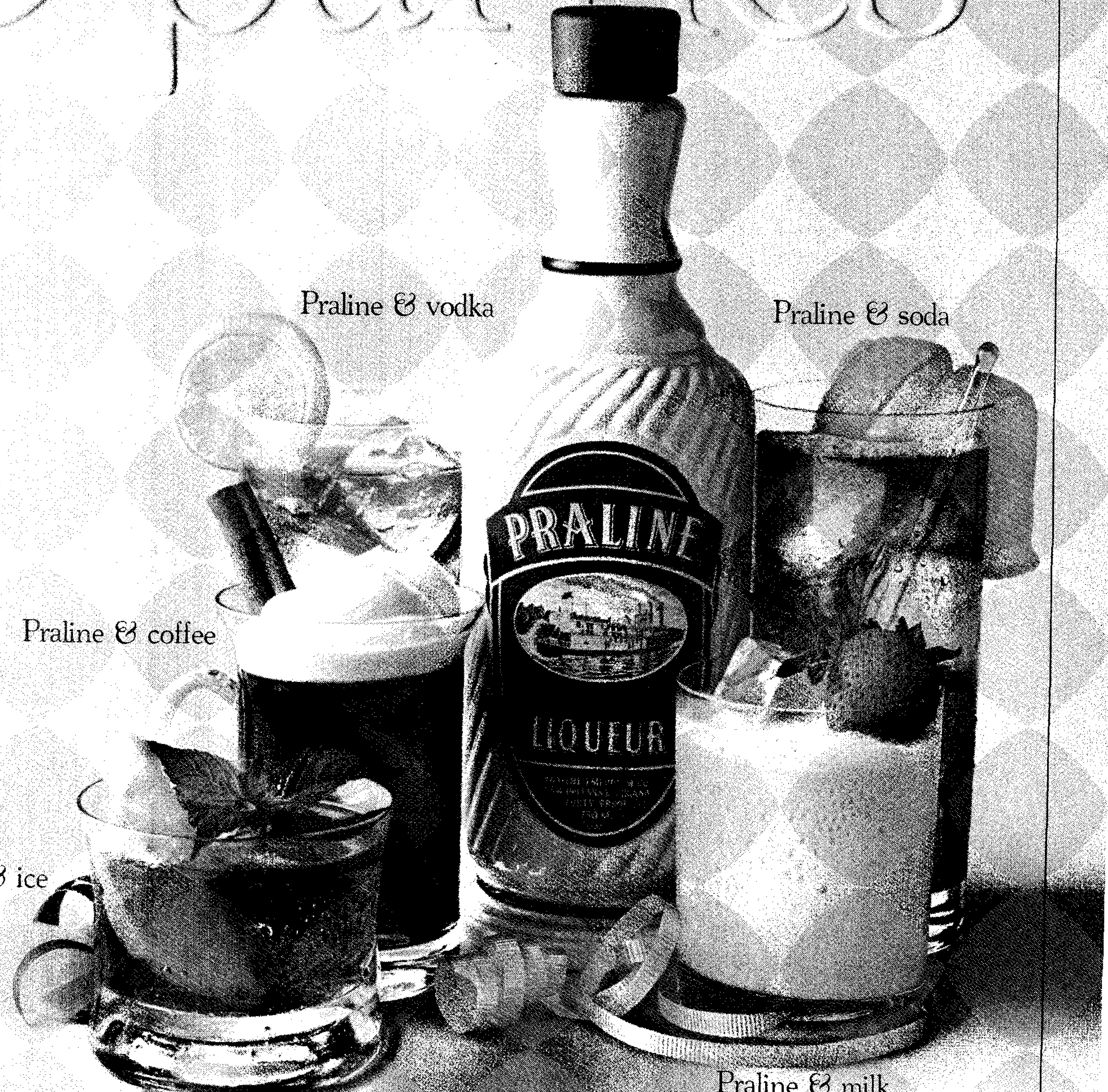
"You've got to take it with a grain of salt, Paul," I said. "It's from another era."

Deeds closed the book, smiled superciliously, and flipped over a record on his turntable. He has a vast collection of blues albums, ranging from Bessie Smith, through B. B. King, to John Mayall. I was forced to listen to most of it the first time I met him, back in mid-December of my frustrating educational winter. He helped me regain my sanity. I'd become something of a steelhead monk, locked into an unvarying—and unproductive—routine. Every day, I woke at dawn, built a small fire in the Ashley stove, ate a solitary breakfast of shredded wheat and tea, and dressed in my fishing uniform: jeans, turtleneck, flannel shirt, Pendleton jacket, two pairs of woollen socks, and a black knit watch cap. Outside the house, I put on my waders and cinched them with a belt, buckling it tight as a precautionary measure against seepage in case I fell into the water—something I'd done often in the past. From my available gear, I'd assembled a kitful of lures and a makeshift steelhead rig—an eight-foot fibre-glass rod and a medium-sized spinning reel wound with twelve-pound test—and I took it in hand and walked off into a seemingly static landscape that could have been painted by Hokusai: twisted live-oak trees, barren willows, green winter grass, and vineyards laced with



"But surely you see the difference? My government sent yours an inadvertently confusing signal. That's not the same as a deliberately confusing signal."

Praline & parties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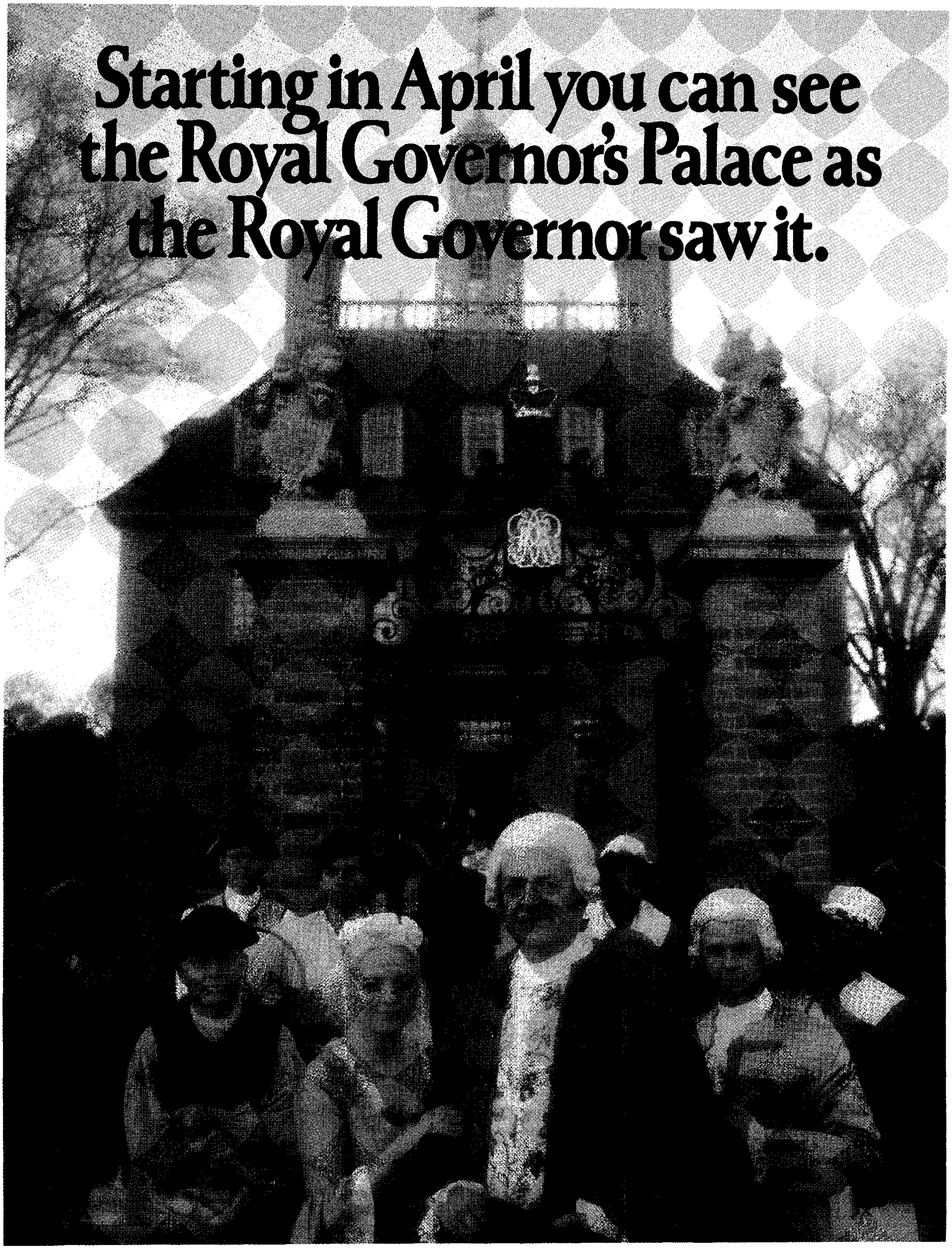
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yellow mustard flowers, everything cloaked in river mist.

In spite of this ritual behavior, I didn't even see a steelhead—much less get a bite—until I ran into Deeds. This happened about eleven o'clock one bitter-cold morning, while I was taking a break from my listless casting. I was sitting on a strip of sand and blowing on my numb fingertips, and I heard noises in the brush behind me—the scuffling of rubber boots over pebbles and then a hacking cough. Deeds emerged from the trees. His beard was moist with drizzle; he was wiping his wet lips on his sleeve. When he noticed me, his eyes widened in murderous circles, because he was unaccustomed to seeing strangers.

I told him I'd just rented the old Fratelli place.

"You rented it?" he asked incredulously. "You rented it, and you like to fish?"

He seemed crestfallen at the idea of competition. But after we had talked for a while, and he realized that I was a rank amateur, he was much more accommodating and pleasant, and I invited him to come up to the house for lunch.

"Wait a minute," he said. He vanished into the willows and returned with a steelhead he'd caught that morning. The fish weighed nine pounds or so—about average for the Russian. It was steel blue along the spine; below, it had a bright-silver color, which camouflaged it from ocean predators.

"Male or female?" I asked.

"Female," said Deeds. "Look at her mouth. See how nice and round it is? Bucks, they have hooked jaws."

"Has she been in the river long?"

"Nah, she's fresh-run. She'd be much darker and have a red streak on her side. She hasn't spawned yet. Feel," he said.

He jabbed my finger into the steelhead's belly. It was hard and protuberant, full of eggs. There were some gashes above the ventral fins, and I asked about them.

"Sea lion almost got her," Deeds said.

At the house, I gave him a bourbon while I made a couple of roast-beef sandwiches. The bourbon was a bad mistake. Deeds seldom drinks, because liquor unleashes torrential energies in him. He rambles on and on, discussing stride piano or prune horticulture or other esoterica, then suddenly loses his near-pathological fear of travel—ordinarily, he hates to leave the valley, even for emergencies—and decides that the best thing to do under the circumstances is to jump into the pickup and drive right to Reno, preferably at ninety miles an hour. But I didn't know this at the time. We ate the sandwiches, along with pickles, coleslaw, and a few underripe winter tomatoes, and had another drink, and then Deeds slapped his palm on the table and insisted that I visit *his* cottage, immediately.

We went over there. I was not prepared for the disarray. There were used flypaper strips dangling from the ceiling; clothing covered most of the available furniture. In the living room, a large golden retriever named Honey was stretched out on a divan, gnawing audibly on a steak bone. Deeds patted her, dropped his coat on the floor, and led me into the kitchen. He spread some pages from the *Star* on the counter, slit the steelhead's belly, and removed her roe. It peeled away in two pearly, salmon-pink slabs, which Deeds dusted with borax, then double-wrapped in cellophane and aluminum foil.

"Best bait there is," he said, stuffing the package into the refrigerator and simultaneously extracting two beers. He told me how he shaped the roe into "berries": he cut a fingernail-size chunk from one of the slabs, set it on a two-inch square of maline—a fine red mesh material that blends with the roe—and then twisted the maline tight at the top and tied it securely with red thread. The finished product resembled a strawberry. "You got to fish 'em on a gold hook," he said. "Otherwise, you're wasting your time."

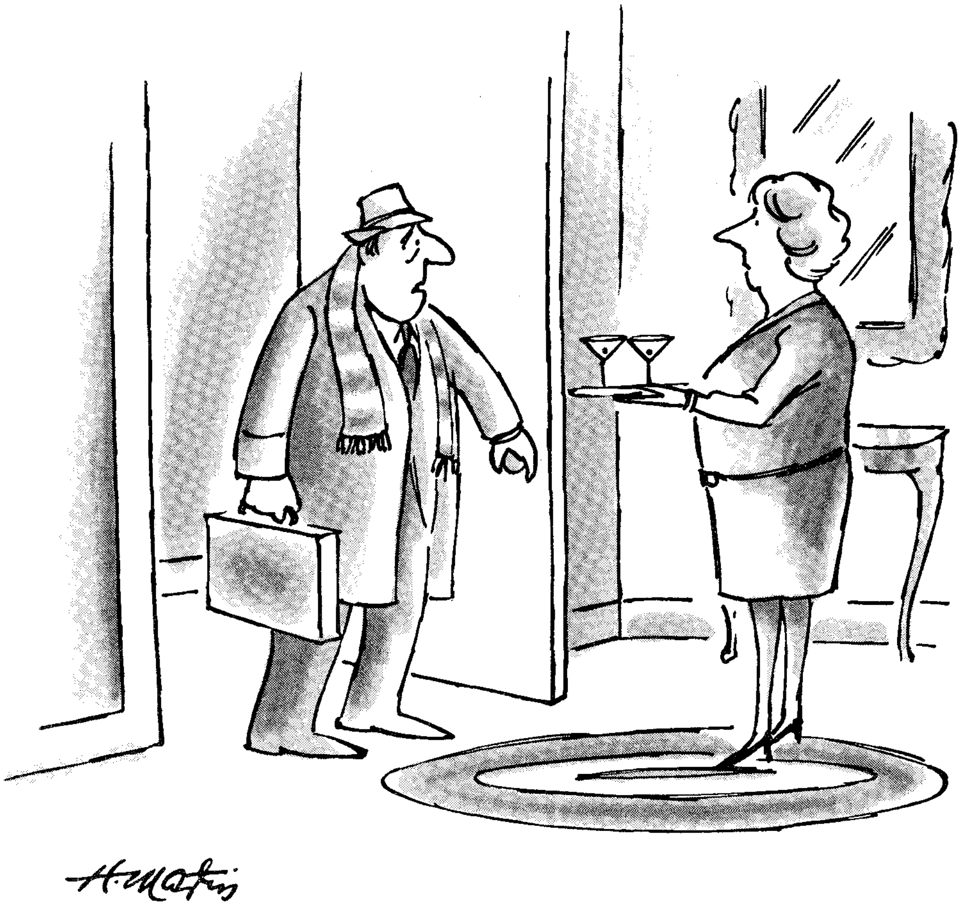
"Why do steelhead strike their own roe?"

"Cannibal instinct."

"Do you ever use flies instead of bait?"

"Listen," he said. "I'd rather fly-fish than anything. But the river's too high and discolored most of the time. If you want action, you go with bait."

We went back into the living room, and Deeds brought down a quart of Jim Beam from an antique highboy. The bottle had spiderwebbing trailing from its cap; the tiny faces on the label were faded from the sun. I don't recall very much after this, although I know I stayed for dinner. Deeds fed me



"I was dressed down and humiliated in front of all the other employees, informed I was fired, told to clean out my desk, handed my severance pay, and removed bodily from the premises. I guess it was just one of those days."

steelhead. I watched in awe as he concocted his special barbecue sauce—mayo, ketchup, A.1., Lea & Perrins, brown sugar, onions, garlic, and corn relish—and slathered it on the skinned fish, then jammed the whole reeking mess under the broiler. It tasted fine, though—at least, to my numbed palate. After dinner, Deeds embarked on a lengthy monologue about the demise of the Russian River. He showed me some photographs in support of his case; they would have done Zane Grey proud. "That's 1964," he said, pointing to three big steelhead arranged on a bed of ferns. "I caught them in thirty minutes. You won't see that happen again. Too much *junk* in the river. Chemicals. Garbage. Sewage. Damn kids drive their dune buggies down the creek beds, right through the water. Can you imagine that? They run over steelhead fry. Death by tires. It's incredible. I'm talking about *incredible*. Don't they understand that creek beds are out of bounds? Only fish that are in the river are fair game." His mood became elevated again when he brought down a second bottle of Beam. He showed me a few more pictures—all of his ex-wife, from whom he'd been recently divorced—and then said, "I'll bet you'd like to hear some music," and proceeded to play his way through the blues collection. When I left, shortly after midnight, he was using his rod tip like a baton to conduct a medley of Howlin' Wolf tunes.

I didn't expect to see Deeds for a few days—not in the wake of such wretched excess—but he came by the next afternoon and apologized for not offering me a ride home.

"You offered, Paul," I said, "but you wanted to go through Reno first."

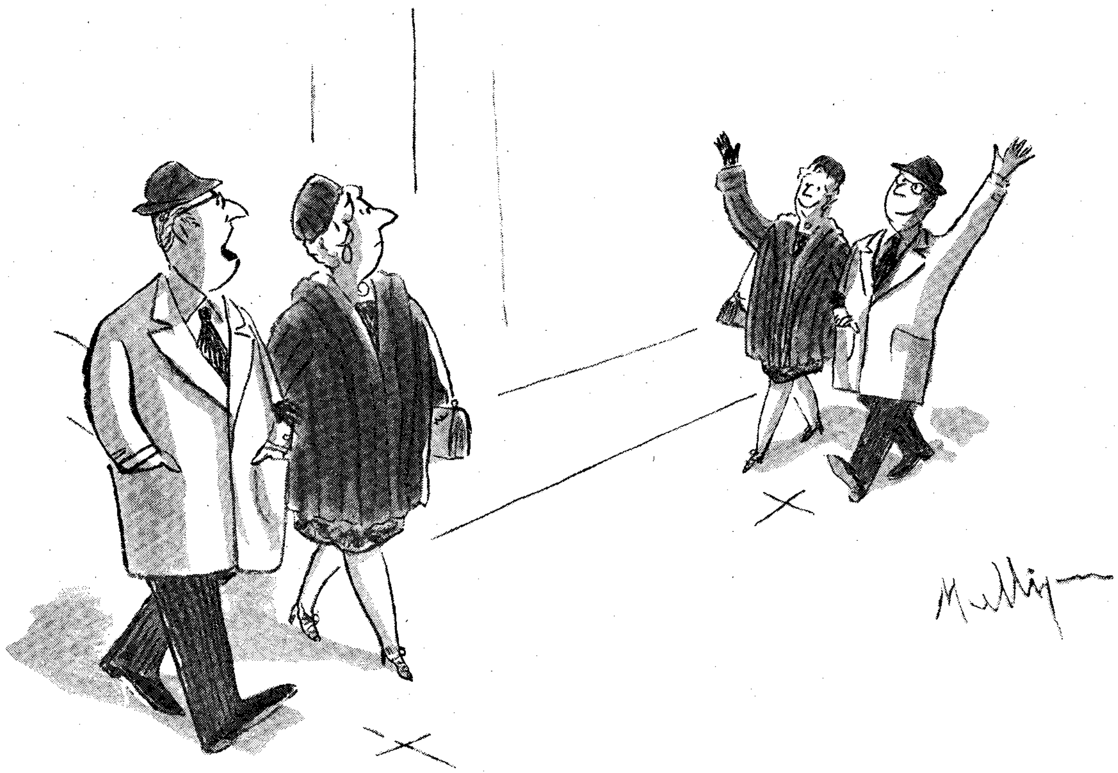
Deeds laughed. "I meant to give you these," he said, digging into his pocket and handing over a jar containing five berries. "And these"—an assortment of lead weights. "And these"—three twenty-five-pound-test leaders. Each leader had a knot in it, so it could be attached to regular monofilament by means of a swivel. Below the knot, the leaders were divided into two uneven strands. Deeds had snelled a gold hook to each of the longer strands. "You tie your weight on the short one," he said. "You want it to bounce along the river bottom, down where the fish are. Not too fast and not too slow—tick, tick, tick." He was demonstrating with an invisible rod, keeping his eyes fixed on the line. "The bait follows behind. If you feel the bait stop, wham!"—he jerked back the rod—"you set up. That drives the barb of the hook through the fish's lip."

"How should I play the fish?"

"With steelhead, you don't play," said Deeds. "You pray."

That evening, just as the sky was turning, I stationed myself near a deep pool below a rocky outcrop and started casting. Deeds' weights were much heavier than the lures I'd used previously; the one I tied to the shorter strand of leader bounced properly on the bottom—tick, tick, tick, like seconds passing. Suddenly, the berry stopped in transit, as if a fish had mouthed it. I lifted my rod, preparing to do battle, but I felt no resistance. Soon enough, I reeled in a fat sucker; it flopped onto the shore like a sack of mush. Suckers are trash fish, insults to divinity. They have chubby humanoid lips and appear to be begging for cigars. It's possible to envision them wearing suspenders and sitting on park benches, acting like heirs to the continent's watershed. I released mine, stifling a desire to kick it, and moved toward the center of the pool. I placed my next cast under some willows on the opposite shore. Tick, tick, tick: again the bait stopped, and again I set the hook. This time, a steelhead shot out of the water. I played, or prayed, the fish for ten minutes, certain that I'd lose it, but my luck held, and I was able finally to draw it into the shallows and beach it. The fish was small, about four pounds, and male; so much milt leaked from him that a white puddle formed on the sand. I dispatched him quickly, suffused with guilt, but the guilt changed to atavistic pride once I had threaded a willow branch through his mouth and out one of his gills and begun the uphill trek to my house. I stopped on a rise and looked back at the valley, which was vanishing in purple haze. As Zane Grey put it, "the sunset was beautiful, resembling ships of silver clouds with rosy sails that crossed the lilac sea of sky in the west."

DEEDS became my nemesis as well as my friend. Never again would he grant me the license of undisturbed water. If I was fishing, he was fishing—too often, just ahead of me, combing the better pools and riffles before I had a chance at them. The situation would have been intolerable if I hadn't continued to learn from



"Damn. Our other selves."

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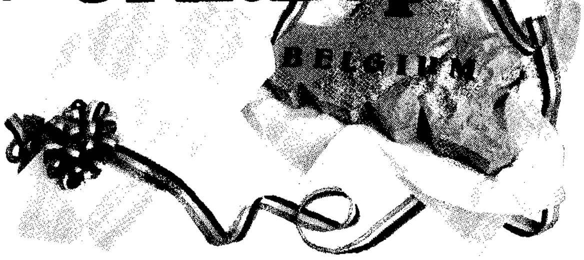

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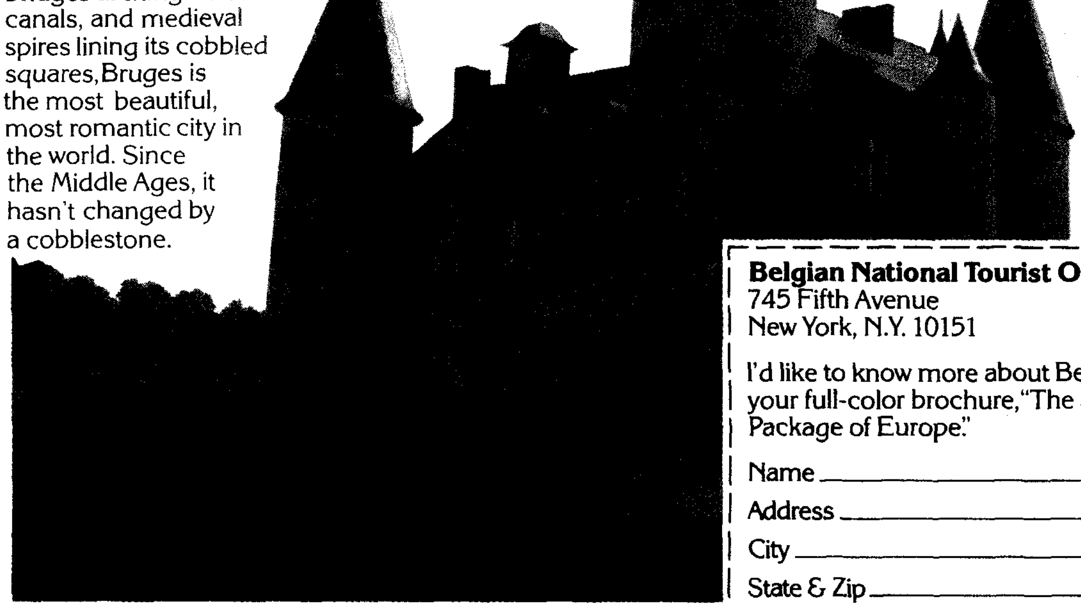

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him. He persuaded me to buy a longer, sturdier rod and a bait-casting reel; taught me to use bobbers in bright red, pink, and chartreuse; instructed me in the basics of steelhead anatomy; and gave me a short course in how to cast a shooting head—a twenty-eight-to-thirty-two-foot-long, single-tapered line that allows an angler to cast great distances without exerting much effort.

That first winter, I caught ten fish; they were poached, baked, broiled, eaten as sashimi, or soaked in brine and then smoked over hickory chips until their flesh was glazed and peeled away in savory chunks. Deeds caught forty-six; most were released, but a few prime specimens were subjected to the ignominy of his barbecue sauce. I thought my statistics would improve the following winter, but California entered a two-year drought, and steelhead fishing was dismal. When the drought ended, the rains were exceptionally heavy, and the Russian remained high, muddy, and inaccessible for most of the season. The year after *that*, rainfall tapered off, and the river was in excellent shape, but fish were scarce, because the drought had affected spawning adversely: in the low, clear water, steelhead eggs and fry had been more vulnerable than ever to predators, and the mortality rate had been increased by soaring temperatures and a poor supply of oxygen. I tried to be hopeful, but in mid-September, right before the *next* (depressing? suicidal?) season was to begin, I cracked, and said to Deeds, who was helping himself to my good French-roast coffee, "I can't take it anymore, Paul. I'm going to Oregon for some real fishing."

"I'll go with you," Deeds said.

I doubted his sincerity. "You dare to leave California?"

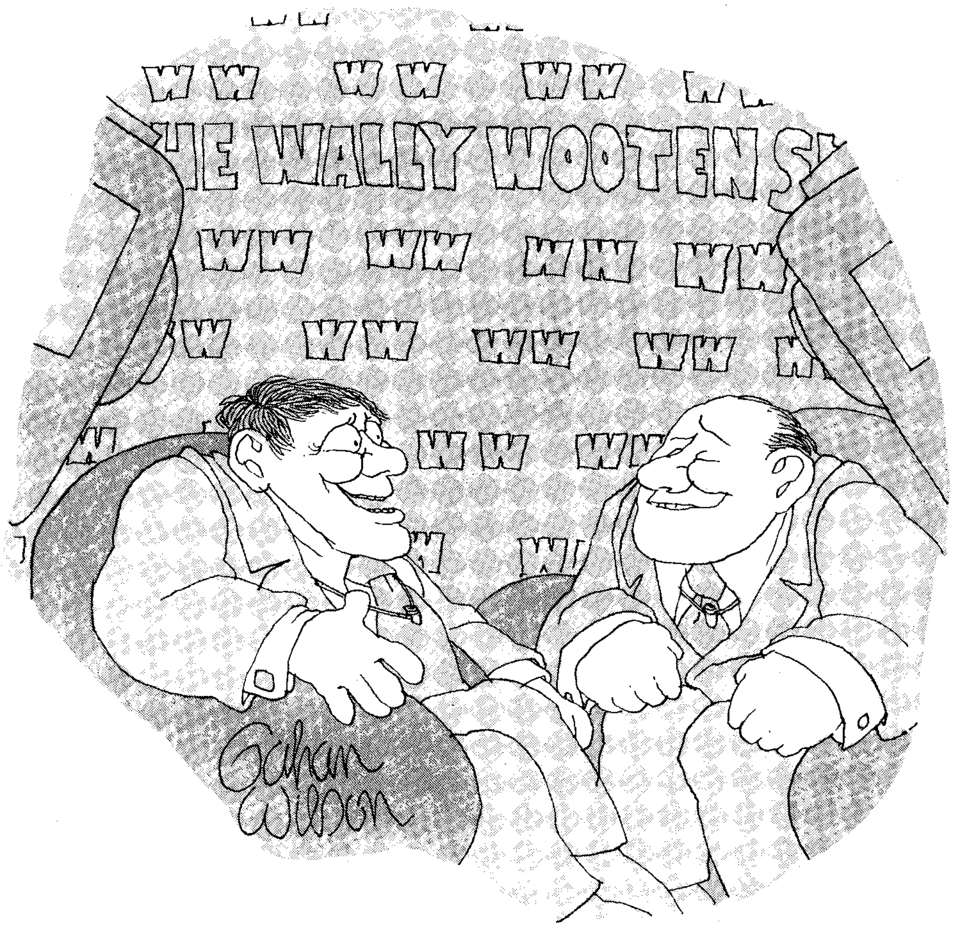
"I've done it before," he said defensively.

It happened that he had a sister in Portland, who had been hounding him to visit. Her name was Joan, and she met us at the airport. She was a big woman, built like Deeds, with bony shoulders and elbows. She was ten years older than he was, and the age difference showed in their relationship. She had a tendency to treat him in a mock-scolding manner, as if he were a bad boy in need of constant correction; he responded by acting petulant and making snide comments, which elicited various rebukes. It was all very stylized—a residue of childhood. Her husband, a machinist, told us he cared nothing about fishing. "If I want salmon," he said jovially, "I go to the supermarket." I suppose most families seem odd when they're viewed from the outside. I made some phone calls while this family did its catching up, and arranged for a guide to take Paul and me on a three-day drift trip down the Deschutes River. The Deschutes is a legendary steelhead stream, known for its productivity; the lower portion, which we'd be fishing, is wild and free-flowing. The guide assured me that the river would be perfect for flies, unless we got some rain. I had a good night's sleep in the guest room and spent the next day buying tackle in Portland's sporting-goods stores. I wanted to rent a car, too, but Joan insisted that I save the money; she volunteered to drive us to Maupin, where we were to launch the boat, and then pick us up at the mouth of the Deschutes—it empties into the Columbia River—at the end of the trip.

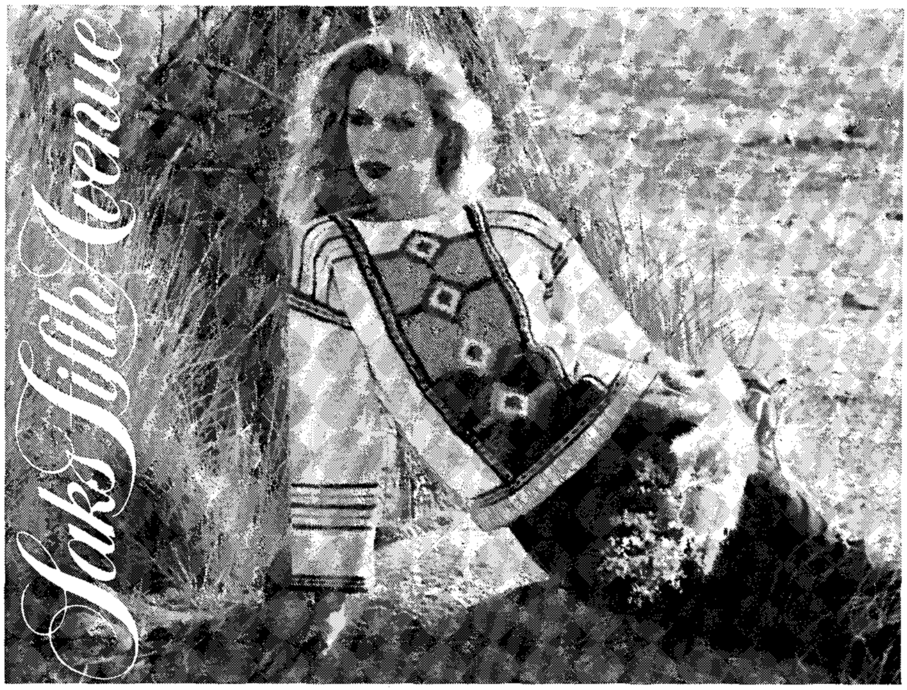
We got an early start in the morning. I'm never quite as happy as when I take off on a fishing trip, and I tried my best to ease the tension between Deeds and his sister. I made jokes, and even did some whistling, but their bickering never slackened. About ten o'clock, we stopped for huckleberry pancakes at a restaurant near Mt. Hood. Then we descended from the conifer-laden Cascades into a desert atmosphere of dry, brown hills and clumps of sage.

"Zane Grey country, Paul," I said.

Deeds felt better when we reached Maupin. The guide was waiting for us outside a bar, holding a can of Blitz beer in his hand. His wooden drift boat—pale green, about thirteen feet long, with a slightly elevated prow—was attached to a trailer hitch and stacked high with supplies, to which we added our rods, tackle, sleeping bags, liquor, and sundries. We launched the boat at a ramp about a mile downstream from the bar. The Deschutes isn't really treacherous, except in its last five miles or so, when it drops briskly in elevation to join the Columbia, and four sets of rapids are created, but I still experienced a few seconds' panic as we were tugged forward into the current. I was aware of the river's power, of its swiftness, and of land falling irretrievably away behind us. The trip took on aspects of a childhood adventure. We drifted around a bend and into more primitive terrain: no cars,



"Now, frankly, Ed—what's all this talk about your being a fascist?"



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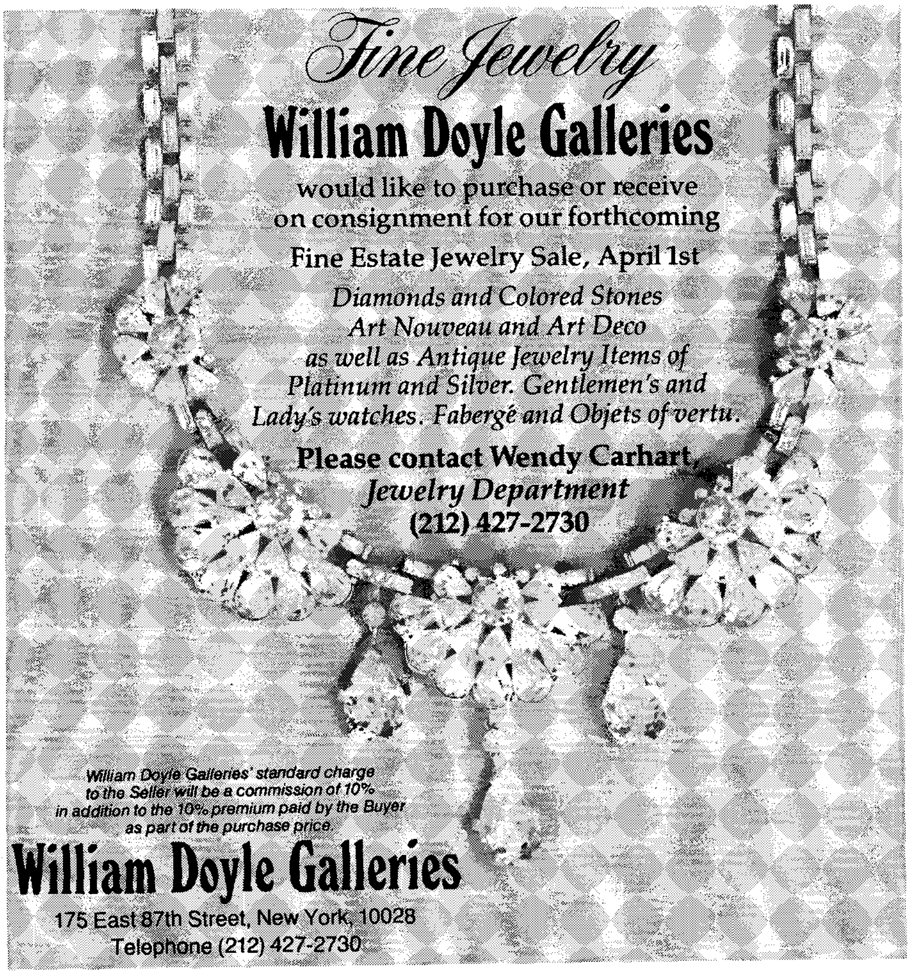

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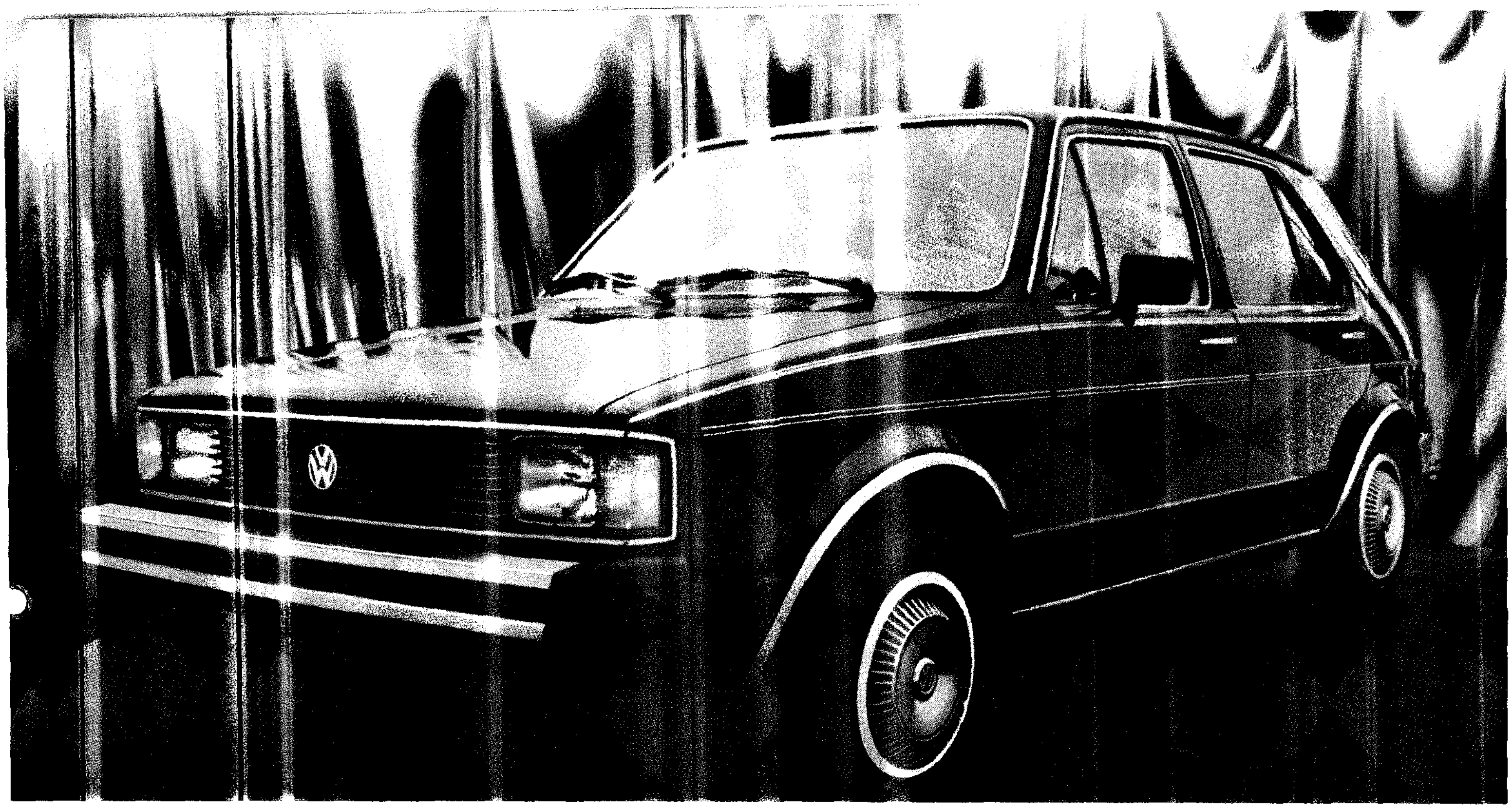
roads, or people—just craggy buttes and rattlesnakes and dust.

The guide worked his oars to keep us on the edges of the white water. He'd navigated the Deschutes a thousand times and claimed to know where the fish would be. "I don't guarantee they'll coöperate," he said. "Only that they'll be in attendance." As we passed one likely riffle after another, we became fidgety and fumbled with our rods. Deeds lit a cigarette; I had a nip of whiskey. Finally, the guide stopped near a moderately fast stretch that seemed the perfect habitat for steelhead. We were out of the boat before its prow touched the ground. I had trouble keeping my balance at first. I listed to the left in concord with the river's flow, drawn unavoidably in its governing direction.

Deeds beat me to the water, of course, and, after a false cast or two, laid out thirty feet of weight-forward floating fly line. We were both using a nine-foot rod and a wet fly I'd bought in Portland—a Skykomish Sunrise. The fly was a beauty. It was supposed to represent the colors of a sunrise along the Skykomish River, in Washington—red, yellow, and silver, dressed with white bucktail wings on a No. 4 hook. I'm sure I chose the fly for its metaphoric content rather than for its resemblance to a bait fish or a bit of free-floating roe. I was particularly susceptible to aesthetic considerations when I was buying flies. Once, I'd filled a paper sack with tiny jassids because they reminded me of Egyptian scarabs. I never caught a fish with any of them. Probably, I would never catch a fish with my Skykomish Sunrise, but it pleased me to watch it cut through the clear water, just beneath the surface. I asked the guide if the fly should run deeper. No, he said—the steelhead would come up to take it if they were curious enough. Deeds was working the slicks about twenty yards above me. I imitated his style: cast, quarter the line, retrieve, take two steps to the left. We must have looked like a comedy dance team practicing for the Elks' annual picnic. Deeds was concentrating so hard he didn't hear the guide announce that we were moving on to another spot. I had to wade over and tap him on the shoulder. "What is it?" he asked irritably, his eyes hard behind the tinted lenses of his glasses.

Late that afternoon, in some frothy riffles, I nailed our first steelhead—on a Deschutes Skunk, a dry fly that the guide had lent me. The Skunk was



"THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CAR OF THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY."

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Don Sherman, in the July, 1980 issue of Car and Driver had this to say:

"I hereby nominate the Volkswagen Rabbit as the most significant car of the last quarter-century. It's the only automobile in the world that actually anticipated the energy cataclysm we've suffered through for the last six and a half years and conducted its affairs accordingly.

"We all love this car as family sedan, as diesel car, as sports coupe (Scirocco), and also as convertible while our own Yankee ingenuity has spawned the VW Pickup Truck. As if this weren't enough, Volkswagen engineers have testified that a Rabbit capable of 80 mpg is well within the realm of possibility. You'd be foolish to doubt their word."

How do you improve the most significant car of the last quarter-century? Significantly. But not recklessly. Or mindlessly. The magic change for 1981 is improved passing power and improved economy at the same time. EPA estimated 28 mpg, 42 mpg highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.) The 1981 interiors are lavish. (If you woke up in a Rabbit, you'd never guess it was a Rabbit.) The headlights, taillights and grille of the 1981 version are sleeker and even more functional.

The thing to remember is that the improvements started with the Rabbit itself. We are proud and pleased to have been honored by Car and Driver, but not totally surprised. An awful lot of work went into it.

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sparsely tied and didn't ride as high on the water as dries ordinarily do. The fish inhaled it on the retrieve, with such abandon that I almost lost control of my rod. I managed to tighten my grip before the rod escaped, and I passed the next quarter hour dashing back and forth along the bank, following the steelhead when it made its runs. The runs were long and dramatic, often punctuated by aerial high jinks. I should have cupped my hand around my reel to provide some drag—the necessary resistance—but I hadn't played many steelhead on a fly rod, so I didn't realize this, and compensated by jogging. Deeds thought the jogging very funny, and laughed. He laughed even harder when the guide started jogging behind me, brandishing a landing net. No doubt the guide would have been laughing, too, but I hadn't paid him yet; he was forced to maintain his professional composure. Gradually, the fish began to tire, and I drew him toward the shallows, where the guide scooped him up—a six-pound buck whose dorsal fin was stubby and malformed.

"Hatchery fish," the guide said, touching the fin. "They rub up against each other in the holding tanks and nip off each other's fins."

I wiped the sweat from my brow and glanced at Deeds; his laughter had turned to envy.

We set up camp in a grove of alders. The buttes across the water were red; the water itself was dissolving in blackness. I shucked off my waders and did some stretching exercises, glad to be free of constriction. Deeds brewed coffee in a dented tin pot; the guide and I shared the bourbon. "You gentlemen are lucky," the guide said after his third drink, "for I am an excellent cook." Indeed he was, in the grand campground tradition of abundance. He filleted the steelhead, then broiled it over a wood fire and served it with skillet-fried potatoes and a tossed green salad. We applauded his culinary skills and awarded him another bourbon. Magpies flitted about over the camp, diving now and again into the sage. "Dessert, gentlemen," the guide said, serving us wedges of Sara Lee cheesecake on pink paper plates. The moon appeared over the buttes. It was almost full and shed a soft, pale light that rippled on the ripples of the water. The guide washed his pots in a plastic basin, singing a many-versed song about love and death in the wilderness. I awarded him a final bourbon, on the condition that he drink it in silence, and unrolled my sleeping bag near Deeds. I woke just once during the night, when a Union Pacific freight train wailed in the distance. The sound was so melancholy it gave me the chills. It was like somebody weeping in a darkened theatre long after the movie's ended. I sat up and looked at the moon and the smoke rising from the fire.

The guide nudged me at dawn. "Fishing time," he said wryly.

I had no melancholy left—only aching bones and sore joints. Deeds was polishing the lenses of his glasses with a dish towel. He put on his waders and vest and walked into the river. I followed him. I could see the sun shining on the ridges of the buttes, but down there in the canyon it was still cold and gray. Two steps and cast, two steps and cast—we took thirty fishless steps before the guide called us to breakfast. After eating, we broke camp, drifted downstream for a mile or so, and waded into the water again. By three in the afternoon, we had hooked five steelhead, and had released all but one—the dinner fish. "I feel pretty damn decent," said Deeds, resting on the shore. He had the country person's compactness of expression, saving his superlatives for truly earth-shattering events, like wars, hurricanes, famines, and the failure of his pickup to start on demand.

That evening, we had our fish poached in wine and chicken broth. At Deeds' request, I read aloud from "Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing." I chose a passage describing a nine-pound Rogue River buck:

> He looked exactly what he was, a fish-spirit incarnate, fresh run from the sea, with opal and pearl hues of such delicate loveliness that no pen or brush could portray them. He brought the sea with him and had taken on the beauty of the river. He had a wild savage head, game as that of an eagle, jaws of a wolf, eyes of black jewel, full of mystic fire.

"Very ripe," said Deeds, chewing contentedly on a cheroot.

"Jaws of a wolf?" the guide asked. "Full of mystic fire?"

We took three more fish on our last day, not counting a giant that Deeds lost—a huge steelhead that sounded three times, made a crazed run upstream, and snapped Deeds' leader at the tippet. Usually, that would have thrown Deeds into a funk, but this time he accepted his fate with equanimity. He even smiled a little. The smile was rueful, haunted. "You'll get the bastard next trip," the guide said. "Jay-sus, what a monster!" He advised

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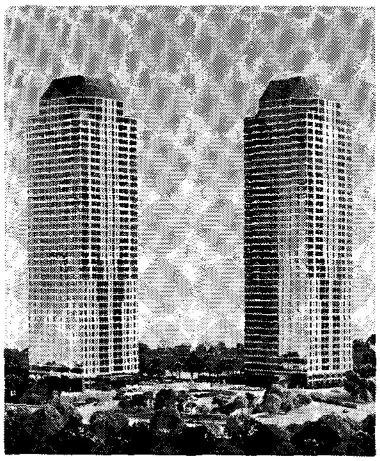

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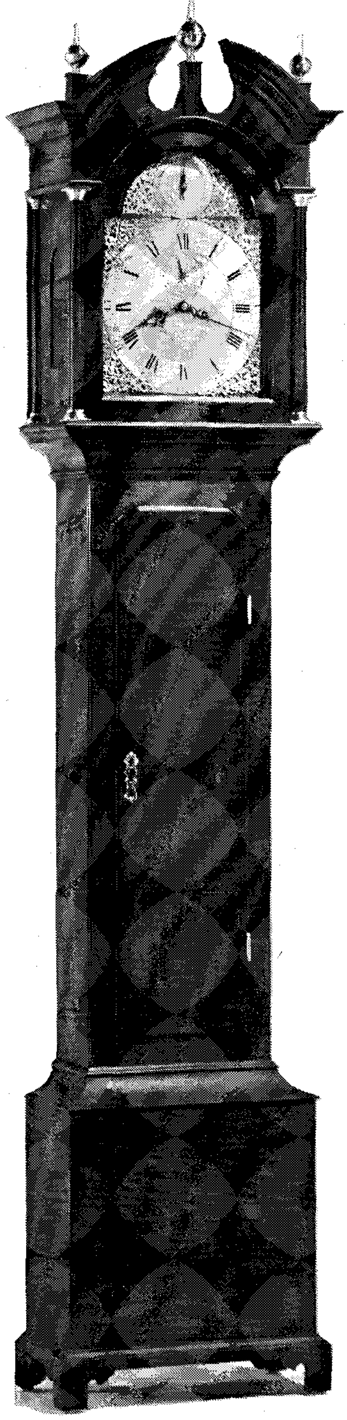

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us to fasten the clasps on our life jackets, because the Deschutes was dropping quickly and we were about to shoot the rapids.

White water loomed ahead—great furls of it. Boulders were visible in the spume. "I'm going to have to pay attention here for a minute," the guide said, working his oars to position us. The roar of the water grew louder and louder. I looked at Deeds; he had his fingers in his ears. My muscles tensed involuntarily. I held tightly to the seat. "Wooden boat's more trouble than those rubber rafts," the guide said. "If we hit a rock, we splinter." The current accelerated, pulling us ahead with a vengeance; then we were sucked forward into the gush and tumble and expelled a few seconds later on the other side. The guide brushed some water off his nose. "Gentlemen," he said, "we have cheated death." He negotiated the next three rapids with the same sort of understated flair, keeping us in quiet pockets in the surging foam. The sensation, I thought, must be akin to the one that surfers get when they're riding inside the curl of a wave. I felt protected, enclosed in a husk of space. After the final rapid, the noise level diminished and the river widened by degrees, and we saw people fishing along the shore. The guide drew in his oars, and we glided effortlessly toward the Columbia.

We reached the landing about noon. I paid the guide, awarded him a congratulatory snort, and helped Deeds unload the gear. Joan was waiting for us in the parking lot. I think we frightened her, stomping to the car all sunburned and exuding primitive energies. But this may be a masculine conceit; it's equally possible that she was offended by our dirty clothes and—in my case—unshaven cheeks. She and Deeds began arguing right away. She wanted him to wrap the steelhead steaks in newspaper before putting them into the cooler; he said that newspaper was unnecessary—that the plastic bags would keep them just fine. Then a serene look crossed his face. "No, Joan," he said. "You're right. I'll wrap them."

We unwrapped them later that night and cooked them in Joan's kitchen. Her husband was impressed. "These are as good as the market kind," he said. I coughed, and a bit of garlicky butter dribbled down my chin. Later, I sat in a lawn chair on the porch and watched the traffic drift by: round headlights and fluttering moths. Deeds joined me after a while. He'd taken a bath, and his skin smelled incongruously of perfumed soap he'd borrowed from his sister. He lit a cigarette, and cupped his hand and used it as an ashtray. This was a civilized gesture to make, but a sudden breeze came up and ruined everything by scattering ashes all over the furniture. Again Deeds flashed his haunted smile. "We should never have left that river," he said, flipping his cigarette butt into the yard.

Deeds' words were prophetic. We descended from the sublimity of the Deschutes into another miserable winter's fishing at home. When it was over, I consulted a biologist about the future of steelhead in the Russian. We met in his office at the California Department of Fish and Game, in Yountville. Behind him on a shelf were several jars containing specimens of fish commonly found in California streams—bass, squawfish, even suckers. The specimens were bleached and rubbery-looking, as though they'd been made in Hong Kong for the express purpose of filling large jars in offices. When I stared at the jars, I perceived a sort of whiteness. I don't know how else to put it: *a whiteness.*

The biologist told me first about salmon and their evolutionary efficiency—how in their run upstream to spawn they literally consume themselves, digesting even the protein in their scales in an effort to continue. Salmon fingerlings are nourished by microorganisms that feed off the corpses of spawned-out elders, in a macabre yet elegant loop. Because salmon have attained such perfection, they cannot easily adapt to changes in their environment, whereas steelhead, being less highly evolved, are more malleable. But this doesn't insure the steelhead's survival in coastal rivers, the biologist said. A myriad factors combine to threaten the fish with extinction: poor timbering practices, which cause erosion and siltation; pollution, both industrial and agricultural; gravel extraction from creeks and streams; development, and the demand it places on the watershed; dams; greater fishing pressure; and so on, through a catalogue of familiar woes. The steelhead trout was not an endangered species, but its existence at present was decidedly precarious.

I conveyed none of this information to Deeds. He was already morose and taciturn. One sweltering August evening, he informed me that he was

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thinking about selling his land to some pinhead (his word) from the city, thereby earning an enormous profit, which would let him relocate in the Pacific Northwest—probably in Washington, not Oregon, because Joan was in Oregon and, though he loved her dearly, he could not abide sharing a state with her.

"Why not Canada?" I asked. "Why not a cabin on the Babine River? You could eat berry pies and chat with the loons."

He grumbled something about piss-ant fishermen and played his Bessie Smith album, rather loudly.

A few days later, I saw a realtor's car parked in front of his house. I phoned him that night and asked if he was serious about selling. "I don't wish to discuss it," he said, hanging up. I lost touch with him then.

In October, the first frost hit the valley. The grapevines performed their annual elegiac wilt, as brilliantly as maples. The month of November was unusually dry, though, and there was talk of another drought. But on December 2nd a huge storm roared in from the coast. The sky was dark and ominous for hours. Then five inches of rain fell, and the creeks started flowing. Early the next morning, Deeds knocked on my door. He was wearing a yellow slicker and an old-fashioned rain hat of the type favored by New England sea captains. He invited me to accompany him to Jenner. We drove there in his truck, with the wind blowing intermittent showers across the glass, filling the cab with the scent of fecund earth. We parked above the river; junk and scuds of foam drifted toward the Pacific. There were sea lions at the river mouth. "I had an offer on my place," Deeds said, "but, with all this early rain, you know, we could have a terrific season." I agreed. It was the best thing to do. Dire prophecies were swept to sea; the steelhead were returning.

—Bill Barich

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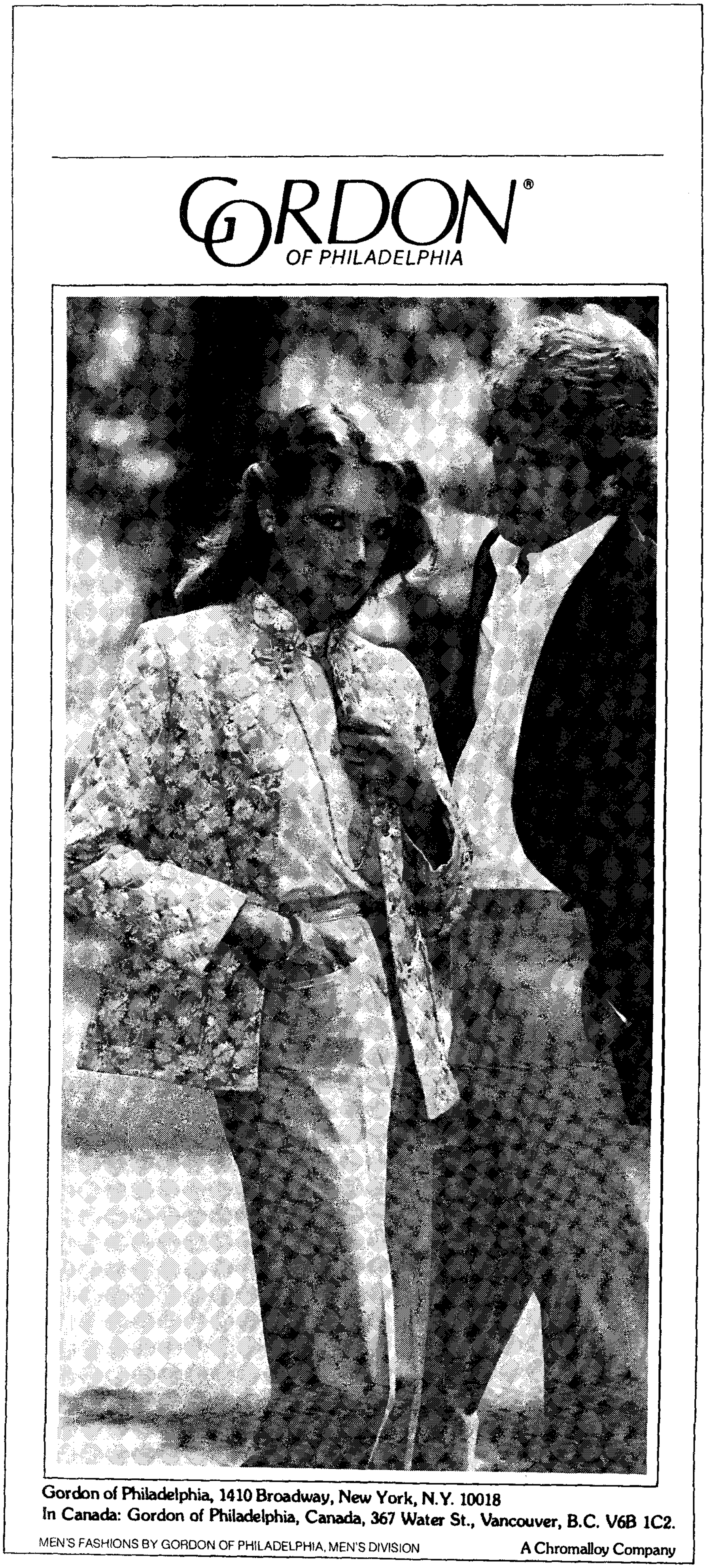

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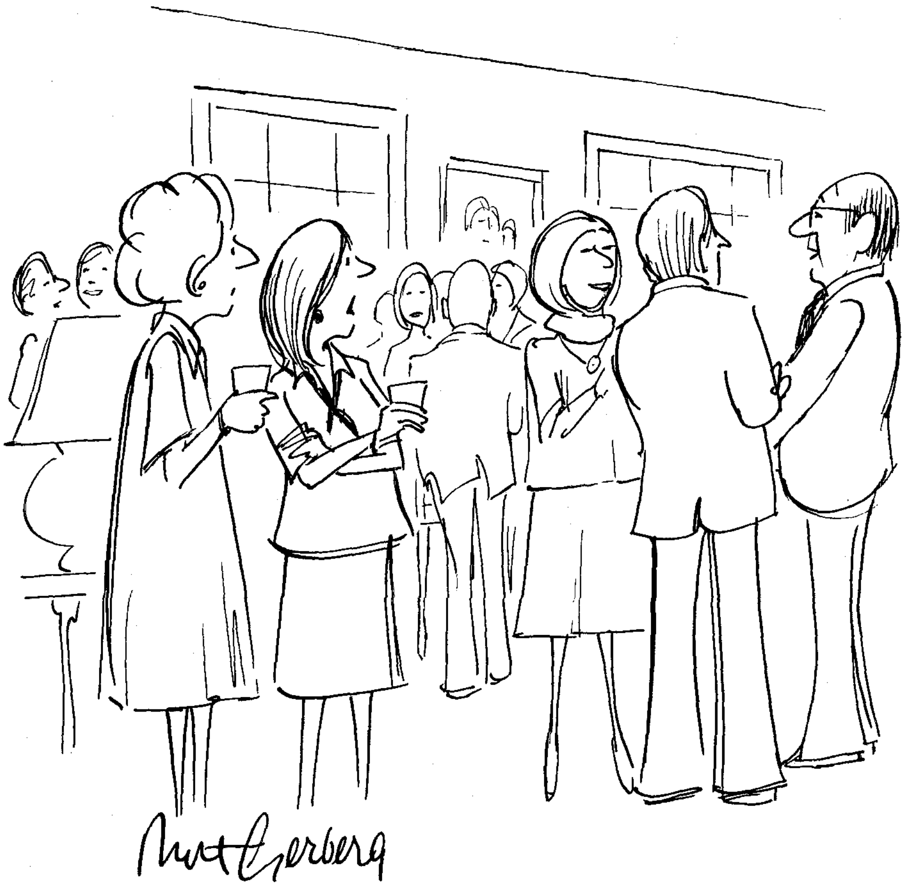
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

All the action of "Mary Stuart" takes place in a dungeon on the day of the Queen's execution. The play, which recently opened at the Public, is a production of the Dodger Theatre (formerly of the Brooklyn Academy, and now at home on Lafayette Street), and it was written by a German dramatist, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, and translated by Christopher Holmes. Along with the program comes a handout by Herr H.—four single-spaced typed pages—whose first sentence is "Insofar as this play is not only 'historical' but also 'absurd' it makes the claim that history is absurd." Well, O.K., but I saw no reason to pursue all that prose any further. In fact, I found that the show stood up quite well unaided—more because of performance, though, than because of script. It begins on a darkened stage, where the Queen, in the person of that fine actress Roberta Maxwell, is discovered by the executioner and his mute assistant—much to their annoyance—sitting on the chopping block, huddled and drab. The two men have work to do, the executioner is in charge here, and the last thing he needs is the self-absorbed Queen, with her incessant talk and prayers and protestations of innocence and hints of future martyrdom and possible sanctity, cluttering up the premises ahead of time. Soon—although not nearly soon enough—the stage fills with her retinue: her hypocritical doctor, with an apothecary who has mixed several brews to help her face the executioner's axe; her treacherous French servitor; the keeper of her hounds, who turns on her for her cruel ways and carries in mothy stuffed animals when she asks to see her dogs; her ladies-in-waiting, who make her up and bewig her and dress her. We see all these courtiers scrambling for advantage, many of them with their hands either literally or figuratively in her jewel casket, which is almost empty, most of its contents having been used to bribe various people to murder the Queen of England. There is much opportunity for heavy Germanic irony throughout, which may explain that "absurdist" label, and considerable general activity, some of it kind of funny but not very.

There isn't a role in the play that hasn't been thought out, and there isn't an actor who lets his character down. The focus of our attention is Miss Maxwell (one of the pleasures of Off Broadway has been watching her progress over the past dozen years or so), in a role that gives her an opportunity to show her wares. (She has a few new, cockeyed wares, by the way.) She makes every aspect of the Queen dramatic, most notably her tipsy reaction to that apothecary's potion; then, as its effects wear off, with fear slowly growing in her eyes, she finally stands erect and still, regal at last, waiting for the axe. "Mary Stuart" tells no story, but Des McAnuff, the director, keeps its shenanigan-filled action clear and on the move. The acting, as I say, is generally good—especially that of John Bottom as the duplicitous doctor, Roy Cooper as the executioner, and Philip Casnoff as the keeper of the hounds. Effective costumes and lighting by Patricia McGourty and Fred Buchholz, and a wonderful, ominous setting by Jim Clayburgh.



"He's a lot younger than he looks. And deeper in hock."

Emily Mann's "Still Life," which will run at American Place through March 8th, is not a show; it's a talk show, and it is dreadful. An actor and two actresses—representing a guilt-torn Vietnam veteran; his wife, whom he has beaten and abused, and from whom he is separated; and his mistress, who is a divorcée and a feminist—are seated at a long table. Looking directly at the audience, never at one another, they deliver *monologues* at us for well over an hour and a half—monologues illustrated by color slides of horribly wounded Vietnamese and of Vietnamese corpses. There is no intermission, no escape. The jargon-ridden speeches sound like social workers' case histories, and at the beginning I thought they were meant to be parodies. No such luck. They were, according to a release, "created from the words of real persons shared with Ms. Mann as she was researching the play." What play? —Edith Oliver

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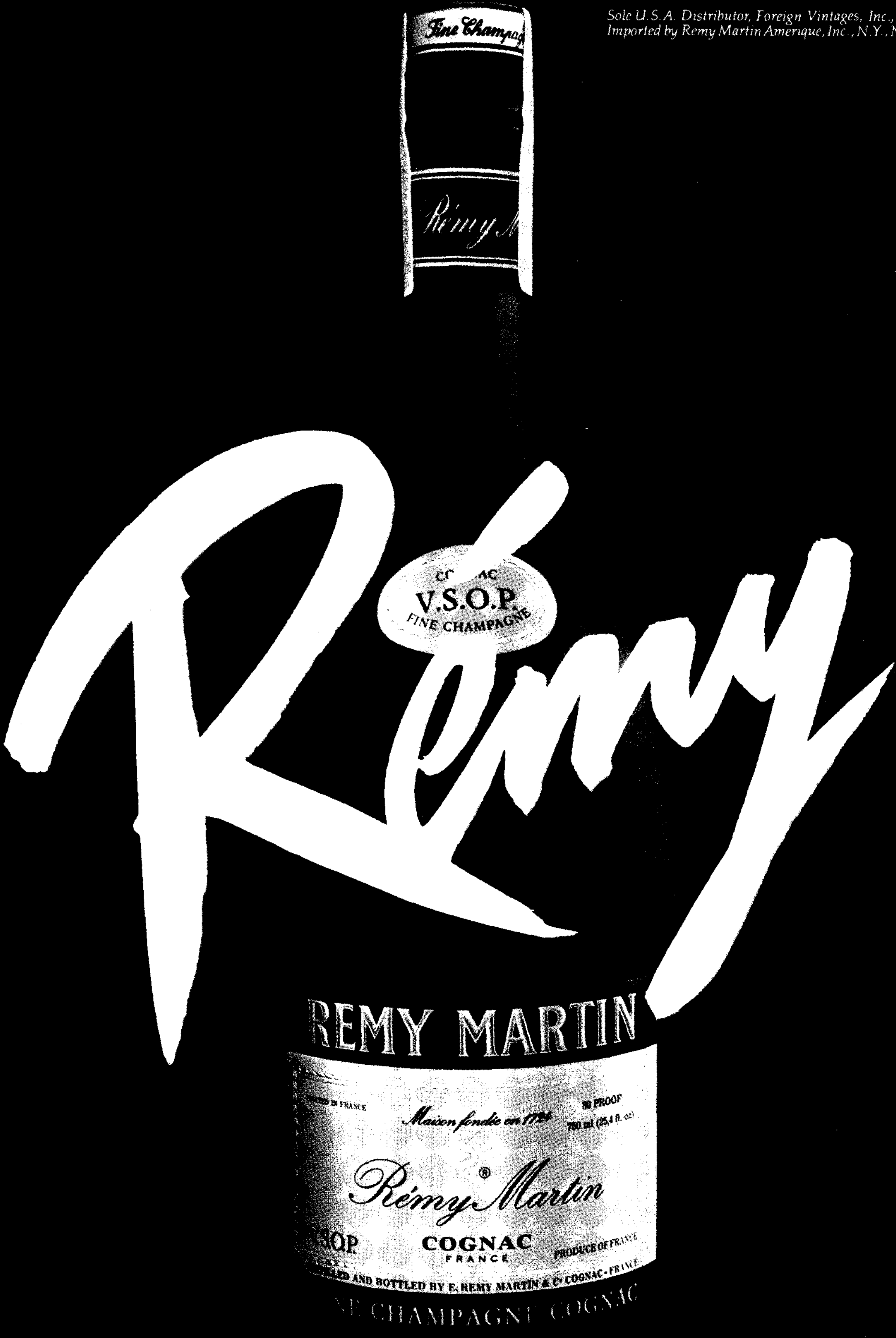
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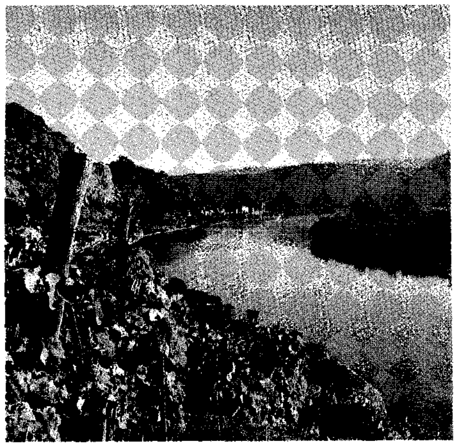

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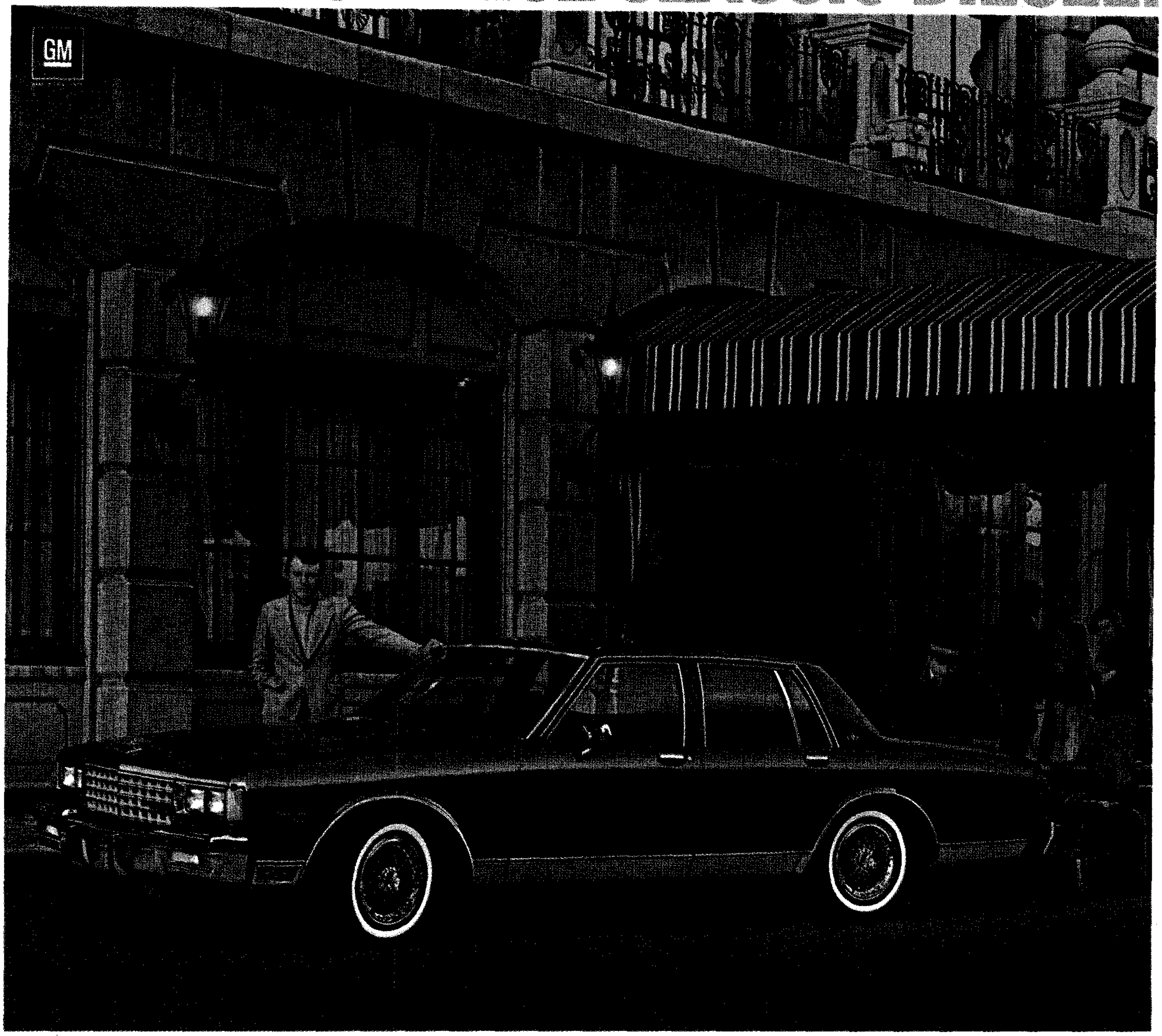

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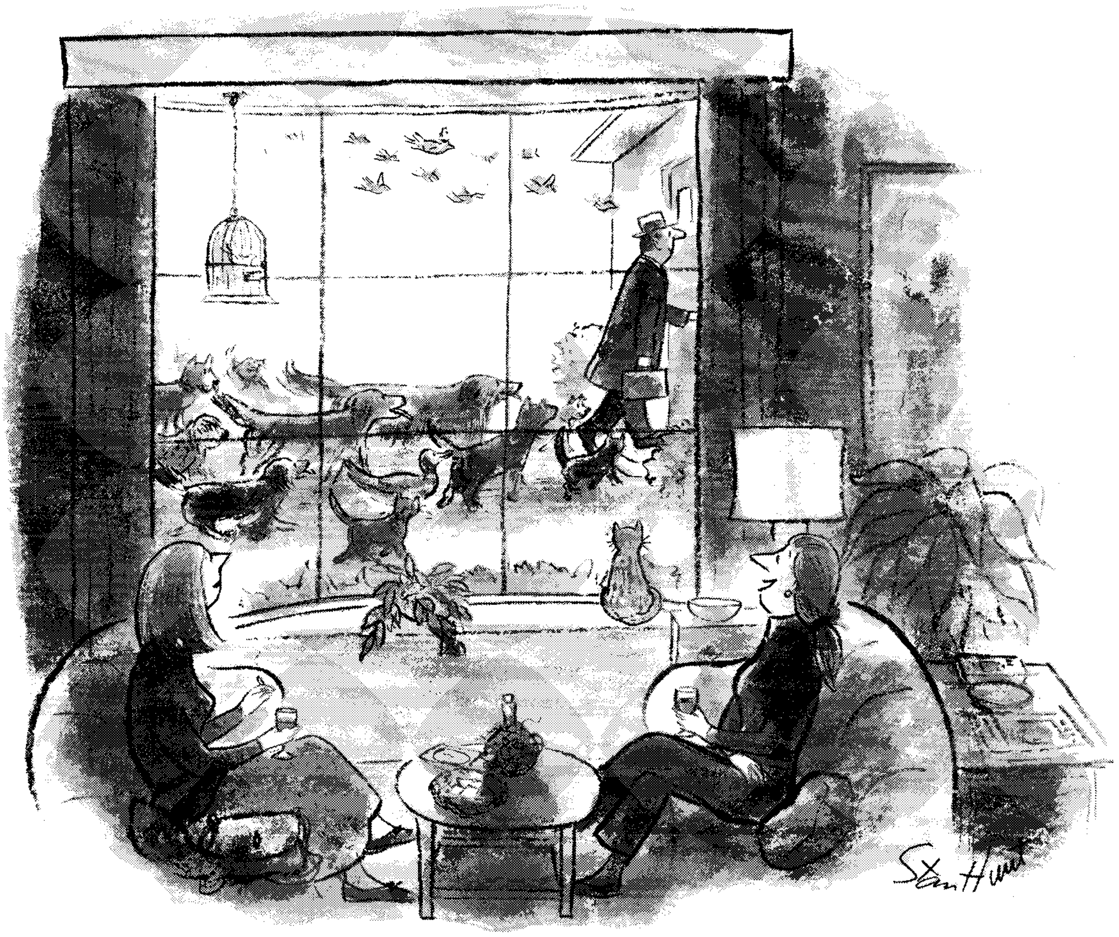
THE age of the modern encyclopedia began in August of the year 1751, in France, with the delivery of the first volume of the Encyclopédie to its subscribers. When, twenty-one years later, the work was completed, in seventeen volumes of text and eleven volumes of illustrations, a number of its original editors and contributors either had resigned in disgust, like Jean Le Rond d'Alembert, or had spent time in jail, like the chief editor, Denis Diderot, and the printer, André François Lebreton. On one occasion, some of the volumes were locked in the Bastille like criminals, and throughout those years police agents were running around Paris with orders to burn the manuscripts and impound the books. At one point, subscribers were instructed to hand in their sets at the nearest police post. But the Encyclopédie survived—because, according to Voltaire, during a supper in the Trianon Louis XV got into an unceremonious argument over the composition of gunpowder, and his Mme. de Pompadour said she did not know how such things as silk stockings and face rouge were made. The assembled company found that there was no way out but to have a servant chase down a copy of the banned Encyclopédie, which the King had never laid eyes on until that moment. After that evening, Louis was supposedly halfhearted about the proscription of the work, whose main enemy was his clergy.

Perhaps no other book, or set of books, has ever had the impact in its century of those twenty-eight volumes. They were called a War Machine, a Tower of Babel, the Gospel of Satan. Seventeen years after completion of publication, and as an unmistakable sequel, came the French Revolution.

Many times previously, books had been published with the claim that they presented a complete system of everything men knew. The word "encyclopedia" is from the Greek ’εγκύκλιος παιδεία—*enkyklios paideia*, instruction in the circle of knowledge, and Pliny the Elder, the one who died in the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., had already used those words to describe his "Natural History." But Pliny and those who wrote after him, even when they were trying to encircle, or encompass, all things known, were still presenting private philosophies about the world as they held forth about anything and everything. The Encyclopédie was the first survey in a modern sense: many of its writers were chosen for their expertise; they reinvestigated their subjects and then wrote about them in a conscious and often quite risky effort to leave out all traditional hearsay and myth. Among them were the great names of French original thought of the time: besides Diderot and d'Alembert, there were Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. The Encyclopédie raised a storm that blew away the smells of powdered wigs, love potions, and alchemists' retorts; shook the salons of the court and the chambers of bishops and parliamentarians still meeting in the shadow of stake and rack; and astounded the still humble new middle class. To this cloistered society it showed the world—no less.

If the Encyclopédie was the first of its remarkable kind, I suggest that the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, published in twenty-nine volumes on November 1, 1910, was the last. One rang in the age of reason, the other rang it out. Assuredly, the Britannica, which was started in 1768 by "a society of gentlemen in Scotland" fired by the French example, is alive and well and living in Chicago. In 1974, this Chicago Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., now its publisher, brought out an encyclopedia in three parts, named Propædia, Micropædia, and Macropædia, which were presented as the Britannica's Fifteenth (and latest) Edition. But, admirable as this enterprise was in its



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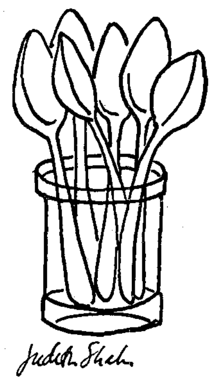
ambition and its many wisdoms, it was *no longer* an encyclopedia in the precise sense that the word had had between 1751 and 1910. A circle of all human knowledge with a single center or point of view was no longer possible.

From its eighteenth-century beginning, the encyclopedic enterprise had been a positivist and optimistic one. It had been mankind taking inventory of its history and accomplishments, with eyes on the future; it had considered all human knowledge and endeavor as interrelated, as constituting branches of the one "Tree of Philosophy." Only one concept of the world—the teleological—was the true one. Thus, the cross-referencing of facts and theories, which is of the essence for an encyclopedia, came naturally: its writers shared a common rationality, and even a common idea of human destiny. The world was a rational and ultimately a harmonious place.

As for the Chicago Encyclopædia Britannica, its philosophy in the nineteen-seventies was far removed from all this. The very form in which the Fifteenth Edition was published showed that knowledge now came in a shattered, scattered avalanche of data, to which no category such as "purpose" was attached. The world of the Eleventh Edition, *on the other hand*, had been at the zenith of those "encyclopedic" prerequisites, rationality and positivism. In 1910, Anglo-Saxon self-confidence and self-satisfaction were unshakable. In that year, as the world was seen from the green quadrangles of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, not only the British Empire and the United States but all of humanity appeared to be on the threshold of being totally understood, described, improved, and then perfected, through the logic of Anglo-American institutions and thought. Thanks to modern techniques, which was to say the latest rotary presses, making it possible for the first time to produce all the volumes of a Britannica virtually in one rush—instead of spread out over years, as had been necessary in the past—a single editor-in-chief and his collaborators had captured this one point of view in its entirety, and presented it without so much as a blurring of the edges.



As a world view, it was the high point of the Enlightenment, and it came at the end: what the Spanish so beautifully call *el siglo de las luces*, the age of the lights, which had dawned with the Encyclopédie, was doomed to end when the lamps went out all over Europe in the fatal summer of 1914. (As a world view, it had also been—in words not thought of in its time—white-élitist enough to mitigate our regret at its passing.) Much, if not all, of that almost official, almost religious optimism, confidence, and rationality which had illuminated two centuries became a casualty in the slaughter at Ypres, the Somme, Verdun, and the Argonne. There the certitudes of six generations and the very idea of mankind's perfectibility must have appeared but illusion or blindness, and the vistas of mankind's future but mere painted backdrops hiding a chaos of misery and cruelty.

Now, after one more great war and many hardly less great ones, this is easy to discern. At the time, people could still think that everything would presently get back to "normal." After the peace of 1919, the editors of the Britannica—then published both from London and from offices at 342 Madison Avenue here in New York—made a major effort to get things going as before. They published a set of three new volumes—*excessively* and, indeed, *almost obsessively* filled with details of the Great War—and announced that these, together with all volumes of the Eleventh Edition, constituted the Twelfth Edition. (The Thirteenth Edition was prepared in a similar way, with a three-volume supplement. The Fourteenth Edition, published in 1929 in twenty-four volumes, was also a revision, if a comprehensive one.) The editors were aware of the strange lack of unity between the two sets, as if they had been written in different worlds—and so they were. In a preface to the three new Twelfth Edition volumes, dated Christmas, 1921, the editor-in-chief, Hugh Chisholm, wrote, "Neither the minds nor the wills that are required for such an undertaking [as had been needed for the Eleventh Edition] are any longer obtainable in any corresponding degree, nor probably can they be again for years to come. This is partly due to sheer 'war-weariness,' which has taken many forms. A shifting of interest has taken place among writers of the academic type, so that there is a

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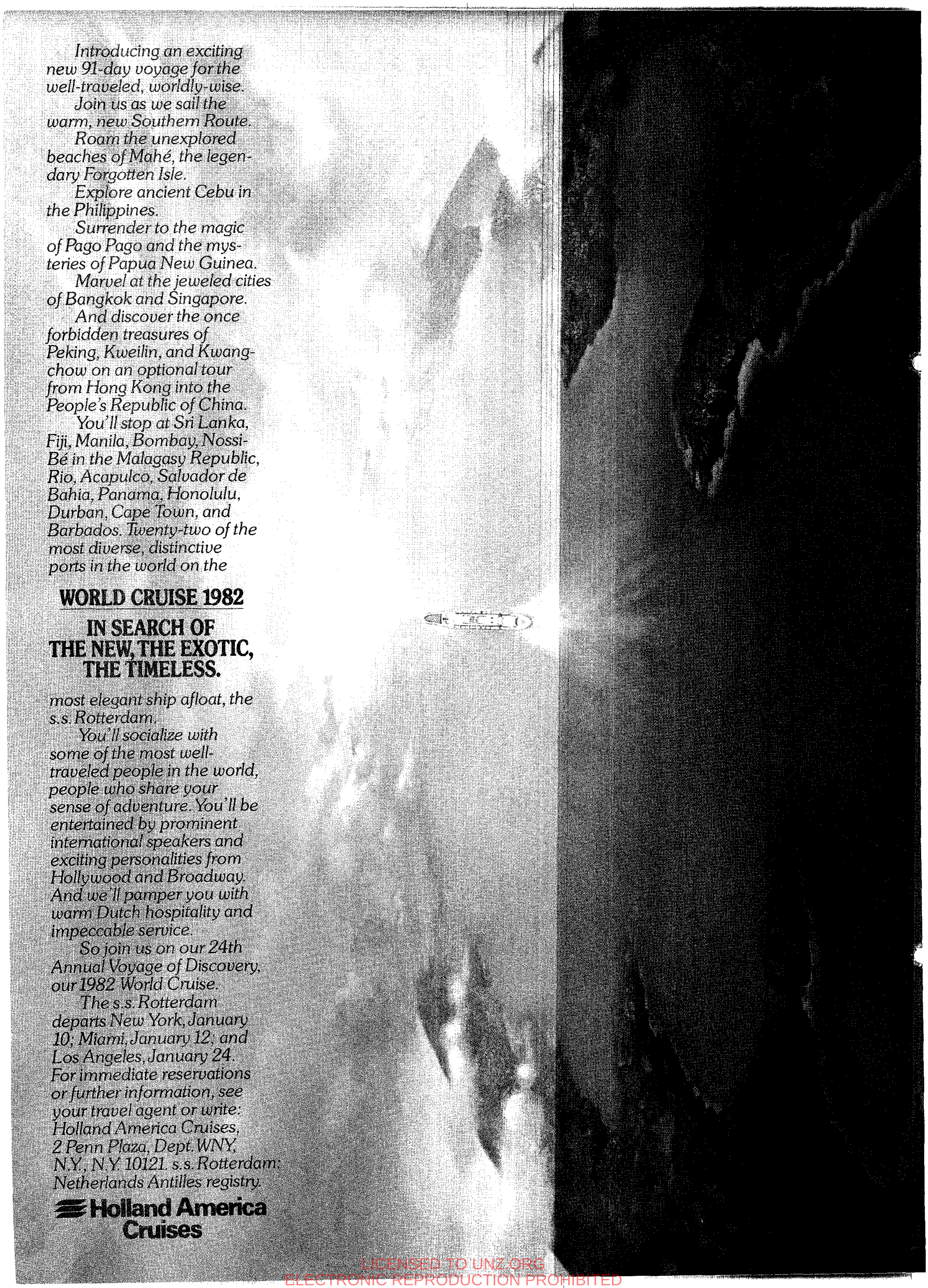

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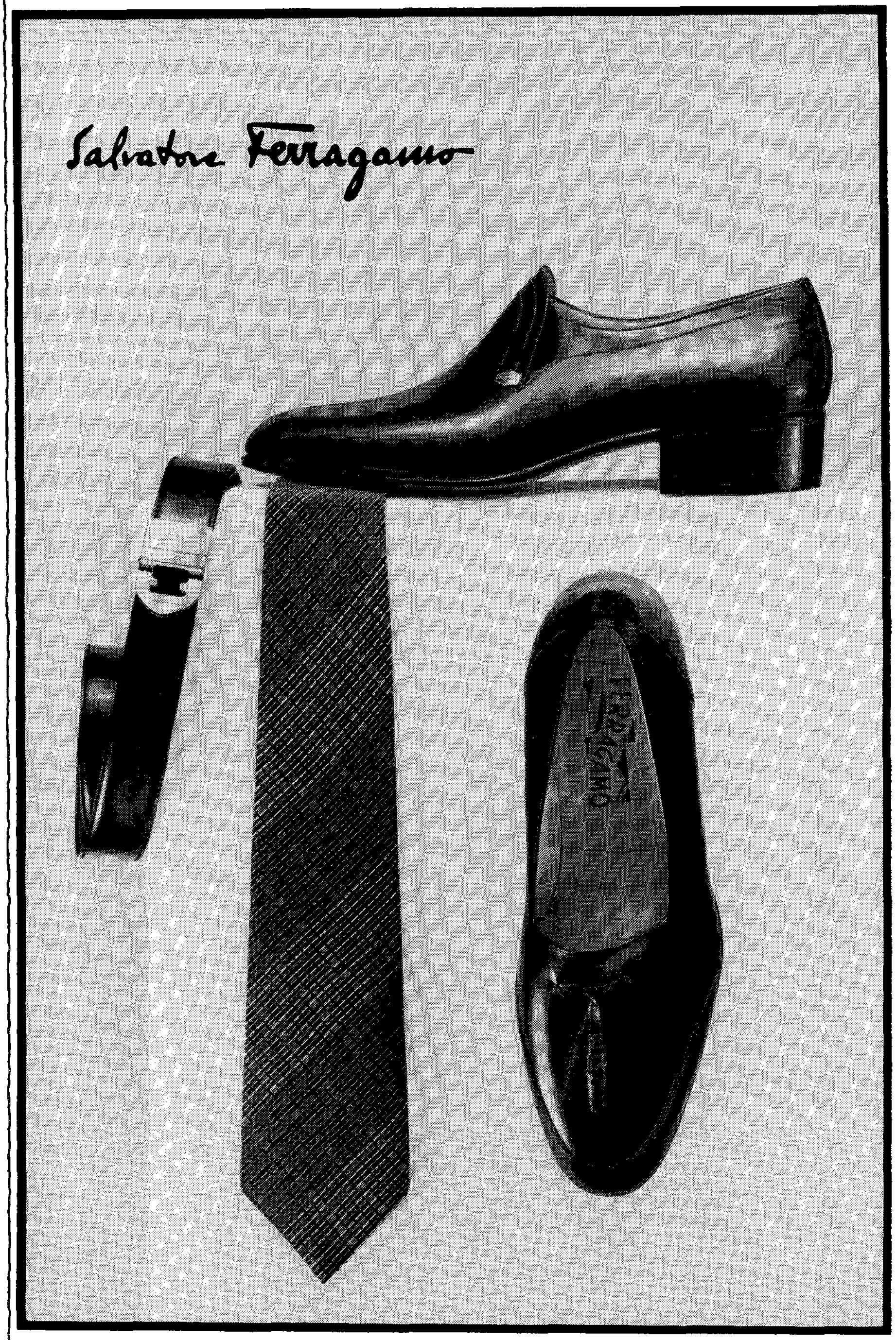
disinclination to make the exertion needed for entering anew into their old subjects."

It was too early for Chisholm to see that much more was going against him than "war-weariness." The Great War had been nothing less than the first worldwide disaster in modern or, for that matter, in recorded history, and with it came a worldwide break in continuity. This time, there were hardly any untouched islands of Western civilization to bridge the gap. It was not just that Chisholm's writers were too tired to reënter their old subjects. Those old subjects were no longer there, or if they were they looked changed. The perennial marble of their façades had turned out to be plaster.

For the fifteen hundred learned gentlemen, and the two dozen or so learned ladies, who wrote the Eleventh Edition in that moment of stillness when life seemed attuned "to the measure of man," however, the human demons of the twentieth century were still hidden, and the natural demons of the past had been chased by reason and electricity. Darwin had explained our origin; Schliemann, who dug up Troy, had revealed our history; Lister had announced a coming end to disease. Science, which had not yet palpably got out of hand, was there to level all stumbling blocks put up by nature. The mystery of far places still existed, but steam was beginning to make them accessible to all—and with dry feet and a Scotch-and-soda at hand. The width and depth of human experience and understanding had become clear, and had filled people with excitement rather than awe. It had given them a sense of continuity and a readiness to grasp all. They felt at home on earth. In the comfortable libraries of universities from London to San Francisco, the makers of the Eleventh Edition had been mapping this stable and permanent homeland. Nor had they been distracted or worried by trying to define their audience, as their successors of the Fifteenth Edition would have to do. Their readership was simply and obviously every English-speaking educated person on earth—who in the Britannica would expect to find and *would* find the final authority on everything. The editorial introduction to the Eleventh Edition invoked "the general estimates which prevail among the countries which represent Western civilization" as being "in practical agreement," and the prefatory note claimed "an or-



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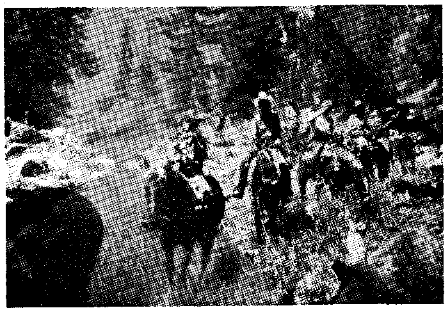

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ganic unity to the whole work," which "will be found to be a trustworthy guide to sound learning, and an instrument of culture of world-wide influence."

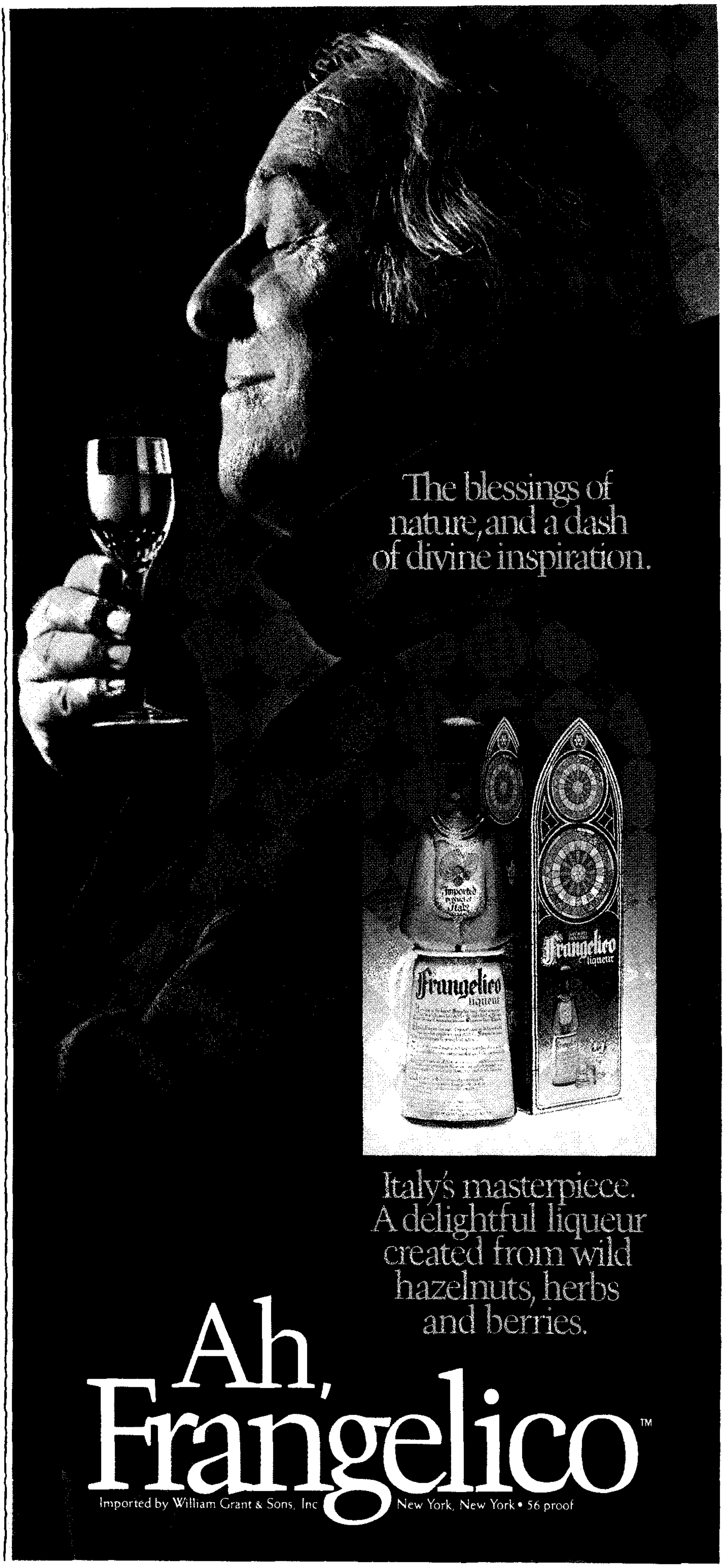
I BOUGHT my Eleventh Edition from an Edinburgh bookseller in 1976 for a hundred and twenty-five dollars—about the same price (in dollars, that is) as the twenty-nine guineas charged for the set on publication, and I have spent quite a number of hours reading in it. That sureness of its contributors which I have noted came across strongly: a sureness about mankind's progress and its salvation (often in the literal, Christian meaning). The summing up of the entry "Civilization" says, "It seems a safe augury from present-day conditions and tendencies that the important lines of progress will include (1) the organic betterment of the race through wise application of the laws of heredity; (2) the lessening of international jealousies and the consequent minimizing of the drain upon communal resources that attends a military regime; and (3) an ever-increasing movement towards the industrial and economic unification of the world." At another point, I read about nationalism: "The coming nationality will be essentially a matter of education and economics." And this sanguine view of the human character breathed in virtually every entry, and determined its tenor, positively or negatively—from "Anti-Semitism" ("A passing phase in the history of culture") to "Zola" ("He was an idealist, but while other idealists idealize the nobler elements in human nature, so has he, for the most part—the later books, however, show improvement—idealized the elements that are bestial").

The contributors also made it clear that to them no drastic breaks appeared in human history. There is no difference in their approach or tone whether they present the biography of a Roman nobleman under the Emperor Augustus or of an English lord under the Empress Victoria. Biographies constitute a very considerable part of the text (nearly half, according to a rough count I made); everything human is eminently important, and anecdotes about long-gone men and women abound. In this sense, the Eleventh Edition seems closer to Vasari, or even to Herodotus, than to the sociological history of our day. It informs us that the British diplomat Lord Ampthill saved his Prime Minister in 1878 from making a speech in bad French while he was in Berlin, and that his son had rowed for Oxford. George Canning, in 1827, had "died . . . in the house of the Duke of Devonshire, where Fox had died, and in the same room." A French scholar appeared at a London gathering in the year 1613 "with a black eye, having received a blow from some ruffian's fist in the street." Pedro I of Portugal, on his coronation, in 1357, had his onetime mistress dug up from her grave and made his court pay homage to her corpse, which he had put on a throne beside him. ("The gravest doubts, however, exist as to the authenticity of this story.") The Russian statesman Grigori Potemkin got sick and died while travelling on the open steppe in 1791 "in consequence of eating a whole goose" in one sitting. A German Wunderkind, Christian Heinrich Heinecken, spoke French and Latin and studied history at the age of three, only to die at the age of four, in 1725, in Lübeck. Another German, Friedrich Rudolf Ludwig, Freiherr von Canitz, is in the encyclopedia as the author of a book of poems of which we are told only that they "are for the most part dry and stilted imitations of French and Latin models" and were published posthumously in 1700. There are, indeed, a large number of German princelings in these pages, and untranslated German authors of romances, verse, and learned essays, and German captains of long-forgotten military campaigns, all reminding us how much the study of Germany and things German was the fashion in England before the Great War cut off that entire world and tainted it in a way that has never been undone. Names of little towns kept emerging in those biographies; it seems to me that the name Ingolstadt popped up an amazing number of times. (It now conjures up for me an image of soldiers assembling on gleaming cobblestones, of trials of witches, of learned rabbis, and of pogroms.) But in spite of the blood and violence in many of the biographical sketches, this quite anthropomorphic world (I found the anaconda described as an "ill-tempered" snake) is friendly, almost cozy—or that is the impression it leaves me with. What else is one to call it, seeing that it considered a black eye received more than three centuries ago worth mentioning?

In these pages, human fates are considered to result from human will, and not from darkly irrational or from social forces. Sigmund Freud has no entry, and with kindly firmness Marx is given credit as an innovator in economics but then rejected as theorist and as prophet. There was no call for stridency in this unthreatened world, and the ex-prince and anarchist Pëtr Alekseevich Kropotkin himself was chosen as the author of the entry "Anarchism," in which he did away with the myth and hysteria surrounding the subject—just as Diderot had once cleared away the hysteria surrounding Jansenism.

For, whatever the subject, the important thing was to treat it rationally and sensibly. If the men and women of the Eleventh Edition were largely Christian, it was the Christianity of the Church of England and the Anglicans of North America: a religion without mysticism—"without exaggeration," as the vicar of St. John's Wood, London, where I once lived, characterized it for me. These Christians had no trouble with the Cartesian heritage of Diderot and d'Alembert, and the concept of the Creation as a huge machine suited them perfectly. They had at the same time an idealized and a mechanical view of their societies, and were, to use a modern phrase, high on numerical and mechanical models. They catalogued the natural world in those numbingly detailed statistics of miles, inches, degrees, and cubic feet that some of us may remember from our childhood reading of Jules Verne, whenever that writer depicted a country or a city. The earth's mountains, rivers, seas, and tides—and, it must be added, its human constructions—are measured and weighed here for our information, and the figures are entered on the balance sheets as if everything were there for all time.

Maybe it is not surprising that in this world of rationality a call could have been made for "betterment of the race through wise application of the laws of heredity," as was done in the entry "Civilization." The lesser breeds (and the poor) were different not because of circumstance, let alone because of their exploitation, but through heredity, and it was up to their betters to break the chain and lift them up. Thus, the article on Chicago explains how institutions in that city differentiate "the good from the bad" among the poor, between "the economically inefficient and the viciously pauper." Under "Negro," statistics showing four or five times as many Negroes as whites (in proportion to population) imprisoned in the south-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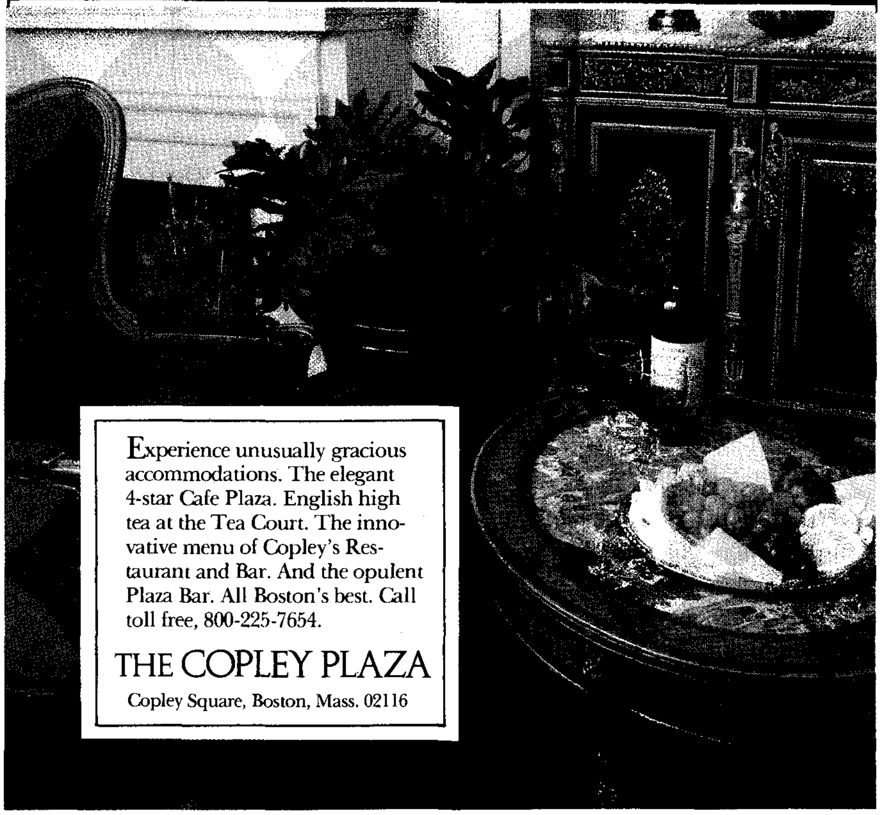

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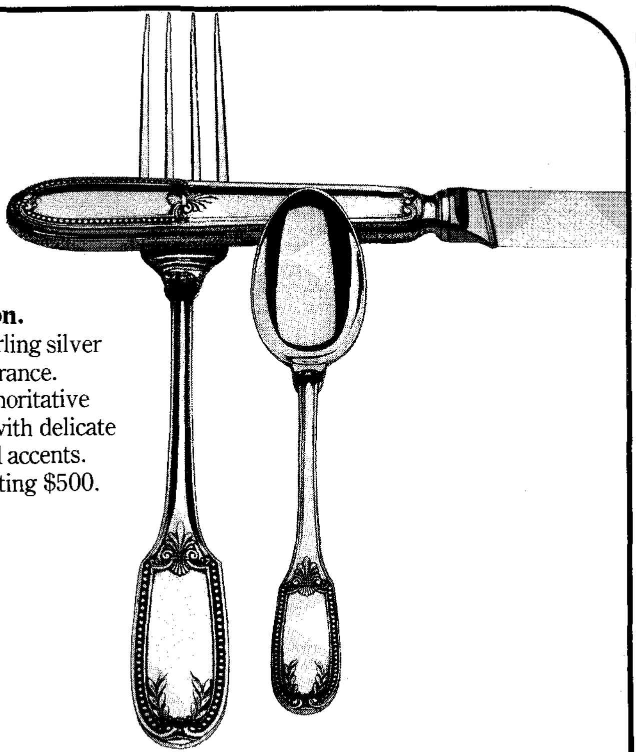

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ern United States are not in any way related to Negro history or to the local system of justice. They are held to demonstrate only the prominent criminal tendencies of the Negro race. (And no wonder, since in certain characteristics "the negro would appear to stand on a lower evolutionary plane than the white man, and to be more closely related to the highest anthropoids.") In the biography of John Eliot, a seventeenth-century American missionary, we read that it was not his fault that the Indians didn't remain Christian after his death, for this was "due only to the racial traits of the New England tribes." Under "Annam," we are informed that the Vietnamese are "the worst-built and ugliest of all the Indo-Chinese who belong to the Mongolian race," with "coarse" hair, bodies that are "thick-set and wanting in suppleness," and in their habits "easy-going and even apathetic." (Black men don't even have coarse hair, for under "Negro" the reader is told that Negroes have no real hair, only wool. As for "easy-going," that meant indolent.) "The Chinese character is inferior to the European." Haitians are "ignorant and lazy," the natives of the Philippine Islands "physical weaklings . . . with large clumsy feet." "The European, especially if he come from India, is charmed by [the] apparently frank, openhearted, hospitable and manly manners [of the Afghans]; but the charm is not of long duration, and he finds that the Afghan is as cruel and crafty as he is independent." "The Arab, indeed, lacks an eye for the straight. The Arab carpenter cannot form a right angle; an Arab servant cannot place a cloth square on a table."

At times, I was almost tempted to envy the writers of this material their doubtlessness. How sure they were that the white race—and, within it, the English-speaking nations, and, within these, they themselves—was the chosen! But only "almost." For many millions, it was an ugly and cruel sureness, and those blithely written words about "betterment of the race" have the ominous ring of a program for state eugenics. Indeed, the Eleventh Edition was forever ready to judge—to judge other races, to judge all men and women. As could be expected for the year 1910, sex and sexuality are not reported on in its twenty-eight volumes of text, except in the entry "Prostitution" or in matters related to the reproduction of species;

nevertheless, a sexual morality that was left undefined was ready to judge, and to condemn. It condemned the laxity or lasciviousness of Charlemagne and of his daughters, of Negroes and of "Mahommedans," and of assorted white men, from Ovid to Heine, whose potentialities remained unfulfilled through "indulgence." Repeatedly, a marriage partner (almost always the woman, of course) was quietly characterized as having been "less than desirable" as a spouse, though "seemingly seriously attached" to the subject of the biographical entry. An article on the Camisards—Huguenots who were largely exterminated in a series of battles after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—ends, "Their enemies have accused them of leading a life of licence because there were women in their camps. These were their wives, their daughters, their mothers, who were there to prepare their food and to nurse the wounded." It shows considerably more concern for the moral reputation of these unhappy people than for their violent deaths. The entry "Prostitution" says, "Its ultimate basis lies in the two most elementary attributes of living things, namely, the will to live and the instinct of reproduction. The one represents the interest of the individual, the other that of the race; and the essential character of prostitution is that it utilizes the latter to satisfy the former, whereas in true sexual passion, as Schopenhauer has pointed out, the advantage of the individual is subordinated to the needs of the race." (I am virtually certain that this is the only place in the encyclopedia where the words "sexual passion" occur, and also that it is the only place where "passion" has a sexual meaning.) That Schopenhauer, an ascetic—though he was perpetually at war with his senses—is brought in seems suitable, but it doesn't do much for this statement, in which we are told that prostitutes stay alive by utilizing the instinct of reproduction without worrying about the needs of the race, which is to say, without getting pregnant: rather a truism, though it nicely places shame and blame with what the times considered the guilty party.

The Eleventh Edition believed in abstinence and in hard work; it also believed in—less Christian but nonetheless part of the same ethic—military prowess. During the heyday of European colonialism, it was axiomatic that other people were subjugated

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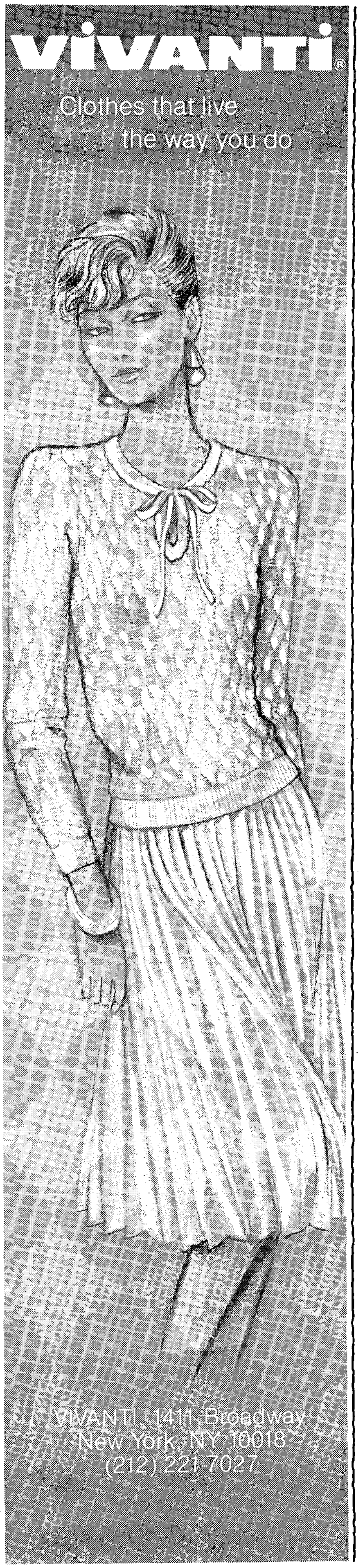

not for lack of modern arms but for lack of grit, and one of the more serious faults that the encyclopedia found with people such as the Chinese and the Indo-Chinese was that they were "unwarlike." One of the authors of the entry "Egypt," getting a bit playful, quoted an unnamed observer who said, "The fellah would make an admirable soldier if he only wished to kill someone!"

ALL this may badly show up the mores of the Eleventh Edition, but there are certain things that it does unsurpassedly well. Subjects suited to its approach (where cataloguing and mechanical analysis are of much value, and moral judgments secondary) are covered in a manner I have not seen rivalled. I am thinking of the pleasure I had reading bits of geography, anatomy, zoology, and also of engineering and crafts, architecture, and the classics. The descriptions of human institutions, too, are impressive, though not the historical understanding of them. As I've said, social forces playing upon the individuals involved are largely ignored. For instance, "Unemployment" is a lifeless article, bogging down from its start in what the author sees as the difficulties of proper statistics, which would have to include the "shiftless and unemployable sections of the population, as well as those on the borderland of employment (those who are worth some sort of wage in times of pressure)." Then, in a different volume, I came upon a brilliant thirty-page essay covering poverty and big-city proletariats from ancient Greece to the close of the nineteenth century, by way of Imperial Rome—this, curiously, under "Charity and Charities." (I was taught a lot about the grandeur that was Rome in high school, but nobody ever told me that a majority of its citizens were on hereditary relief and that loss of it meant enslavement.) A thirty-page essay, by the way, means forty-five thousand words, the length of a short novel, for the double-column pages in my edition run to fifteen hundred words each.

"Drama" ("literally 'action,' from Gr. δρᾶν, act or do") sketches the theories of dramatic art from Aristotle and then Lessing on, and deals with all national theatres in history—this in a hundred thousand words, the equivalent of a hefty book. "Philosophy" is handled in so many separate entries that I have not tried to add them up, but "Plato" alone has twenty-four thousand words, or more than "California," and is unexpectedly poetic about the "Dialogues" and bitter about the trial of Socrates—bitter in the way we may be in reading of an injustice in the morning paper.

"Hexapoda" ("that class of the Anthropoda popularly known as insects"—an admirable aloofness, that "popularly") covers its pages with line drawings of impeccable detail and with long segments of the text and the captions in smaller type, but the whole was so well printed and laid out that it is highly legible. (I have never come upon a typographical error.) Scientific exposition is suddenly followed by such old-fashioned and almost endearing passages as "These changes [during metamorphosis] are in the higher insects so extreme that it is difficult to imagine how they could be increased. In the case of the common drone-fly, *Eristalis tenax*, the individual, from a sedentary maggot living in filth, without any relations of sex, and with only unimportant organs for the ingestion of its foul nutriment, changes to a creature of extreme alertness, with magnificent powers of flight, living on the products of the flowers it frequents, and endowed with highly complex sexual structures." I liked that sense of wonder at the changeover from "foul nutriment" to "the products of the flowers"—as if in a fairy tale.

The unsigned article "New York (City)" is a series of chapters on the life of the city—everything from its police and its priests to its schools and colleges, its communications and their bottlenecks, the housing problems for the steady stream of poor immigrants, and, of course, its politicians, from the days of Peter Minuit on. The Dutch reconquest of New York on July 30, 1673, is there—one of the lesser-known events in our history: For six months, until the Treaty of Westminster of February 1674, New York was Dutch again (renamed New Orange, although the Britannica does not mention this). Poor Jacob Leisler, of whom I had never heard, has his case explained: he put the city on the side of the British Glorious Revolution of 1688, and during his ascendancy the city's freeholders elected their own mayor for the first time. Leisler was executed for treason by the British in 1691; four years later, Parliament reversed the attainder against him—too late. The War of Independence as it affected the city is, like all military affairs in the Eleventh, followed move by move (". . . another [portion of Howe's army] marched toward Harlem Heights along the east side of what is now Central Park while Putnam's men were marching in nearly parallel columns on the west side of the park . . ."). William M. Tweed's corruption and death in prison are moralized upon, and the article ends on the 1909 election, when "with the exception of the mayor, the Tammany ticket was defeated . . . and the mayor, William Jay Gaynor (b. 1851), was little in sympathy with Tammany Hall." But "New York (City)" also lists the names of the various small islands belonging to the Borough of Manhattan and, for good measure, the names of the two artificial islands belonging to Richmond (Swinburne and Hoffman) and the names of the fortifications in the harbor (Fort Hancock, Fort Wadsworth, Fort Tompkins, Fort Hamilton, Fort Lafayette—formerly called Fort Diamond—Fort Columbus, South Battery, Castle Williams, Fort Totten, Fort Schuyler), with the dates they were established and explanations of some of their names. It gives the complete street pattern of lower Manhattan, and lists the statues in the parks, all the main "business buildings," "public buildings," and "sky-scrapers," the museums, hospitals, clubs, theatres, art collections, schools, and churches. (It mentions "many Jewish synagogues" but does not list them.) Delmonico's and Sherry's are "the two most widely-known restaurants, both at Fifth Avenue and 44th Street." There are no pictures, but I found a drawing of the Williamsburg Bridge under "Bridges" and a photograph of the Flatiron Building under "Steel Construction."

The Eleventh Edition's penchant for lists amazes me each time I go back to it. Under "Apple" is a list of fifty-nine varieties, with times of ripening and "months in which they are in use;" I didn't recognize a single one of them except Cox's Orange Pippin—nowadays, I am told, just called Coxes. Those were pretty names: White Winter Calville, Old Nonpareil, Lamb Abbey Pearmain. Under "Caucasus," after much serious geological information, a list appears of the names of forty-two of the peaks of the West Central Caucasus, each one with its altitude in feet and with the names and the date for its first ascent, beginning with the Messrs. D. W. Freshfield, A. W. Moore, and C. Tucker, who climbed the 18,345 feet of the East Peak of the Elbruz in the year 1868. (I was disappointed that the ta-

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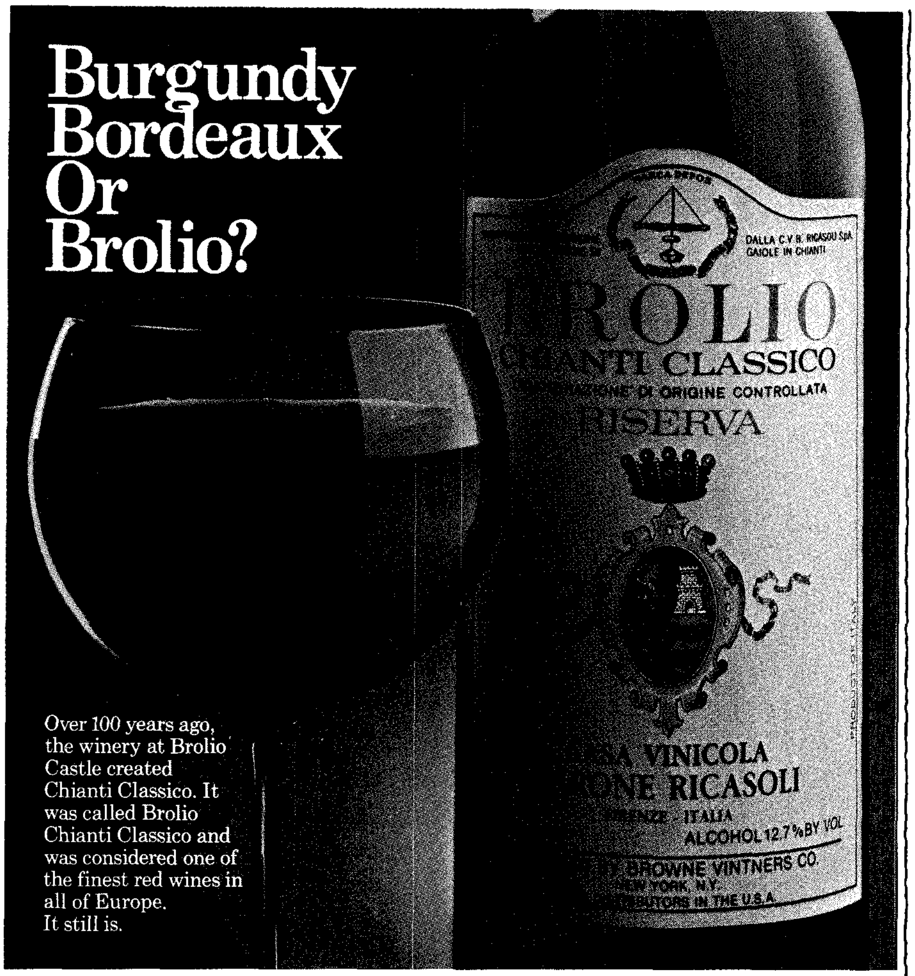
ble, uncharacteristically, did not specify the precise day.)

"Dietary" and "Dietetics" do not list any slimming diets. In 1910, the average American or Englishman needed to spend half his income on food (as against one-fifth now), and weight control was also not a first consideration among the rich. The diets listed in the Eleventh are concerned with staying alive or with "control . . . over the expensiveness of a palatable, nutritious, and healthful" fare. To that end, it counts the calories and the amount of protein, fat, and carbohydrates that a shilling could buy in a long list of products. A shilling was twenty-five cents at the time, and among the items at that price were a pound of round steak, four quarts of milk, a dozen eggs, ten pounds of wheat bread, and twenty pounds of potatoes. A sailor in the British Navy got sixpence (twelve and a half cents) worth of rations a day, and this provided him with a menu that included tea or coffee, chocolate, marmalade, a pound of bread, half a pound of meat, a pound of fresh vegetables, and even his daily tot of one-eighth of a pint of liquor. On top of that, he had a "messing" allowance equalling eight cents a day that could be spent on "luxuries in the canteen." The American Navy supplied "more liberality and variety of diet" with a daily outlay of just over thirty cents a head. In the poorhouses and jails, on the other hand, rations turn out to have been very slim pickings. They consisted largely of bread, porridge, and that ultimate crime deterrent, suet pudding. Steerage passengers—sort of in between, you might say, the workhouse and the Navy—had their rations prescribed by the British Merchant Shipping Act of 1894. Each week, an adult received three and a half pounds of bread or biscuits, a pound of wheat flour, a pound and a quarter of beef, a pound and a half of oatmeal, rice, and peas, a pound of sugar, a pound of pork, two ounces of tea and of salt, half an ounce of pepper, no butter or fat, two pounds of potatoes, and a gill (which is a quarter pint) of vinegar. Not so bad, but, of course, this was only for those sailing under the British flag and, the act adds rather frighteningly, "for voyages not exceeding eighty-four days for sailing ships or fifty days for steamships." God help them.

"Paris" has a fine history and description of the city. It also describes the fortifications built after the 1870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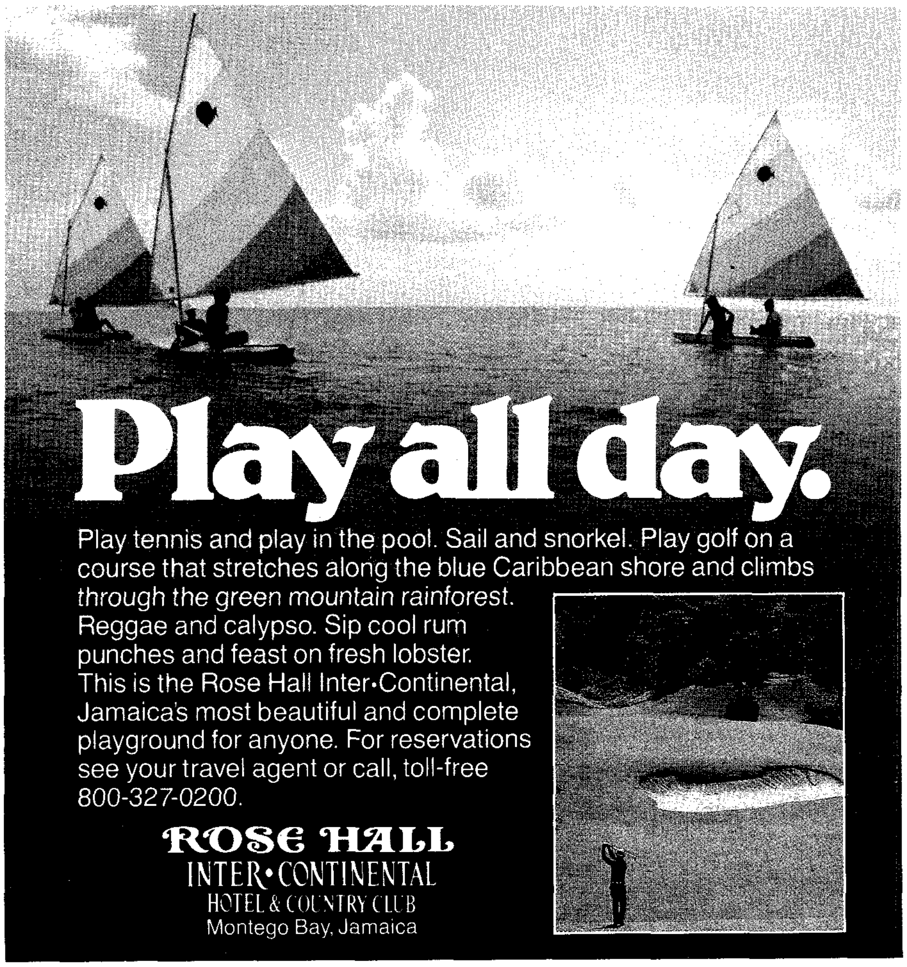
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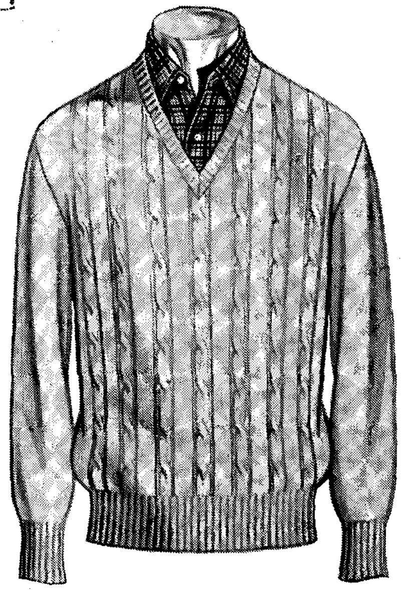
war with Prussia—all seventy-five miles of them—and gives the gun emplacements, with their fields of fire and the areas these would deny an enemy, whose army "to invest Paris today would have to be at least 500,000 strong." We get the celebrations and disasters of daily life—occasions such as the visit of the Russian czar on the fifth, sixth, and seventh of October, 1896, when "the Rue de la Paix was decorated with ropes and sails . . . [and] nothing could be seen anywhere except flags," or a fire at the Charity Bazaar on May 4, 1897, which "spread sorrow among the class always considerate in its benevolence;" that is, "the nobility or the aristocracy." "Paris" ends on the Universal Exhibition of 1900, when "exotic edifices and scintillating cupolas arose with unparalleled profusion, creating in the heart of Paris a veritable city of dreams and illusions." (The seriousness of all those numerations didn't stop their writers from soporific flights of emotion.)

BUT the field of human manufacture! Where human factors combined with the need to explain the workings of objects, the Eleventh Edition had a winning combination. "Bridges" describes every kind of bridge in the world—of course. But that is followed by pages of equations for and discussions of straining actions, working stresses, and "the bending moment for forty different very heavy locomotives on different spans, and . . . a uniform load which at every point would produce as great a bending moment as the actual wheel loads." I think I finally understand now what these words mean, but this overwhelmed me all the same, as did the seventy-five pages—more than a hundred and ten thousand words—of differential and integral calculus under "Hydraulics" and "Hydromechanics."

Definitely, the Eleventh Edition was not written only for the layman—even the most informed and eager one. It was meant to tell everything, and that well-nigh literally; it was a set of books for mental Robinson Crusoes, who with its help could carry human civilization anywhere; it was a platform to take off from. (And, sadly, its timing was wrong. When the Encyclopédie appeared, people were breathlessly ready for new ideas and spiritual adventure; when the Eleventh was but a few years old, people were worn out, and indifferent, ready to hide in fun or Fascism. One had



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the tide with it, the other against it.)

But, to cite some more "manufacture" entries, there is "Ceramics," describing in eighty thousand words every shard and pot from prehistory to Sèvres, Meissen, and Wedgwood, with techniques used, and accompanied by color plates of remarkable beauty; "Numismatics," in sixty thousand words, accompanied by plates of nearly a hundred coins, all but a few (naturally) shown on both sides; "Illuminated Mss.," with, among its pictures, a color reproduction of one of the pages of the Lindisfarne Gospels, of the year 700 A.D.—a reproduction that is of a quality now found only in a very expensive art book, if there. These entries overflow with pride of workmanship and the determination never to cut corners, and even that is putting it too negatively; the idea of cutting corners will never have arisen. (But I am not writing these words in consonance with the modern complaint, "Nobody does a good job anymore," for I believe that it was ultimately the employers' eagerness to save money which cut up each meaningful job into idiot components. Presumably, layout men, color adjusters, and printers such as the Eleventh Edition employed couldn't but price themselves out of existence. Which doesn't make their disappearance less regrettable to me.)

Under "Tool," the encyclopedia lists in many pages and engineers' drawings all the instruments from the trowel to the micrometer caliper and the hydraulic forging press which have made man *Homo faber* and woman *Mulier fabra*, lifting them out of their natural state. The article recognizes the conceptual sameness of all those extensions of our hands: it appears to take pleasure in stressing that these machines are but that—extensions of the hand—and, as everywhere, it is the human mind and will alone that reign supreme. We are here at the limit of the mechanical world: we are precisely at that dividing line beyond which electronics and cybernetics would eventually lift the idea of "tool" to a level so different that the continuity seems lost.

The width of that divide jumps out at us when we read the entry—half a column—dealing with automatic machinery. For this tells us of a housefly made of iron—the work of a fifteenth-century German mathematician—and made so ingeniously that it "would flutter round the room and return to his hand." More recently, a Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, at the Egyptian Hall in

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London, had exhibited a wooden Psycho who could play cards and a Zoe who drew pictures, "but the secret of these contrivances was well kept." The article ended with the note "See Conjuring."

I cannot have read more than a small percentage of the Eleventh's total text, which I estimate at forty million words, but I did look up many crucial entries and do not remember a single one that showed any special perspicacity among the eminent scholars filling the columns. "Motor Vehicles" notes "the astonishing rate" of increase in the number of automobiles between 1899 and 1910 (from six hundred to two hundred thousand for the United States), but the entry "Carriage" bears no echo of this astonishment. "Carriage" knows every specialty and fashion of the coachmakers of Europe and the United States; it mentions the eighteen to twenty coats of paint that were desirable, the choice between morocco and satin. "A very great deal in the coachmaking industry depends upon the selection of materials. Ash is the kind of wood required in the framework both of body and carriage. The quality best suited for the body is that of full-grown mild and free nature; for the carriage that which is strong and robust; that for carriage-poles should be of younger growth, straight and tough in quality. An important consideration is the seasoning of this timber. Planks of various thicknesses are required, varying from 1½ in. to 6 in., the time required for seasoning being one year for every inch of thickness. . . . The roof is covered with ¼ in. wide pine boards, unless when superseded by an American invention, by which, in order to obtain the needful width frequently of 5 ft. or upwards, boards are cut from the circumference of the tree, instead of through its diameter; three thicknesses of very thin wood are then glued . . ." And on it flows, telling us about elm for the naves, heart of oak for the spokes, and ash for the rims—and not an inkling amid this wealth of information that here is an industry that might presently die.

This blindered (conservative?) approach is most striking, and disturbing, in the articles to do with warfare, of which there are many. The pages bristle with ordnance and shells, battleships and fortifications. Here are diagrams of the 12-inch gun of which each new Dreadnought battleship mounted ten, of the 11.2-inch Krupp

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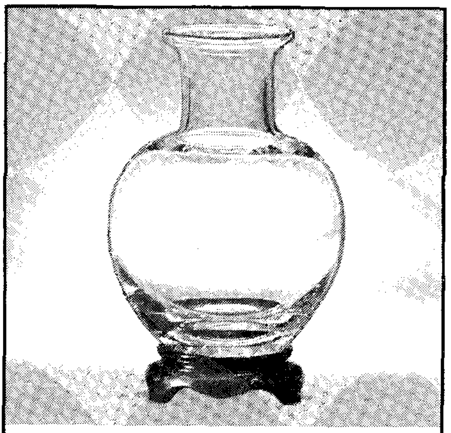
howitzer, and of the Krupp double cupola for two 28-cm. guns; here are photographs and diagrams of high-explosive shrapnel and tables of muzzle velocities. Under "Armour Plates," I came upon two pages showing black-and-white photographs of various kinds of armored steel that had been fired at by various kinds of shells. Those pictures had a peculiarly familiar horror for me. They took me back to a childhood dread I had of the Safety Museum in Amsterdam (the town where I grew up), which abounded in similar grayish photographs of things gone wrong, and of the livers of alcoholics and the lungs of miners; in fact, those pitted and holed sets of armor looked very much like the diseased human organs that frightened me so as a child. But the author of the article, a major in the British Royal Field Artillery, discusses the striking speeds of shells and the hardnesses of steel briskly and cheerfully and with no noticeable thought for the softness of any human beings who might one day find themselves behind those plates. Nor do the writers of the many other war-related entries display any less enthusiasm. These men do not appear conscious, either, of an ominous dichotomy—between the ultra-modern (for its day) equipment they are discussing, none of it ever used in anger, and the eighteenth-centuryish organizations administering it. Under "Ammunition," I read how battalion reserves are to be carried by eight pack animals, and these, with two carts, "endeavour to keep close to the firing line." Under "Cantonment": "Since Napoleon introduced the 'war of masses,' the only alternative to cantoning the troops is bivouacking, which if prolonged for several nights is more injurious to the well-being of the troops than the slight relaxation of discipline necessitated by the cantonment system, when the latter is well arranged and policed. The troops nearest the enemy however . . . cannot as a rule afford the time . . . for dispersing into quarters." Under "Infantry," I got the blueprint for "the ideal decisive attack of a future European war," which starts with "a forward movement of bodies in close order, handy enough to utilize the smallest covered ways." The article continues, "Then the fire of both infantry and artillery would be augmented to its maximum intensity, overpowering that of the defence, and the whole of the troops opposite the point to be stormed would be thrown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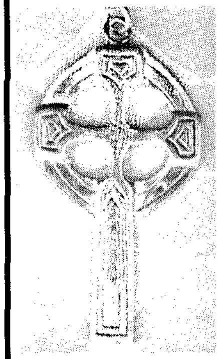
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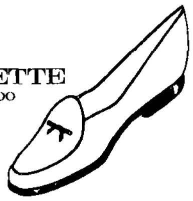
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forward for the bayonet charge. The formation for this scarcely matters . . . small bodies . . . grouped closely about the leader who inspires and controls them are as potent an instrument as a Frederician line or a Napoleonic column." This in the same work that lists a 16.25-inch gun that throws an eighteen-hundred-pound projectile with a muzzle velocity of two thousand eighty-seven foot-seconds and muzzle energy of fifty-four thousand three hundred ninety foot-tons. And it all culminates in the entry "War" itself, for which a British M.P. wrote, "It is true that the losses in battle are relatively less than in the days of Brown Bess [the old flintlock musket of the British Army] and the smooth-bore cannon, *and almost insignificant when compared with the fearful carnage wrought by sword and spear.*"

I am the one who italicized those last words. Less than four years after they were published, the battles had begun in Flanders and on the plains of northern France in which thousands of men, "bivouacking" in mud, were routinely killed between dawn and the daily noon report. I cannot help seeing a parallel, for we in our time seem as little able to really think through the meaning of our nuclear ordnance as these men—with their eight pack animals and their Napoleonic cantonments—understood the meaning of their 16.25-inch projectiles.

I have called the world of the Eleventh Edition "an unthreatened world." That it was. There was then no combination of outside forces which could have caused more than a ripple through that agglomeration of power, knowledge, and self-confidence. Only if it turned upon itself, only by forces from within, could it be threatened, or even destroyed. Which is what happened.

—HANS KONING

•

Levy disagreed with the comments about a lack of leadership in the energy field, saying it was Gov. Bill Clinton's idea to have an energy department, adding that he went to the top of the nation's country music charts.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Democrat.*

Fiddling while nothing burns?

•

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POPULAR RECORDS

Clackety-Clack

AT first hearing, "42nd Street" (RCA; CBL1-3891) struck me as perhaps the silliest Broadway original-cast album I had run across since the practice began, so stunningly, almost forty years ago, with "Oklahoma!" For one thing, it's a collection of chirpy old movie songs (with music by Harry Warren and, except in two instances, lyrics by Al Dubin), and there also seemed to be too much tap-dancing—something that I suspected could be simulated for recording purposes by a drummer, or drummers, with sticks and suitable blocks of wood. The rhythmic clomping (well, of course, it really *was* that uncommonly large and tireless assemblage of dancers from the show doing the hoofing) impressed me as being overwhelming and pointless.

But hold! Subsequent listening made me increasingly aware of the essential musical patterns laid down by the orchestra and the "rehearsal" piano under much of the foot-clattering, and of the brief but pertinent snatches of dialogue—and, at one point, whoops of joy—preceding dance and song sequences, all contributing to a prevailing air of exhilaration. And finally I came to appreciate just how much the producer of the recording, the esteemed Thomas Z. Shepard, had accomplished when this odd assortment of material, seemingly so dependent on its eye-filling aspects, was thrust upon him for reduction to pure sound. If a certain amount of softening of the brain is a requisite for enjoyment of the result, why, it is only that yielding portion present in all (but the most hardheaded) of us, including members of the younger set, for whom, I discovered, "42nd Street" has a peculiar fascination not to be confused with patronization. Could it be the songs, as well as the enthusiastic, perfectly coördinated tap-dancing indelibly associated with the title number and some of the other pieces? Of course.

The songwriting team of Dubin and Warren was almost outrageously successful in the early nineteen-thirties. When talkies first took over, in no time at all movie houses were saturated with musical films, until audiences became surfeited and the form fell temporarily out of favor. But in 1933 "42nd Street," as shrewdly and entertainingly detailed in its picture of backstage life as in its spectacular, and better-remembered, Busby Berkeley dance routines, began a new and mighty wave of film musicals, and the newly created team of Dubin and Warren, both members of which had collaborated with others in writing innumerable hits in the past, rode the crest. Their songs, like those of Gordon and Revel, Robin and Whiting (Richard A. Whiting was actually a more interesting and versatile composer than Warren), and several other contemporary teams, were tuneful, catchy, and unsophisticated, and predominantly—one might say mindlessly—cheerful, buoyantly meeting the needs of Depression-era moviegoers and radio listeners. Although most, if not all, of these writers had furnished songs for Broadway shows in the nineteen-twenties, they lacked—to their advantage, as it turned out—the sparkling wit of such leading exponents of theatre music as Rodgers and Hart, whose Hollywood career was spotty indeed, and the Gershwins, who, following a disappointing start with the movie "Delicious," found their footing on the West Coast when, barely a year before George's death, they were assigned to write for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Dubin's lyrics didn't always make sense (senseless and ungrammatical phrases endured, to be sung over and over, in popular songs of the period because of their mellifluousness or convenient rhymes), but, like Warren's tunes, they were slick, professional, clever, and memorable, and the pair was, commercially speaking, high among the outstanding songwriting teams of the period, rivalled only by the partnership of Gus Kahn (words) and Walter Donaldson (music).

THERE'S NO HOPE
THERE'S KETCHUP, MAYO, OLIVES, MUSTARD

The record "42nd Street," which offers a run-through of all but one of the stage show's musical numbers, includes four of the movie's five songs (movie musicals have customarily had far fewer songs than theatre musicals): the title song, first with the music alone underlying the opening tap audition, then heard at length in a closing segment, and again as a finale piece, expressed by the story's world-weary showman, Julian Marsh; "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me;" "Young and Healthy;" and, inescapably, "Shuffle Off to Buffalo." But the "Gold Diggers" series and other Warner Brothers musicals with songs by Dubin and Warren continued to investigate the world of the theatre in one way or another, dwelling on the gestation pains leading up to opening night (both on Broadway and on the road) and including elaborate production numbers, so there was no dearth of appropriate material at hand for the show. From "Dames," in which the standard "I Only Have Eyes for You"

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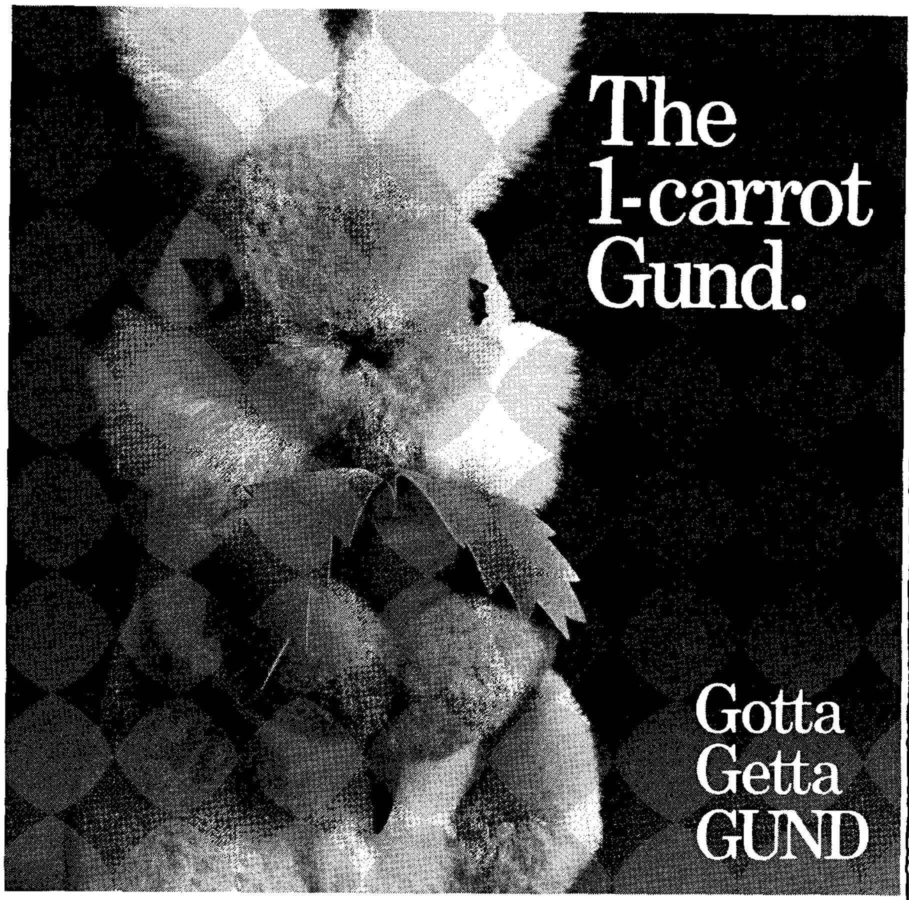
was the big hit, the forgotten title song, clearly the model for Stephen Sondheim's "Beautiful Girls" pastiche from "Follies," has been borrowed and put to extensive use. It is a fluent, jaunty, sunnily attractive piece, whose cynical lyric (the lines "Dames are temporary flames to you, Dames, you don't recall their names, do you? But their caresses and home addresses linger in your mem'ry of those beautiful dames" make up the release and the closing section) can probably be smilingly overlooked under the giddy circumstances. The third song given a heavy workout is "Lullaby of Broadway" (from "Gold Diggers of 1935"), a piece I have always found trying, though it is employed to good effect here. Other borrowings are "We're in the Money" and "Shadow Waltz" (both from "Gold Diggers of 1933"); "About a Quarter to Nine" and "Go Into Your Dance" (both from "Go Into Your Dance"); and the two by lyricists other than Dubin. "Sunny Side to Every Situation," which goes unmentioned even in the copious lists of songs by both writers to be found in the ASCAP Biographical Dictionary, has a lyric by the late Johnny Mercer which is unusually trivial for him, and an exceedingly commonplace Warren tune, but it was obviously considered fitting for the moment it fills in the show. (This, incidentally, is the song's first full use; under the title "There's a Sunny Side to Every Situation," it was merely hummed by Dick Powell in a flop musical called "Hard to Get"—the same film that gave Powell a much better Mercer-Warren song to sing: "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby.") The other obscure number, "Getting Out of Town," is both entertaining in itself and, obviously, a good ensemble number for a cast preparing to take to the road for a pre-Broadway tryout. Although the notes on the inside cover of the album include the notation "Other lyrics by Johnny Mercer and Mort Dixon," this particular lyric is by neither, being the work of Michael Stewart, the popular writer of Broadway-musical books, who turned lyricist with "I Love My Wife" and continued the practice with "Barnum." Originally, it was entitled "Got to Go to Town," had words by Mort Dixon and Joe Young, and was in the 1931 Ed Wynn revue "The Laugh Parade."

The singing, to Philip J. Lang's lively orchestrations and the vocal arrangements of musical director John



The bunny's name is Carrots. (Naturally.)
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Lesko, is as strong and precise, particularly in the ensemble numbers, as one would expect it to be in a Broadway musical of this calibre. Lee Roy Reams and Wanda Richert, the romantic leads, are heard to advantage in both the title song and "Young and Healthy," and Reams leads the singing of "Dames" with enthusiasm. Karen Prunczik crops up enjoyably in "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" (her able partner here is Joseph Bova), "Sunny Side to Every Situation," and "We're in the Money." But the most individual voices are those of Jerry Orbach, who plays Julian Marsh, and Tammy Grimes, cast as Dorothy Brock, the leading lady who comes up lame and— Oh, you know the story. Orbach brings a strong baritone to his singing, and amusingly powerful conviction to the dialogue leading into "Lullaby of Broadway." In addition to that song, he is heard in the sober reprise of the title song at the finish. The most interesting of all, though, is Miss Grimes. Again at first hearing, I thought that her rendition of "Shadow Waltz" was ludicrous, but then I realized that her distinctive voice—not really a singing voice at all, though it does manage to reach the right notes when she cares to let it—was imparting a disarming quality, almost like a parody of Noël Coward's singing, to the song, oddly heightening its effect and lending it an air of greater distinction than it possesses, as Coward's singing did with "Zigeuner" or "I'll See You Again." Similarly, and with just a piano in accompaniment during the verse, Miss Grimes delivers one of the best of all Dubin-Warren numbers, "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me"—though, since we get more than a single chorus of it, I found myself unable, caught up as I was, to forgive the omission of the penultimate phrase, "can't break it!," in the song's tag finish. Miss Grimes and Miss Richert also do nicely with "About a Quarter to Nine."

So, in a sense, sheer professionalism—in the arrangements and in both the solo and the ensemble performances—and production triumph on this recording. Utterly nonsensical lines such as "Little nifties from the Fifties, innocent and sweet, Sexy ladies from the Eighties who are indiscreet," which make up the release of the title song, can be ignored in favor of the skillfulness and spiritedness of the enterprise. With all its absurdities, "42nd Street" remains good-natured fun. —Douglas Watt

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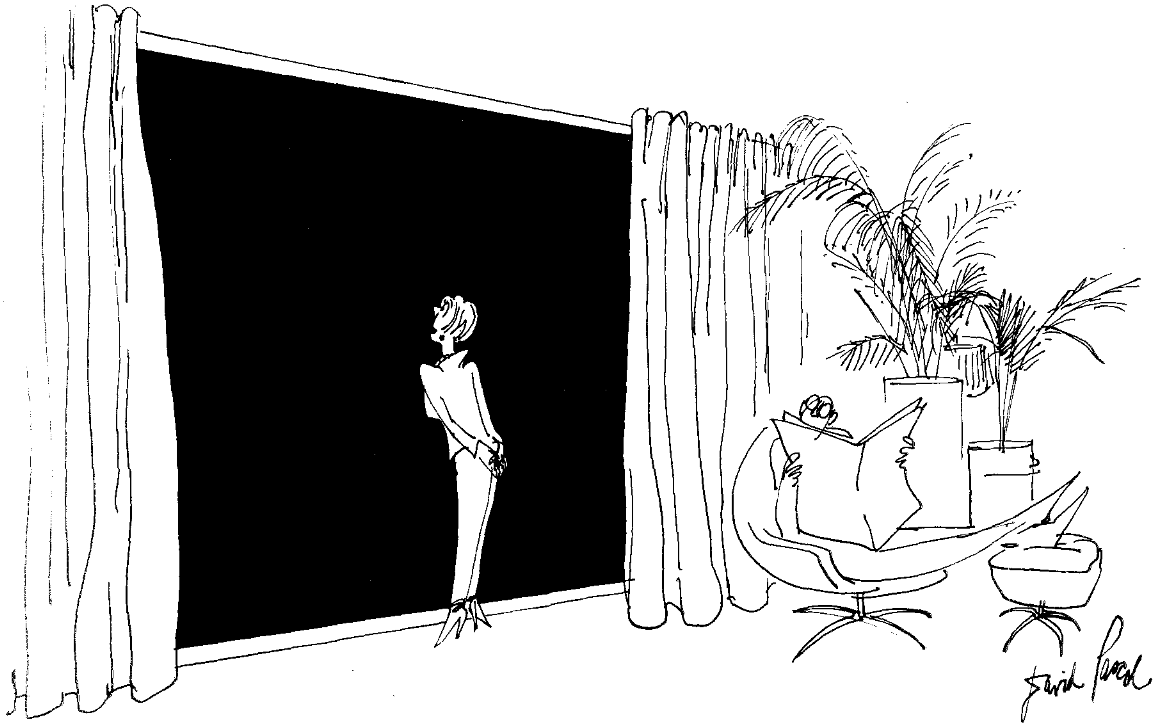
THE ART WORLD

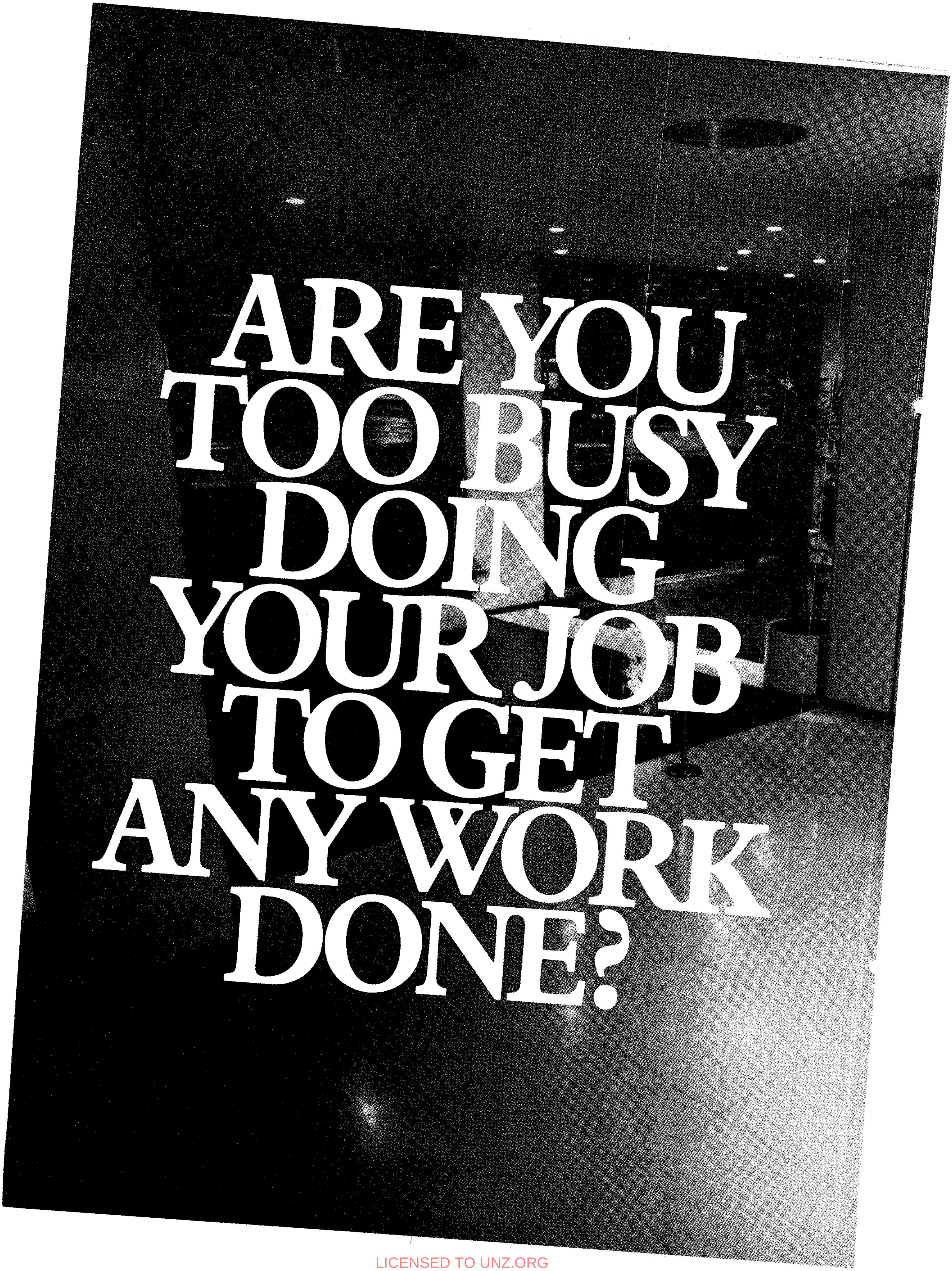
The Camel in the Tent

Los Angeles has been on the verge of becoming a major contemporary-art center for as long as anybody there can remember, or about twenty-five years. The nation's third-largest city has, or has had at one time or another, the four basic ingredients for eminence in this field: (1) An ambitious community of artists—the largest outside New York, in fact. (2) A growing number of wealthy collectors. (3) Several energetic and resourceful galleries. And (4) a local museum willing to devote considerable attention to (1) and (2). For a brief period in the nineteen-sixties, a lot of people in New York thought that the West Coast breakthrough had actually occurred. Both the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Pasadena Art Museum (later the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art) were putting on important contemporary shows. Two dealers, Irving Blum and Nicholas Wilder, were making valiant efforts to dent the conservative armor of California collectors, and several New York galleries were giving serious thought to opening Los Angeles branches. A glossy, highbrow magazine called *Artforum*, which moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles in 1965, provided what some analysts consider a fifth requirement for a true art scene, although the effects of glossy, highbrow criticism on contemporary art are debatable. The California artists, at any rate, had begun to feel that nirvana was near, and this made their disappointment all the keener when several of the ingredients evaporated. In 1967, *Artforum* moved to New York. Irving Blum closed up shop a few years later. The Los Angeles County Museum, after firing its director and losing two key curators in the late sixties, ceased to devote much attention to contemporary art, and the Pasadena Museum, faced with bankruptcy, turned for fiscal salvation to Norton Simon, the millionaire collector, who during the next few years relegated its modern works to the basement (many had been donated by Los Angeles artists), hung his own Old Masters and Impressionists on the walls, and changed the institution's name to the Norton Simon Museum of Art. The loss of the Pasadena Museum came as an especially heavy blow to the local artists. Museum support is crucial, of course, because museums give courage to collectors, and vice versa. New York has three museums that concentrate largely on modern art. San Francisco, a small town compared with New York or Los Angeles, boasts an excellent, well-run modern museum, and outposts such as La Jolla and Long Beach have established their own. In view of past disappointments and frustrations, then, a recently announced plan to build a twenty-million-dollar Museum of Contemporary Art in downtown Los Angeles has excited a great deal of interest. The museum, which is already being referred to as MOCA, promises to be unusual in several respects, not the least of which is that it may be the first museum whose development has been influenced at every stage—some say dominated—by artists.

The initial push for a new museum came from Marcia Weisman, whose brother is Norton Simon. Some friends detect a strain of sibling rivalry in Mrs. Weisman's devotion to postwar American art; her brother's preference for Impressionism and earlier periods is well known. In any case, after the Pasadena Museum became the Norton Simon Museum, Marcia Weisman and her husband, Frederick Weisman, made a number of efforts to start something in its place. Mrs. Weisman helped to find rent-free space for the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, or LAICA—a sort of informal arena for activities by younger artists, which opened in 1974 and is still in business. LAICA did not fill the museum gap, though, and two other Weisman-sponsored museum ventures failed to take hold. One night in 1978, Marcia Weisman found herself seated next to the mayor of Los Angeles, Tom Bradley, at a political dinner party. "Don't you think it's time we had a museum of modern art in this town?" she asked him, and then, as she recalls it, she just started "dreaming off" about such an institution and what it could mean to the city's cultural well-being; she let it be understood that the Weismans' collection of contemporary art, generally considered one of the West Coast's finest, might become a prime asset of the museum. Like most successful politicians, Bradley had no public record as an art lover. He must have been impressed, however, for he called Mrs. Weisman a week or so later to talk more about the idea. Bradley's good



"Night just fell. Plop."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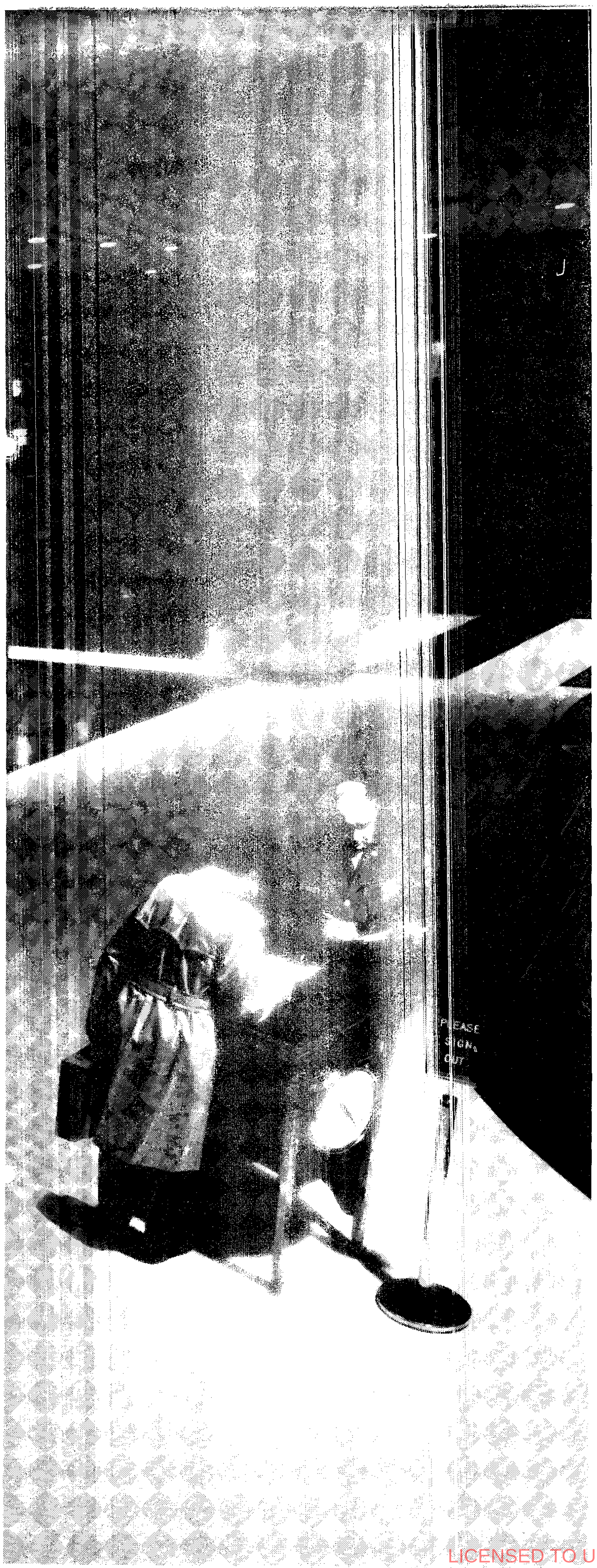

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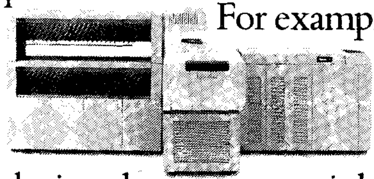

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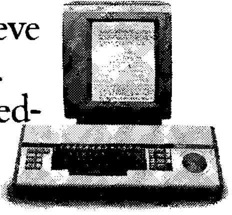

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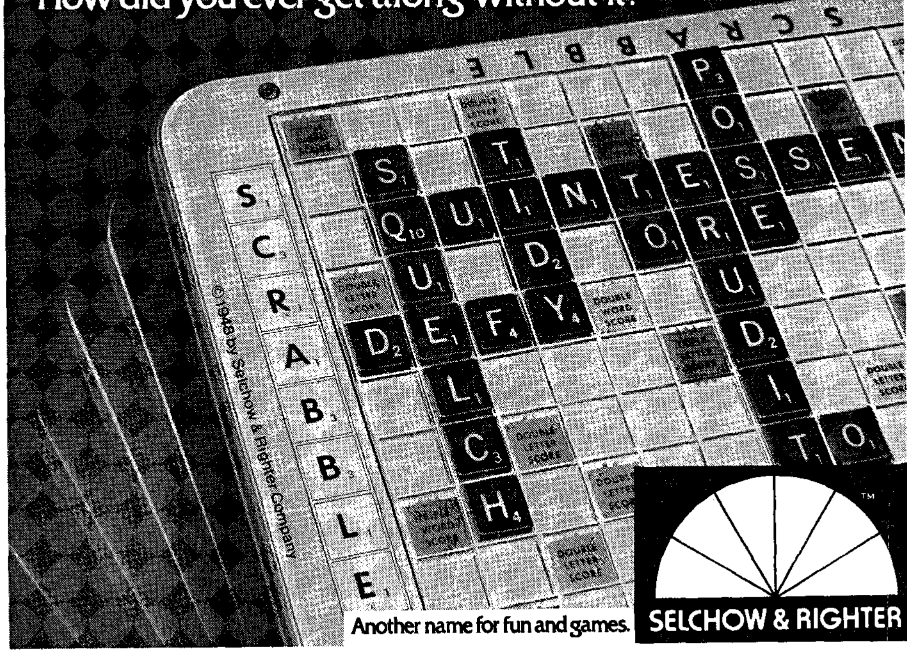

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friend William A. Norris, a Los Angeles lawyer whose wife is a private art consultant, also came to his office at about this time to discuss the city's need for a museum of modern art. The upshot was that in the spring of 1979 Bradley appointed a Mayor's Museum Advisory Committee to look into the matter and to investigate possible sites. This ten-member committee, organized by Norris, included Mrs. Weisman; Betye Monell Burton, a former trustee of the Pasadena Museum; and Gary Familian, a real-estate executive and a collector—all of whom later became members of the museum's board of trustees. The Weismans invited several artists to a meeting at their house in Beverly Hills to discuss the museum project while the Mayor's Committee was being set up. Norris, who was also there, remembers that Robert Irwin, a fifty-two-year-old artist who has lived in Los Angeles all his life, stood at the back of the room and asked all the right questions.

An article on the Mayor's Museum Advisory Committee appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* on June 9, 1979. A few days later, Norris got a letter from the Community Redevelopment Agency of the City of Los Angeles expressing support for the museum project and offering to help find a suitable building site in the downtown business district. As the administrative agency for a series of downtown urban-renewal projects, the C.R.A. was then preparing to take bids for the development of nearly nine acres in the sector known as Bunker Hill—a blighted area that had been undergoing sporadic redevelopment for about twenty years. The development pace in the downtown business district had quickened when the Hyatt Regency hotel went up in the mid-seventies, followed by the Atlantic Richfield Company's twin office towers and a spate of apartment buildings. Just to the north of Bunker Hill, the Music Center of Los Angeles County had been demonstrating since it opened, in 1964, that downtown was an actual place, nestled cozily in the shadows of three freeways. Was it possible that Los Angeles, often referred to as a hundred suburbs in search of a city, was finally going to acquire a real, throbbing downtown heart—just as other American cities were losing theirs?

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new building be set aside for a work or works of art. The Bunker Hill plot (which had been redrawn so that it comprised a little more than eleven acres) was being offered as a single package for residential and commercial development. The total budget would run over a billion dollars. When the C.R.A. administrators saw the *Times* article on the Mayor's Museum Advisory Committee, they came up, entirely on their own, with a new idea. Instead of spending one and a half per cent of each building's budget on art, why not take one and a half per cent of the entire project budget and use it to build a museum of contemporary art? The C.R.A. people wrote to Norris. "That's why this museum is happening today," Norris told me recently. The deal worked out in negotiations over the next six months was that the project developer, who had yet to be selected, must agree to put up a museum building with approximately a hundred thousand square feet of interior space (roughly the equivalent of the Whitney Museum's); adjoining land was to be reserved for a sculpture garden. The total cost of museum and garden, to be absorbed mainly by the developer, was estimated at twenty million dollars. The museum's trustees, for their part, agreed to raise a permanent endowment of at least ten million dollars. The endowment was expected to generate from thirty-five to forty per cent of the annual operating expenses, with the rest coming from paid admissions, government and foundation grants, and other sources. No city or county funds would be sought—not after Proposition 13. The museum would be a privately owned, nonprofit institution, answerable only to its own board of trustees.

Museum boards in this country are usually made up of businessmen, lawyers, financiers, and other heavy-duty citizens. To a good many museum trustees, asking an artist to serve on the board might seem like inviting the camel into the tent. MOCA's board may have one or two members who feel that way, but, if so, they are keeping it to themselves. The seven members of the founding board, announced last April, were Eli Broad, the chairman, a real-estate and insurance executive and a collector, who inaugurated the endowment drive by pledging a million dollars to the museum; Max Palevsky, an industrialist and a film producer, who also pledged a million; Marcia Weisman; Robert Rowan, an important collector and a former presi-

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dent of the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art; William Norris, who was soon to become a federal judge; Leon O. Banks, a black pediatrician and collector; and Robert Irwin, artist.

By this time, Irwin represented a sizable and highly motivated constituency. Soon after the meeting at the Weismans' house during which Irwin asked the right questions, DeWain Valentine, another well-regarded Los Angeles artist, had organized a meeting of about a hundred and fifty artists in a friend's screening room in Venice to discuss the museum idea. There had been a lot of shouting and a lot of pulling in different directions. Valentine had called another meeting, of about seventy-five artists, a week later, and somehow, against all expectations, a measure of coherent action had been hammered out. This meeting had given birth to the Artists Advisory Council, a group whose number eventually stabilized at about fifteen men and women. "We sat down, buried our axes, and decided what we would have to do," Irwin recalls. Some axes did not stay buried long. Four of the artists on the council came out strongly for a plan whereby the museum itself would be a work of art, with various artists contributing their skills and imagination to its construction. When this idea was shelved, its proponents went home. Irwin nearly quit, too; it seemed highly unlikely to him that the artists would be able to agree on anything. Instead, an hour or so after the meeting broke up he telephoned every member of the council. If the artists wanted to have a say in planning the museum, they had better present a united front, he told them, or they would have only themselves to blame. The fact that they *have* maintained a united front ever since is an indication of how much the museum means to the Los Angeles artists. For the last year and a half, the council has met every Monday night, and it has studied in detail most of the questions involved in planning the museum. In areas where its members felt that their own knowledge was insufficient—architecture and design, museum administration, and fund-raising, among others—they have solicited, and even paid for, professional advice. As a result of this extensive homework, the council has been able to develop specific, thoroughly researched, and cogently summarized recommendations on virtually all the important issues.

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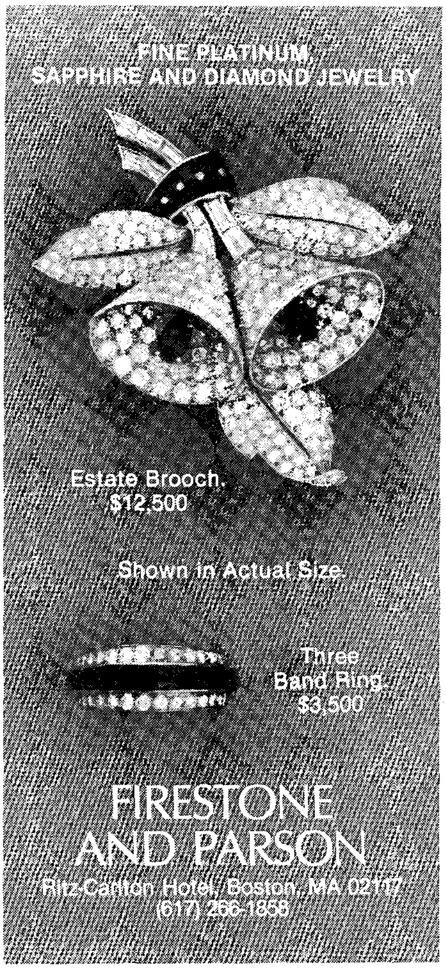

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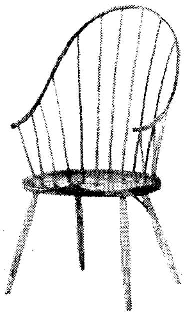

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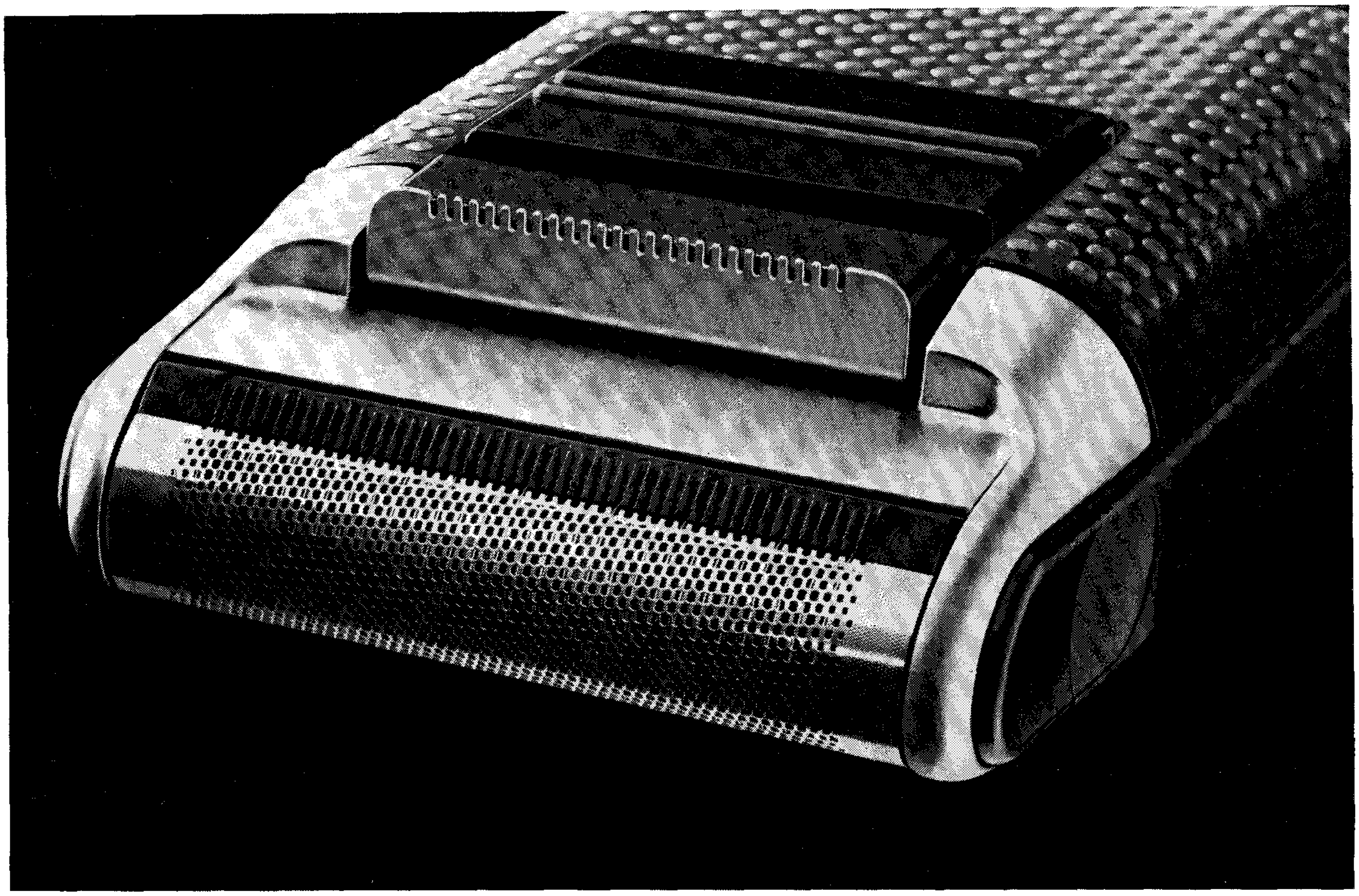

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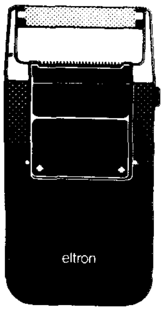

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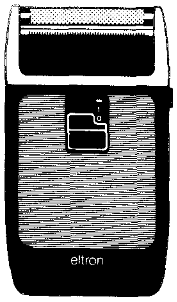

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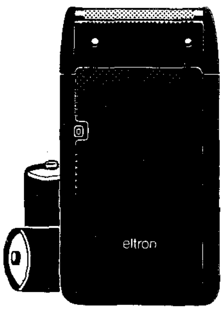

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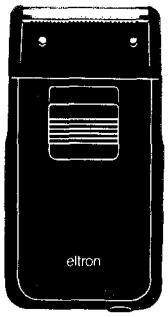

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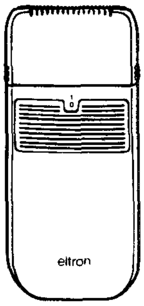

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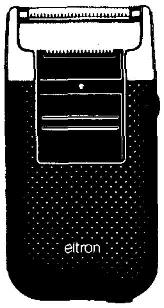

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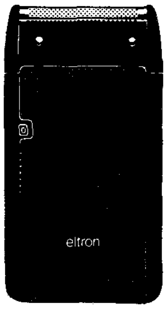

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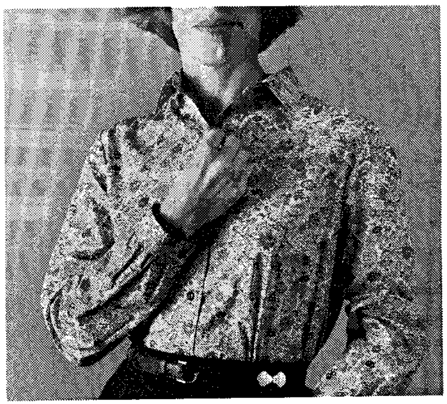

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that the artists have taken over the museum, their united-front tactics have certainly had an effect. From the beginning, the artists pressed for a contemporary museum—a museum whose primary focus would be on the most recent aesthetic developments, in the context of art since 1945. Although Irwin and his fellow-artists obviously hoped to see the museum give due recognition to California work, they did not intend to fall into the trap of regionalism. Art is international, and they were determined that the museum be international as well. Last July, the trustees dropped Los Angeles Museum of Modern Art as their working title in favor of the Museum of Contemporary Art—not the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art but the Museum of Contemporary Art. Nobody seems to have decided yet whether it will go on and on being contemporary, and, if so, what will be done about the current period as it fades into history.

Questions of this sort will be decided by the directors, everyone agrees. Early on, the artists on the council decided that what the museum required was two directors—a superstar, widely known in the museum world; and a young, energetic, "grass roots" co-director, who would work closely with the Los Angeles art community. By a strange coincidence, the trustees' search committee for a director, on which several artists, including Irwin, Valentine, and Sam Francis, served, also came to the conclusion that there should be two directors, both curatorial, and the two names they came up with happened to be the two names that topped the council's list: Pontus Hulten, the Swedish-born director of the Centre Pompidou museum, in Paris (Beaubourg), one of the best-known and certainly one of the most controversial museum directors of our day; and Richard Koshalek, the young (thirty-eight) and brilliantly innovative director of the Hudson River Museum, in Yonkers. Both are highly unorthodox museum men, known for taking risks, for putting on exhibitions that challenge existing opinions, and for viewing art in its social, political, and moral context. Both are also known to believe that museums exist, or should exist, primarily for the benefit of contemporary artists.

Sam Francis was delegated by the trustees to sound out Hulten. Francis, an Abstract Expressionist painter whose reputation was established in the nineteen-fifties, when he lived

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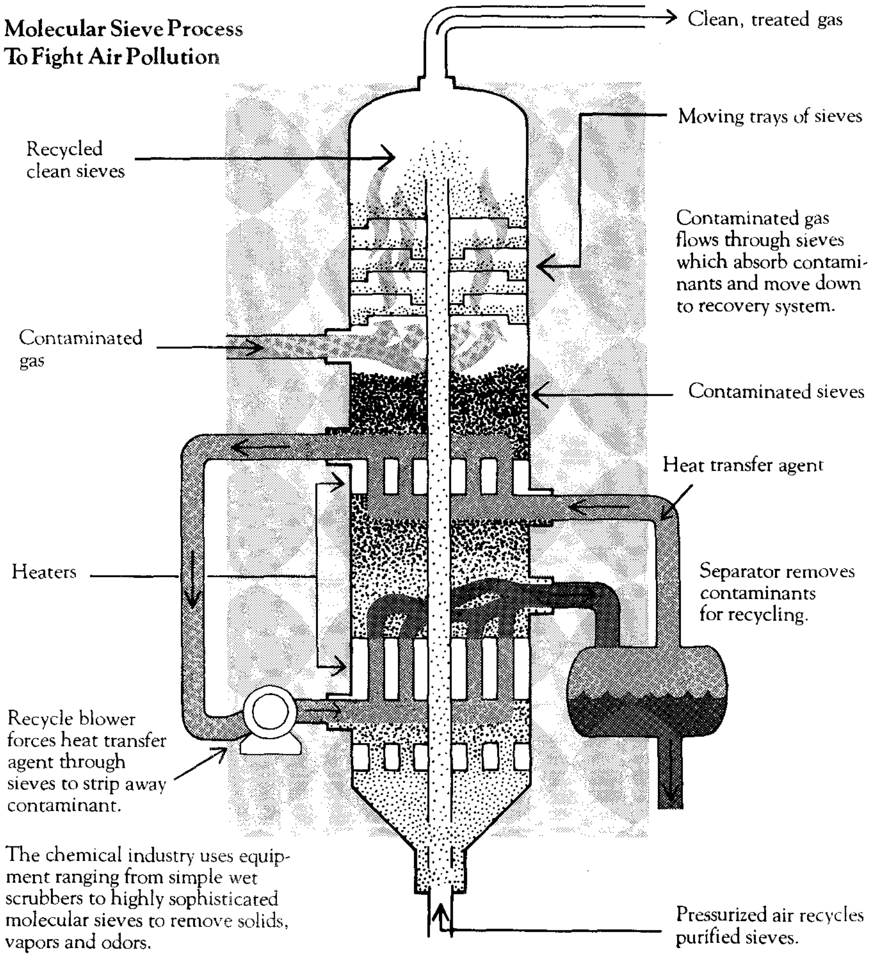

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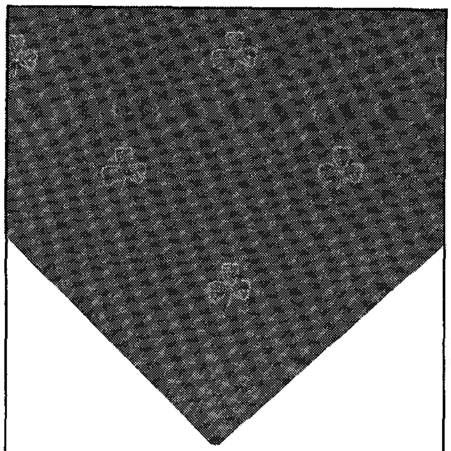

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mainly in Paris, is one of the two most highly respected California artists of the older generation. (The other, Richard Diebenkorn, has remained aloof from the museum project.) He was one of the four dissidents who more or less withdrew from the Artists Advisory Council when their museum plan was shelved, but by this time he was again closely involved with the project. Francis went to Paris last spring to see Hulten—they are close friends—and found him immediately receptive to the idea of moving to Los Angeles. After nearly eight years at Beaubourg, Hulten felt ready for a change. His contract was up for renewal in 1981. "I like Los Angeles very much," he explained to me recently. "There is something about the spirit there, the way things are not so worn down into tradition. There is also a very nice ocean." Hulten flew to Los Angeles in July for talks with the trustees. Favorable impressions proliferated. Broad, the chairman, asked Hulten about his views on private museums—he had said on at least one occasion that he was profoundly opposed to them. Hulten replied that after eight years at the government-funded Centre Pompidou his views had changed.

Irwin sounded out Richard Koshalek, and found him similarly receptive. After the board had seen and approved of him, the only remaining question was whether Hulten and Koshalek could work together. A meeting between them was arranged in New York for July 23rd. They had lunch at the Sky Club restaurant, on top of the Pan Am building, where Sam Francis joined them. The two museum men found themselves in "total agreement," according to Hulten. From the restaurant, Francis put in a call to Los Angeles, where the board of trustees was meeting at that moment. He conveyed Hulten's and Koshalek's readiness to work together, and the trustees voted on the spot to engage them both—Hulten as director, Koshalek as deputy director and chief curator.

The choice of a museum architect came about in somewhat the same way. Bunker Hill Associates, a consortium of a Canadian firm and two local firms chosen by the C.R.A. to be the developer of the over-all project, had submitted a plan that struck the artists as giving short shrift to the museum. Limitations on the building's height and lateral expansion presented a number of thorny design problems,

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which would require great ingenuity to solve. In their Monday-night deliberations, the artists agreed that the architect should have three main qualifications: flexibility (meaning that he would be willing to let them share in the design process); a large architectural vocabulary (the absence of a pronounced personal style, or "signature"); and proved skill at solving difficult site problems.

The board's architectural committee consisted of Palevsky, Irwin, Francis (who became the second artist member of the board in October, 1980), and Coy Howard, a local architect, whom the Artists Advisory Council had hired as its consultant. Arthur Erickson, the architect in charge of the whole Bunker Hill project, was also invited to sit in, and, after July 23rd, so were Hulten and Koshalek. The committee drew up a list of about thirty candidates and gradually winnowed it to six. Palevsky favored Richard Meier, one of the currently celebrated young members of an affinity group known as the New York Five. The other candidates were England's James Stirling; Edward Larrabee Barnes, designer of the much admired Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis; Frank Gehry, the local (Los Angeles) hero; the firm of Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo, designers of the recent additions to the Metropolitan Museum; and Arata Isozaki, a Japanese architect who had never done a building in this country. All six came to Los Angeles to make their presentations. Irwin, Francis, and Howard—and, through them, the Artists Advisory Council—concluded that Isozaki was more open and flexible, had a larger vocabulary, and showed more skill at problem-solving, on the basis of his past work, than any of the others; Palevsky and the rest of the board were similarly impressed. In January, the board announced that Isozaki was their man.

The optimism of the moment has not blinded the Los Angeles artists to the difficulties that remain. Fund-raising is going swimmingly, with seven and a half million dollars of the projected ten-million-dollar endowment already pledged. But will Los Angeles continue to support a contemporary museum whose directors promise a radical program? Hulten and Koshalek are planning an early exhibition devoted to the automobile and its influence on life, culture, and art in Southern California. They have in mind a similar exhibition on the

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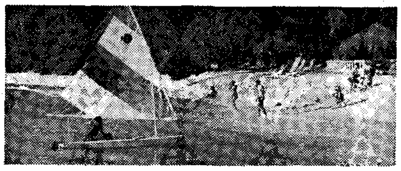

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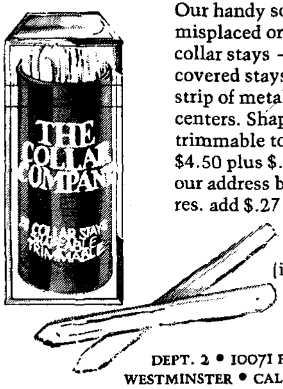

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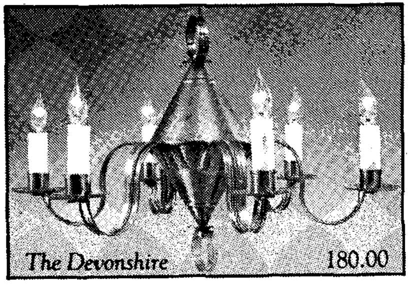

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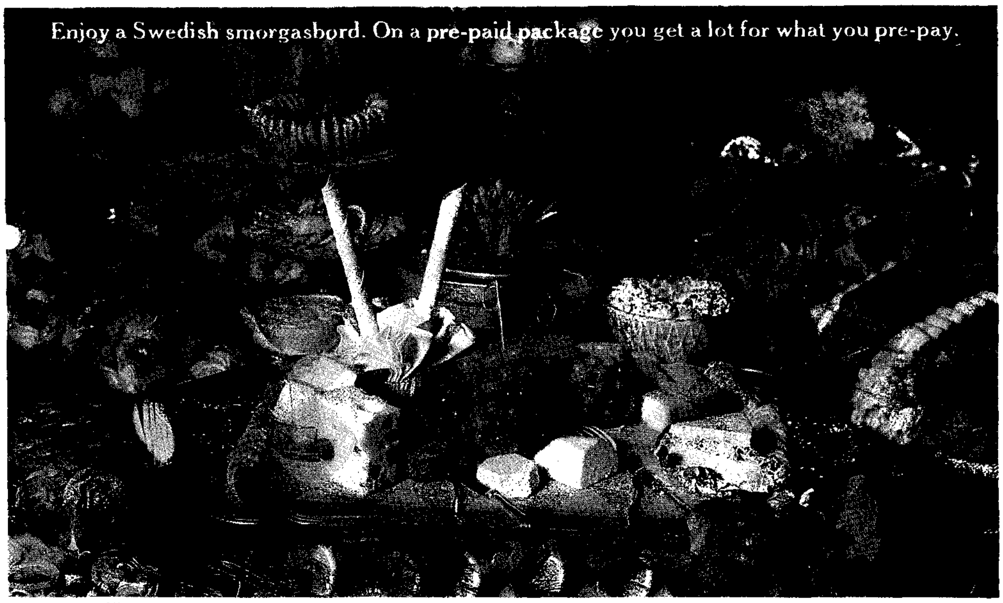
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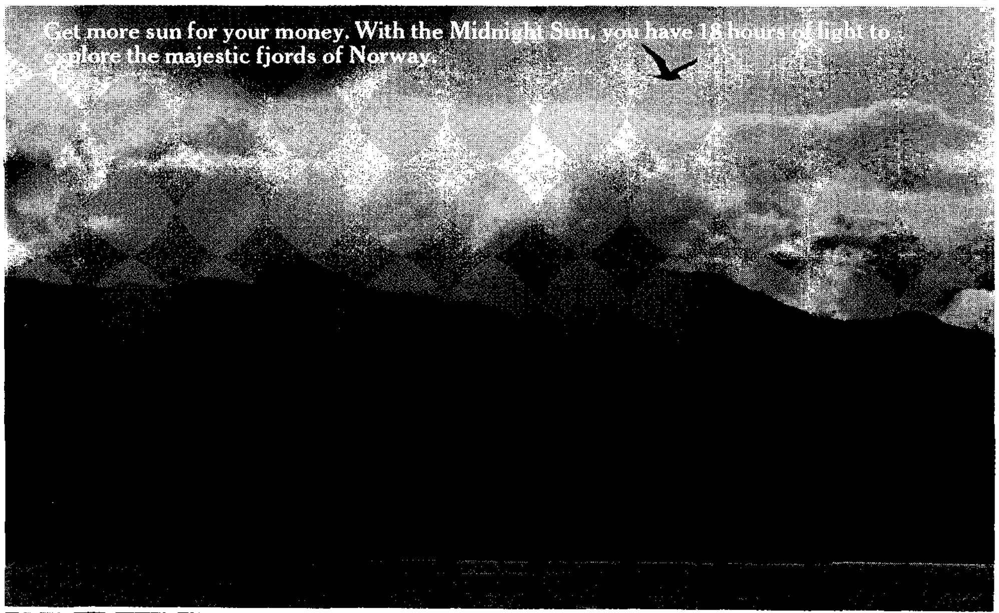
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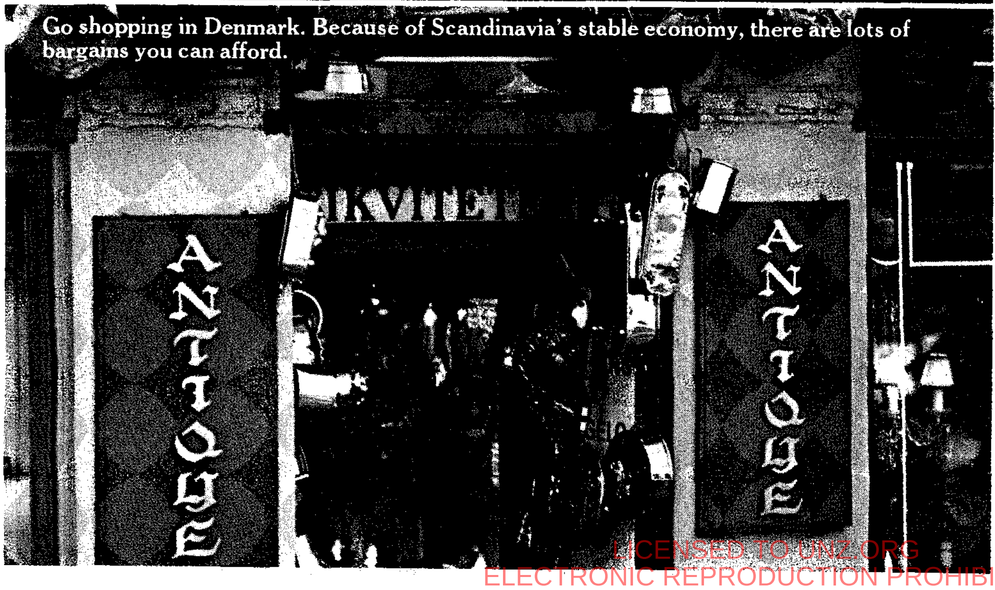
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movies—not a bad way to get on nodding terms with the Hollywood moguls. The film industry has never been particularly generous to the visual arts in California. There is a lot of money floating around in the motion-picture business, and even more in the pop-music business, but entertainment money is scared money—its possessors often worry that it may vanish overnight.

The Los Angeles County Museum, meanwhile, has come alive again, under a new director, Earl A. Powell III. Last October, the County Museum, whose municipal support shrank drastically as a result of Proposition 13, launched a capital campaign to raise twenty-seven and a half million dollars. Roughly ten million dollars of this, Powell says, will go to endow a wing for twentieth-century art, which is being built with a three-and-a-half-million-dollar gift from the Atlantic Richfield Company. (The company has pledged a million dollars to MOCA, and its new president, William Kieschnick, has just joined MOCA's board of trustees.) Although the County Museum covers all periods in art, Powell clearly intends to pay closer attention to the contemporary field than his predecessor did, and the two museums will therefore be competing for exhibitions, for works of art, and for money. Irwin and others think that the competition will be good for both.

The question of MOCA's permanent collection is up in the air at present. Marcia and Frederick Weisman are in the process of getting a divorce, and the gift of their collection has become, as they say in museum circles, somewhat problematical. Hulten has been to see Norton Simon. They discussed the possibility of future loans from Pasadena's modern collection, but Simon, who recently confused everyone by rehanging a number of the banished modern paintings in the museum, was in no mood to make promises; he is reported to be very angry about legal proceedings that have been brought against him by Robert Rowan and two other ex-trustees of the Pasadena Museum, who discovered that Simon was planning to sell some modern works from the collection (including paintings by Sam Francis and Richard Diebenkorn) and went to court to stop him. A large permanent collection, in any case, is not what Hulten and Koshalek have in mind at the moment. Although Broad has said repeatedly that MOCA will seek "primacy in the

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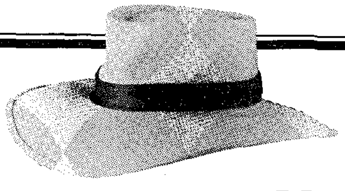
art of the last four decades," Hulten and Koshalek speak in terms of building a small, highly selective collection of key works. "My feeling is that we have to deal with the most recent, to focus on that," Koshalek told me. Irwin and Francis have been in close touch with the Artists Advisory Council on the future program. What they are doing is rethinking the idea of a modern museum in all its aspects—curatorial, educational, social, and political. Their conclusions could provoke the first significant disputes between the artists, on one side, and the (non-artist) trustees, on the other.

The board was augmented in January by four new trustees, whose names are well known in the international art world: Dominique de Menil, a major benefactress of the Beaubourg and other museums, and an art scholar whose exhibitions at the Rice University Institute for the Arts, in Houston, have attracted wide praise; Dr. Peter Ludwig, the leading West German collector of contemporary art, who has made vast donations and loans to several European museums; Count Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, Italy's preëminent collector of advanced (mostly American) art; and Seiji Tsutsumi, a Japanese industrialist, art collector, novelist, and poet. It is hoped that these glittering names will make MOCA more alluring to conservative Los Angeles money. It is also hoped—by the artists—that the new trustees' sophisticated knowledge of contemporary art will work to counter any spasms of philistine anxiety on the part of other board members once the program gets going.

The artists, at any rate, have gained a very definite sense of their own power, and they are determined to exercise that power with the developer, with the C.R.A., and, if necessary, with the trustees. They continue to meet every Monday night. It is no secret that they are preparing to push for a third seat on the board. (DeWain Valentine, who was instrumental in approaching Atlantic Richfield and whose personal fund-raising efforts have brought in half a million dollars, is the obvious candidate.) There have also been rumors that if the negotiations with the developer prove unsatisfactory, the artists might just pull out altogether, and, with the momentum that has been generated, start their own museum somewhere else. Neither Koshalek, who has been on the job full time since last December, nor Hulten, who will be commuting be-



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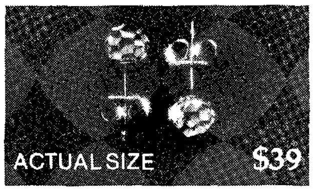

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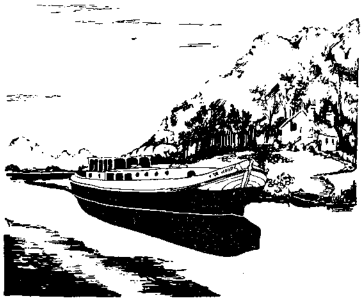

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tween Paris and Los Angeles until he leaves Beaubourg for good in September, anticipates problems in dealing with the aroused artist power bloc. "An artist can be just as objective, as fair, and as intelligent as a businessman," says Koshalek. The traditional intransigence of the artist, however, will almost surely become a factor sooner or later in a complex and protracted urban power game involving a great deal of money, with consequences that will be edifying to observe. The taste of power could conceivably have its effect on the art-making process as well. Sam Francis has been so busy with the museum project that he hasn't painted in eight months. For Irwin, who worked his way out of painting and sculpture some years ago and now does large-scale installations that involve the viewer's total perception of a site, the urban power game may be simply an art work on a larger scale.

So far, the artists have managed with amazing success to curb their natural intransigence, and to meet the business community more than halfway. "We've done things artists have never done before," as DeWain Valentine puts it. Before the first meeting of the founding board of trustees, for example, Irwin consulted with Sam Francis and decided to go out and buy a suit—the first one he had owned since he was a child. When he arrived at the meeting, Max Palevsky shook his hand and said, affably, that he would have expected the artist member to show up in some sort of costume. "You don't understand," Irwin said. "This *is* a costume."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

If the tone of the day was dire, the evening's was not. At the elegant Swedish Embassy, with its elegant ambassador and countess presiding, laureates, diplomats, scientists and members of Congress mingled beneath the crystal chandeliers, lifting crackers off the trays of gloved waiters who darted along the tapestried walls. —*Washington Post.*

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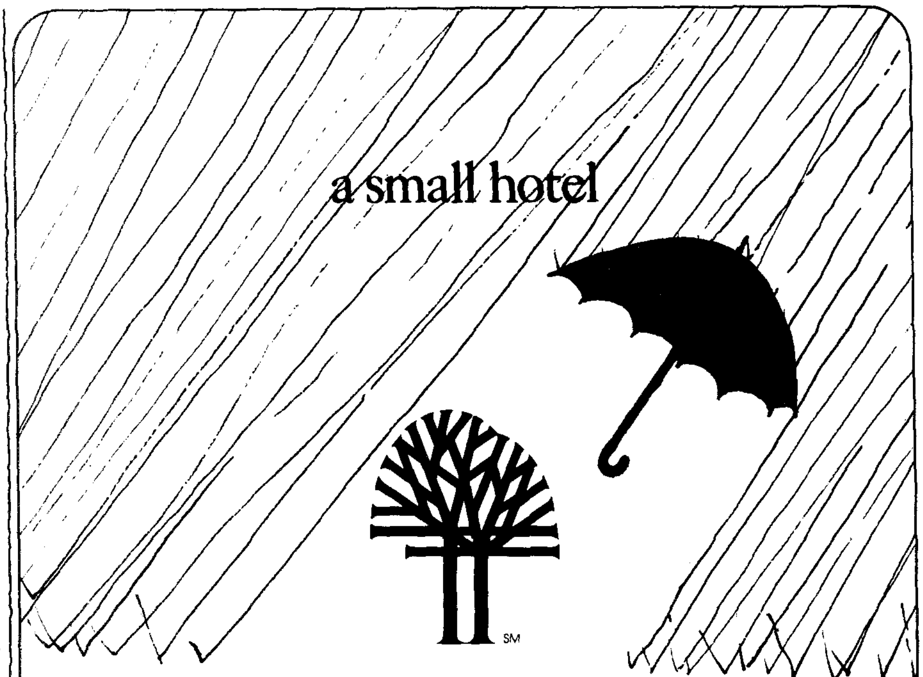
On Tuesday, residents were still enjoying mild weather and bare ground with a forecast of more of the same to come. Spring can't be too far away, at least according to Frankfort's Dave Curtis. On his way to work Monday; he was a robin in Ted Watt's apple tree on Forest Avenue. —*Benzie County (Mich.) Record-Patriot.*

What's he planning for tomorrow?



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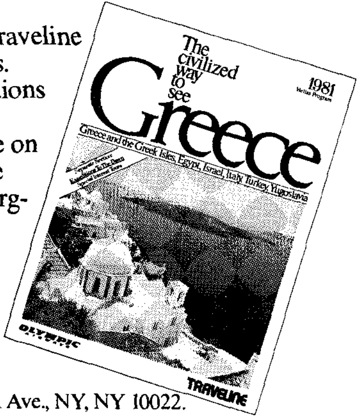

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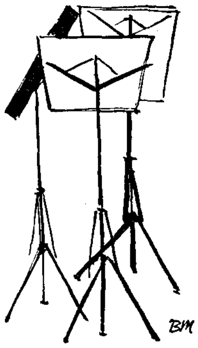
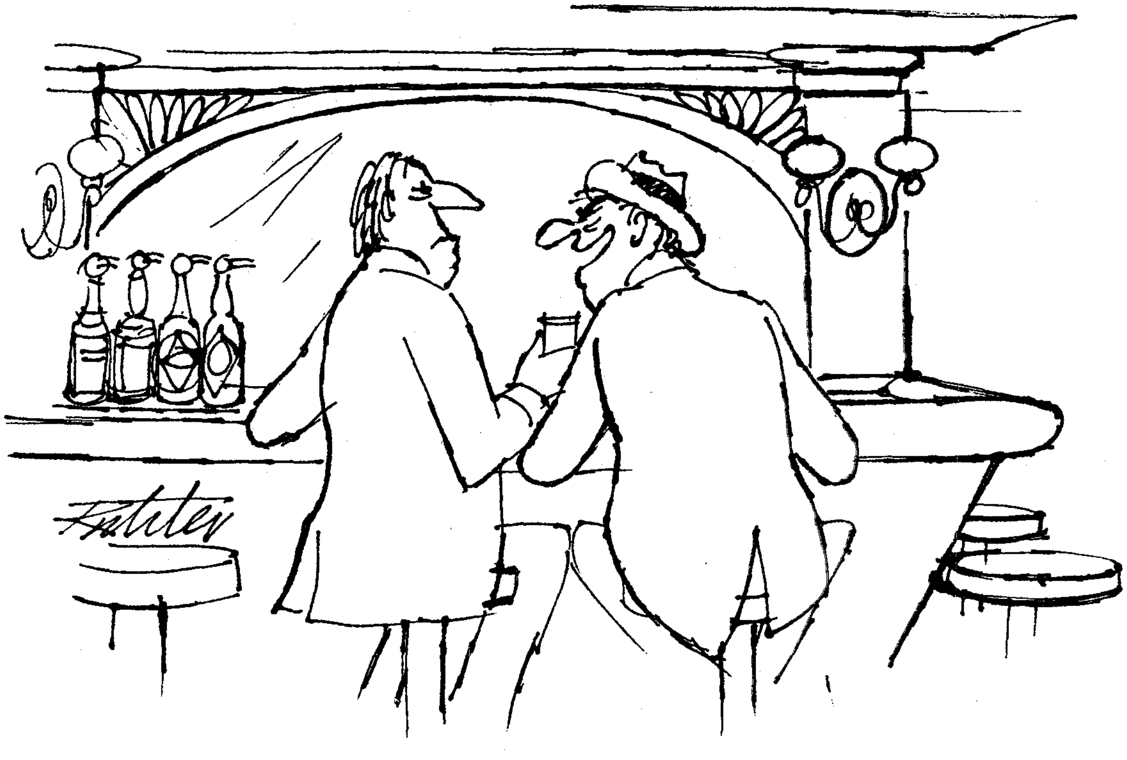


Philip Glass brought his ensemble to Town Hall last month for a four-concert retrospective that included some of his best-known pieces. The series gave no clues to his recent development: neither his latest major work, the opera “Satyagraha” (which will be staged in Brooklyn later this year), nor a smaller piece such as the organ solo “Fourth Series, Part 4” was included. But for the first time in New York since its American première, at the Met in 1976, “Einstein on the Beach” was given complete—twice, in concert form. The complete “Music in 12 Parts” filled one long evening. And the other program consisted of “Music in Similar Motion,” “Music with Changing Parts,” and two sections from the 1979 “Dance.” I heard “Einstein” and “Music in 12 Parts.” In both, the stage picture mirrored some of the most compelling aspects of the music. It was very still, very undemonstrative. The configuration was simple: two keyboard players (Mr. Glass and Michael Riesman, on electric organs) faced each other across the stage; next to one of them sat a singer (Iris Hiskey, who in “Music in 12 Parts” also contributed a keyboard part); lined up between them were four wind players (Jon Gibson, Jack Kripl, Richard Landry, and Richard Peck), who doubled on flutes, clarinet, and saxophones. In “Einstein,” there was also a chorus, crowded onto a small rostrum at stage left. The only movement among the musicians occurred when the wind players changed instruments, and when people who were not required to play drifted unobtrusively off the stage. The mood was that of a liturgical ritual, spiced with a dash of pagan magic. The high priest was Mr. Glass, who controlled the proceedings; he walked onstage bearing that icon of contemporary culture a pocket calculator; he sat, and the music began—a long, loud, and repetitive incantation. Then, with an apocalyptic lunge of his head, he signalled to the players, and after some puzzling moments, when nothing seemed to happen, the music shifted into a new gear.

“Music in 12 Parts,” which was written between 1971 and 1974, takes to the limit Mr. Glass’s obsession with repeated thematic and harmonic fragments subtly altered and boldly juxtaposed. The piece was given in four groups of three parts. Each “part” lasts fifteen or twenty minutes and explores a limited idea with an exhausting thoroughness. I did not find the work hypnotic or trance-inducing. On the contrary, Mr. Glass’s constructions build up tensions that become almost unbearable; they are released only to build up more tension. It’s like the winding up, in slow motion, of a very stiff clock. In Mr. Glass’s music, of course, there’s nothing so satisfying as releasing the winder and seeing the clock tick happily for the rest of the day. The music stops dead, and your ears are battered by the noisiest, heaviest silence you have ever heard. The style of “Music in 12 Parts” is energetic, predominantly loud, and gritty. The rhythms are powerful. Certain sounds recur: bright, steely chords in the top register of the organ, with pounding, quickly moving ostinatos in the bass; nonsense syllables in the voice chirruping over solid, sustained chord sequences. The later parts become more complex. In Part 9, running unison octaves mark out scales that are noticeably more chromatic than the bright diatonic sounds of earlier parts; in the final parts, new combinations of themes are used and harmonies change more quickly, and in Part 12 there is a feeling of blossoming, of striving toward the infinite. Mr. Glass writes in a program note that harmonic development and rhythmic development are here separate—the harmony moves toward a chromatic bass line, while the rhythmic structure enlarges from a thirty-two-note figure to one of two hundred and fourteen notes. The individual playing and Miss Hiskey’s singing were brilliant. There seemed to be some moments of doubt at transition points, and some small untidinesses; Miss Hiskey abandoned her nonsense syllables briefly in Part 5 to



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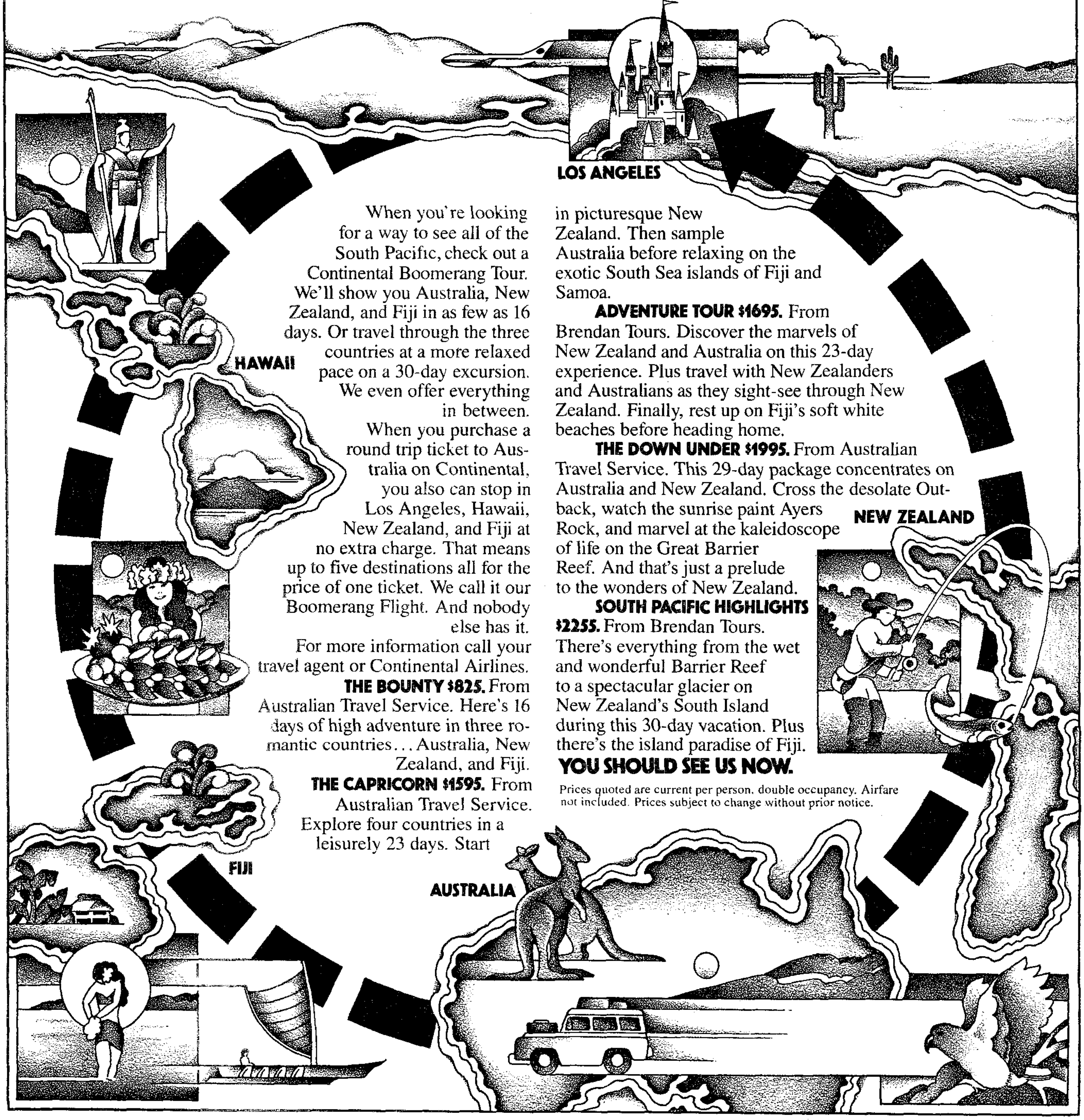

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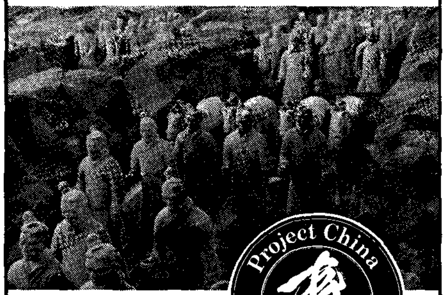

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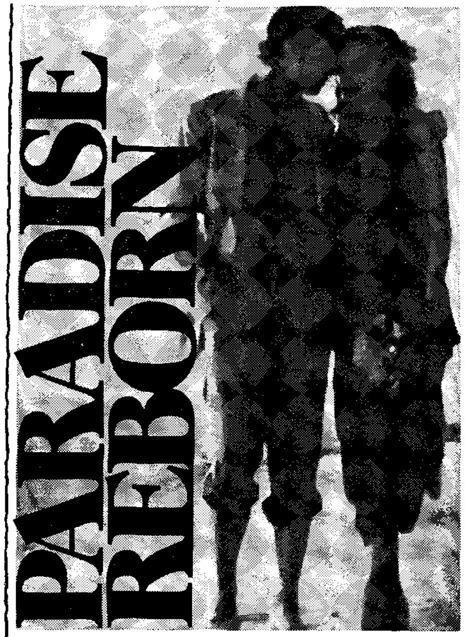
orient herself with a firm "One-two-three-four." But these moments gave a human face to the mechanized ritual.

"Einstein" was conceived as an equal collaboration between the composer and a visual artist, Robert Wilson. The score uses all the techniques developed in "Music in 12 Parts," but there is more variety. The nine "scenes" of the four operatic "acts" are counterpointed by five sections described as "knee plays." These feature a violin soloist (the superb Paul Zukofsky) and the chorus. The lyrical sequential chains of solo-violin writing and the expressionless staccato chanting of rhythmic shapes by the choir provide a strong contrast to the busy ostinatos of the operatic acts. The sense of discontinuity in the music is strong. Moreover, we are invited to recall musical thematic ideas in a way that seems to contradict the "timelessness" of the score. In the first scene of the first act, a "main theme" is announced—an ingenious five-chord sequence that begins in F minor and ends in E major. In the last scene of the last act, this theme is heard in such a straightforward form that it becomes banal; the chorale-like cadence of its close resounds on the electric organs in an uncomfortably ecclesiastical manner. The same theme is more subtly used in the second, third, and fourth "knee plays." All the visual elements of the opera were absent in this concert version. Hence, the function of the thematic reminiscences—to identify the main pictorial images in Mr. Wilson's scheme (a train, a trial, and a spaceship)—was lost. Also missing were substantial spoken texts that in the stage production were delivered sotto voce over some of the music. Their absence changes considerably the nature of communication in "Einstein." The concert version is wholly nonverbal; plot dissolves into the music. Quite how Mr. Glass manages to make it all cohere, how he succeeds in not boring us, in not annoying us, I find it difficult to say. But this version of the opera was absorbing and powerful.

Town Hall was packed for "Einstein," and was well filled for "Music in 12 Parts." In view of how little this splendid, dingy auditorium is used for musical events these days, the audience-drawing power of the Philip Glass Ensemble was reassuring. If negotiations currently under way with National Public Radio bear fruit, Town Hall will be redecorated and will become a regular home for broadcast concerts. It is ideal for such an arrangement: its



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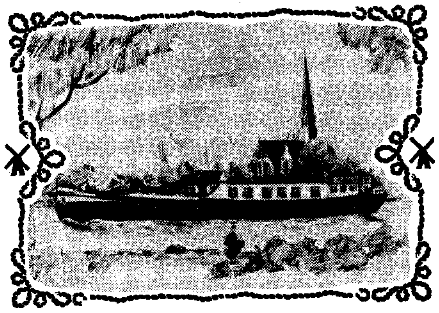

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THE collaboration of Town Hall and National Public Radio was one of several sensible proposals made by Mr. Glass's former collaborator Steve Reich in a paper given in January to the Conference on Contemporary Music, at the 92nd Street Y. In considering the composer's lot and how to improve it, Mr. Reich also suggested increasing funds to the Meet the Composer series, encouraging orchestras to mount new-music concerts along the lines of the San Francisco Symphony's recently inaugurated New and Unusual Music programs, and lobbying for a radio tax of five dollars per taxpayer per year. This last proposal would establish American radio on something nearer the European model, with funds to promote concerts and pay musicians reasonable fees. Mr. Reich also included in his paper a declaration of confidence: "I would like to point out that the myth of there being no audience for new music is simply that: a myth. . . . There is a very large, often young audience for new music, and a lively concert presented at any one of a number of locations in this country will draw them out in large numbers." This was one of the few practical and optimistic papers delivered at the conference. Modernism "has failed us," the composer George Rochberg declared. "By 1965-70 it became abundantly clear that thought had been replaced by sensation, imagination by manipulation . . . music had grown cold, abstract, intellectual and desiccated." The critic Samuel Lipman referred to "today's mood of apathy, cultural pessimism, and anomie," and said that "the present evidence of the musical scene suggests that times once were better." This weariness seems to me misplaced. There are, of course, conservative musical institutions that attract conservative audiences—and among those, for all its heart-searching in this conference, the 92nd Street Y must be numbered. But, ranging from The Kitchen, the Dia Art Foundation, and the Third Street School Music Settlement, through Carnegie Recital Hall and the Abraham Goodman House, to Symphony Space and Columbia University, there are halls that consistently attract audiences to concerts of unfamiliar music.

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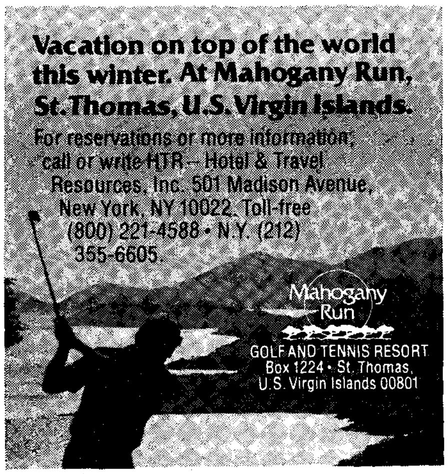

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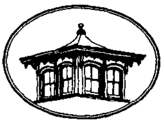

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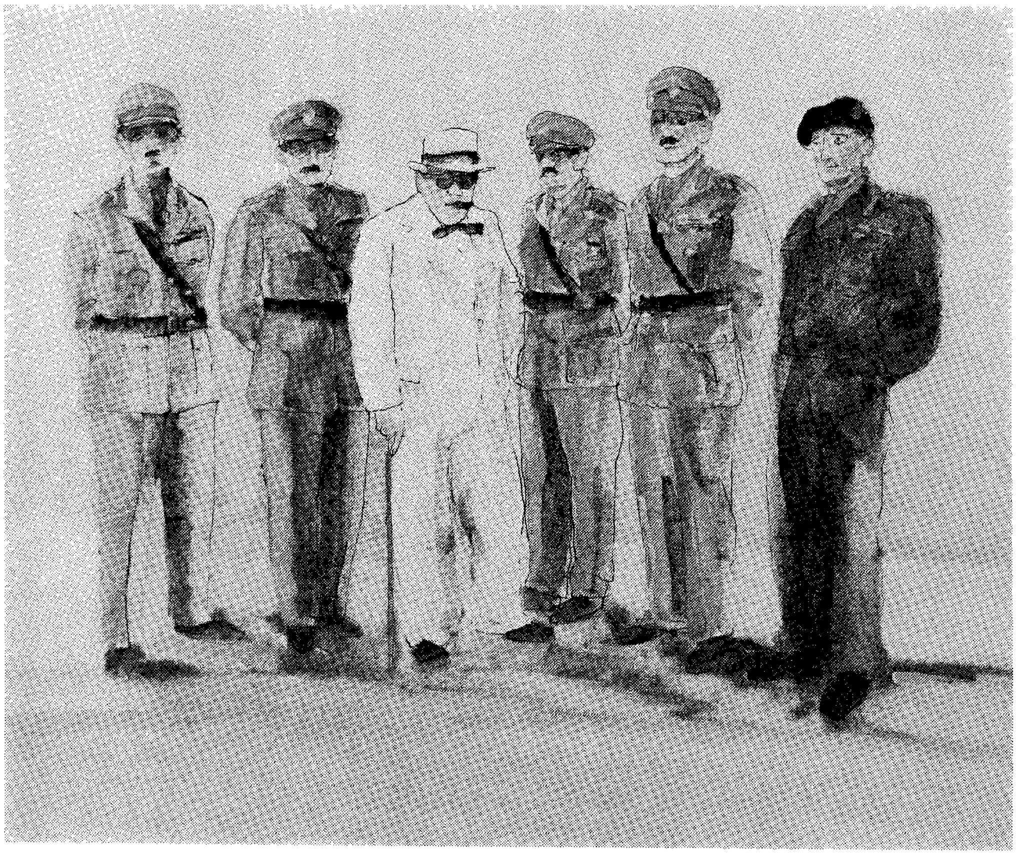

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Music Consort at Carnegie Recital Hall, the auditorium was filled. The ingenuity and sensitivity of the program planning were outstanding. The Consort offered a New York revival of "Syringa," one of Elliott Carter's densest and most challenging scores; an early John Cage-Lou Harrison collaboration; a piece by a neglected master, Stefan Wolpe; and local premières of works by Michael Cherry and Jeffrey Mumford. The Cage-Harrison "Double Music," for percussion quartet, made an entrancing start, slowly brought to life by the humming of a Japanese temple gong and elaborated with exotic percussive noise. Wolpe's Quartet, for trumpet, saxophone, percussion, and piano, was dour, in spite of attempts at lightheartedness. Both the recent works were of interest. Mr. Cherry's "Consort Music," for flute, clarinet, and cello, was carefully organized, spikily effective, often striking in its combinations of the instruments' registers, but never quite memorable in its material. Mr. Mumford's "Frammenti Sospesi Nella Grotta," for percussion and piano, was more complex; in its fleeting give-and-take between the two players, its sudden alterations of pace and mood, and its vivid, angular harmonic language, it seemed to owe much to Mr. Carter's technique in his Duo for Violin and Piano. All the performances were excellent.

THE Juilliard School's Festival of Contemporary Music was, as I remarked a couple of weeks ago, limited in its scope, but two good works were presented in its final concerts. "Medea," by Ronald Caltabiano, was a fierce little dramatic cantata for soprano and twelve instruments, to a text by the composer. The music showed an enviable command of pacing, structure, and word setting. The text is strangely blunt, its poeticisms forced ("Do not, oh my heart, do not commit this abomination"), yet its clarity serves the composer well. The vocal line, which was finely delivered by Gail Dobish, can climb or sink, rush or linger, break through the ensemble or meditate alone. The instrumental writing is strenuously demanding but clearly imagined, with plenty of rests, so detail can penetrate. At twenty-one, Mr. Caltabiano was the youngest composer represented in the Festival; he must be accounted a promising new voice. In the final concert, Donald Martino's Concerto for Violincello and Orchestra was introduced to New York. At first, I found it arid, made

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with Mr. Martino's habitual scrupulous care but lacking passion or purpose. Yet as the work developed, and, in particular, as the intricate writing for solo cello took wing in the brilliant playing of Joel Krosnick, the music began to exert a hold; in a long, agitated section, a virtuosic cadenza for the soloist, and a final rush to the last bar, it became gripping. The Juilliard Symphony, which was crowded onto the Tully Hall stage, played lucidly, under Gerhard Samuel. The audience shouted its appreciation.

THE Philharmonic pursues its efforts to introduce new scores to its audiences. In three recent series of concerts, the programs began with a première. Leonard Bernstein gave the local première of the Quintets of Lukas Foss and, the following week, of "Sunday Morning," by Ned Rorem; Zubin Mehta gave the world première of George Walker's "In Praise of Folly." I missed the Foss. The Rorem was pretty. A nostalgic, gentle picture in eight scenes suggested by phrases from the Wallace Stevens poem, it was full of neatly woven orchestral textures and imaginative, often languorous melodic fragments. Mr. Bernstein conducted it sympathetically, without flamboyance; he also did well by Aaron Copland's marvellously crisp and characterful "Quiet City." "In Praise of Folly," which at a later performance was televised "Live from Lincoln Center," was a recent piece, reworked from an earlier score; it was not a Philharmonic commission. Unfortunately, it did not justify its wide audience. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

Von Sydow has two other films ready for release. One is "Death Watch," with Harvey Keitel, a bizarre tale that is set in the future and concerns a man who had a television camera implanted in his eye socket. The other is "Escape to Victory," with Sylvester Stallone, one of those all-star international pictures about prisoners of war who escape during a soccer match.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.*

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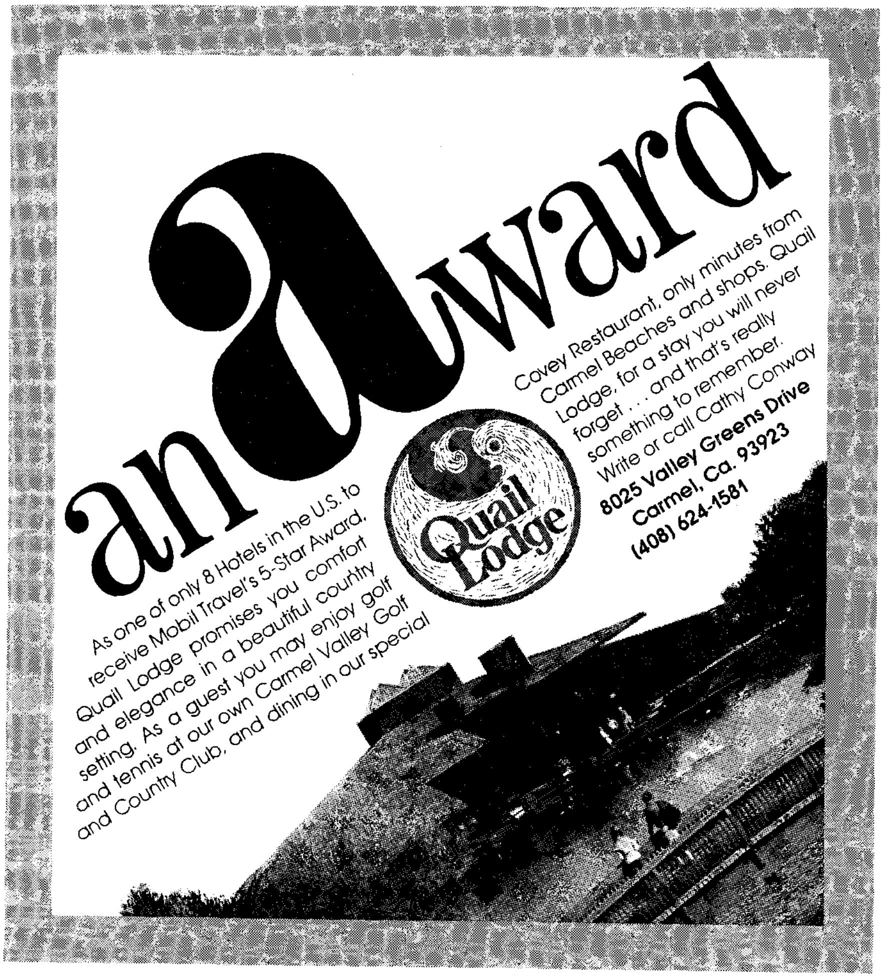

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BOOKS

Escape from England

THERE is a pecking order for travellers and those who write about travel. At the top are the explorers, the sainted masochists of dangerous journeys to the undiscovered; at the bottom are the millions of today's tourists (we ourselves), slaves of what Lévi-Strauss has called the "monoculture" of the modern world, who are delivered in planeloads to the sites that have become "pure cliché"—Sunny Spain and all that. Mediating between these extreme types is the independent traveller, who hopes not to be taken for a mere tourist and slogs along enjoying his discomfort, out for adventure and carrying with him a mind "working in history," whether he writes or not. If the explorer is a hero, even a Ulysses, the serious traveller is an "original" or a romantic who finds "abroad" the liberty to project part of a self that has been up to now imprisoned. These definitions I have taken in paraphrase from a unique, witty, and inquiring study of the literature of travel, "Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars," by Paul Fussell (Oxford; $14.95). For him, this particular period is pretty well the final burst of travel writing as an informal art. Since then, as Evelyn Waugh said in a preface to "When the Going Was Good," shades of the prison house have fallen upon geography and upon the literate travel writer, who despises the brochures, bright articles, etc., and writes for himself. "Abroad" is indeed a "vogue" word of that time.

On the surface, Fussell's subtitle sounds too exclusive in stressing the British contribution, for a diaspora or flight from home was as general among clever young Americans and Europeans after 1918. The names of Eliot, Pound, Miller, Hemingway, and Wilson appear and join Norman Douglas, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Osbert Sitwell, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, Robert Byron, George Orwell, and dozens of others. The longing for the sun, for the exotic, for another kind of attitude to life sorted well with the rise of "modernism" in literature and the arts at the beginning of the century. The stress on the British is natural, though perhaps a shade flattering. If the gates of travel have really closed on *them*, the loss to literature will be heavy: a long and powerful tradition will fizzle out. The British do have, as Fussell says, a special, idiosyncratic distinction in their long line of travelling writers, whose dominant note has been "a powerful strain of lawless eccentricity and flagrant individualism." The pride in the tightness of the little island must be set against the determination to get away from it. We are not drifting globe-trotters but are seized by a passion.

There have been many theories about the British compulsion that—if we put explorers and adventurers aside—has produced such instructed travellers as the quarrelsome Smollett, the deedy Boswell, the elegant Kinglake, the rough-tongued Burton, and the exalted Doughty, not to mention Lord Byron, the decorous Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, or such women as Hester Stanhope, Mary Kingsley, and Freya Stark. The impulse to "get out" is national. At the lowest level, the common explanation is that we cannot stand our gray, wet climate, though we are never tired of singing about its sportive, tender, and character-building variety of sun and showers. Fussell protests that our climate is temperate and really rather agreeable and that the countries we like to go to suffer from violent and calculable extremes of monotonous heat or cold or horrible winds. A more serious theory is that island peoples, with no land frontiers, suffer from claustrophobia. Our own island is so densely populated, and social obligation therefore so intense, that it is restricting to the ego. We are the snobs of privacy, yet we feel that a sea frontier entitles us to burst into boundlessness. Land frontiers seem comic or arbitrary to us, and when we meet them they arouse our aggressive true-blue sense of social comedy: "Wogs begin at Calais." There is more truth in the explanation that for well over two hundred years British imperialism was, in Fussell's words, "wildly successful," and encouraged the inborn appetite. I lean, rather, to the historical theory

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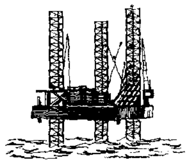

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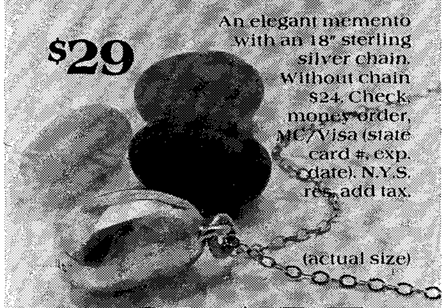
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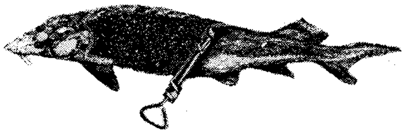
of Christopher Sykes, our Persian traveller. The distinction of British travel writing may have its roots in the "unease" that we feel, he says, in "residing on the outskirts of the Roman Empire" and in "being teased by a Germanic suspicion" that "we are not wholly satisfactory" and are still barbarians living half outside Western civilization; this led the British in the nineteenth century to the compensating judgment that "what happens outside their native land is the work of rogues." The sentiment crops up not only among writers but in all classes, usually in the form of sardonic or playacting humor: rogues are engaging, but you'd better stand no nonsense from them. Fussell goes so far as to connect our travel writing with the intense sense of social comedy in our thriving class system, in which each class thinks the other classes bizarre. Travellers like Flaubert, Gide, and Lévi-Strauss, he points out, are admirable but too set in their intellectual precisions to be thinkable in our British tradition. The French can't travel without a strict sense of intellectual proposition; the few who do travel trail their culture like a climbing vine over what is exotic. The British curiosity was empirical, and in the nineteenth century added, according to Anthony Powell, highly personal dramas of "ill-temper" and "determination to stop at absolutely nothing." Norman Douglas thought our travelling writers did better than the French not simply because our sense of genre was more nonchalant—discursive essays, autobiography, diaries, social criticism, complaints, and homilies could be thrown in—but because we had a "commendable distrust of authority" and let ourselves go to the extremes of individualism: our flight from the national privacy and ennui, the British malady.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, the gestures of British travel writing had begun to change. This is clear in E. M. Forster, who found the imperial confidence patriotically conventional, bad-hearted, and neurotic. After the 1914 war, when confidence cracked—Ezra Pound said we were in a state of "utter dithering deliquescence"—the travellers of the twenties and thirties either were satirical (Evelyn Waugh) or were in rebellion against Victorianism. "Abroad" was physically and spiritually refreshing; the repressed libido broke out. Also, Mediterranean cultures were untarnished by the ugliness and emotional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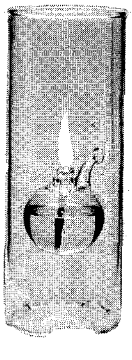
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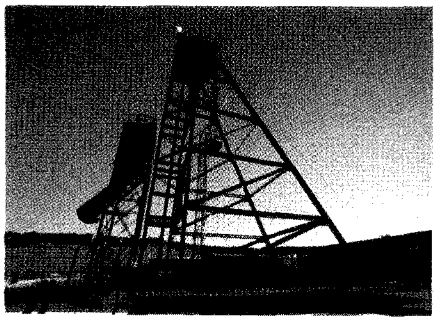

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impoverishment of British industrialism. D. H. Lawrence travelled to heal a sick self, which had been split, and had lost the primitive virtues and the pagan "wholeness." Earlier, Norman Douglas had gone in for guiltless sexual pleasure; the young men and women of the twenties were hedonists and artists getting away from the puritanism of British and American life or from their own upper-class training. A young Bloomsbury figure like Gerald Brenan turned scholar-gypsy, took vows of poverty, and walked to Yugoslavia, and later settled in the mountains south of Granada to live "with the people"—but taking a scholar's library with him. A Borrovian eccentric who travelled rough in Morocco and Spain, Brenan is today, at eighty-six, an undoubted authority on the Spanish people and their history, arts, and literature. No conventional "rogue" hunter he. A younger traveller, Patrick Leigh Fermor, thought (as did my generation and Brenan's) that the only rewarding way for an intelligent man to travel was on foot, and tramped across Europe to Istanbul. He was no idle hippie. Hardship and intense interest in all classes of people and in alien cultures were essential to the adventure—anything to get away from the native complacencies. When I myself, more obscurely, walked across Spain, I concealed such knowledge as I had of Spanish history, literature, and art in order to absorb the life of a people; for Graham Greene in Liberia and later in Mexico, to see landscape or life at its desolate roots—to test himself and his conscience in the wilderness—was part of the impulse to escape. Fussell examines the books that ensued and sharply analyzes each man's impelling fantasy—escape from England, yes, but into other rewarding confrontations with oneself. He is no heavy Germanic theorizer; he labors at no doctrine. He discriminates: although the young D. H. Lawrence may not have saved his soul, he had a marvellous sense of place—above all, in "Twilight in Italy" and "The Sea and Sardinia," and in Australia. (But he was not up to scratch in Mexico.) His "Studies in Classic American Literature" was really a travel book written before he had been to America. Fussell does not much care for the group travels of Auden, MacNeice, and Isherwood and that period, chiefly because of the in-jokes: better to travel alone or with a silent, almost invisible partner. Not all the interwar writers were haters of En-

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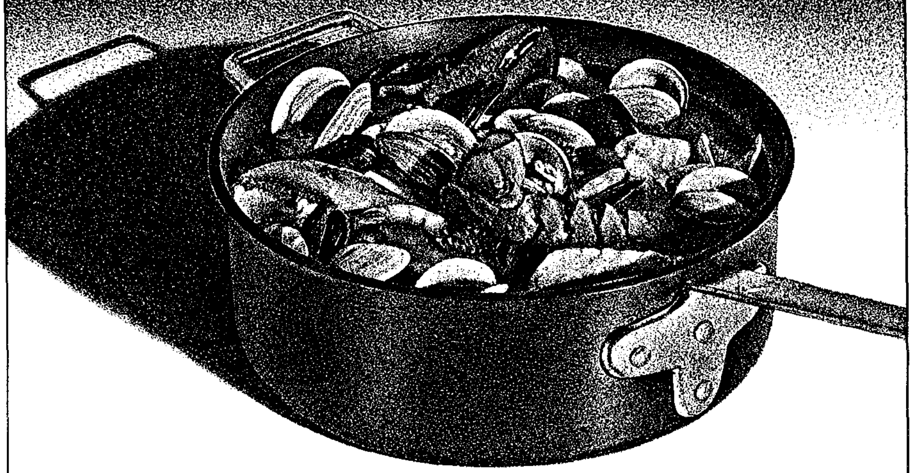

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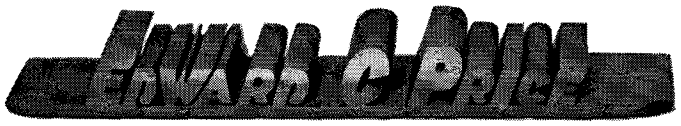

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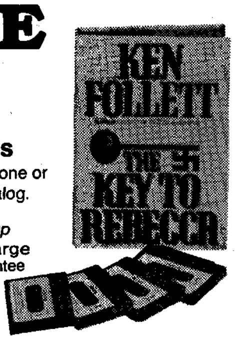

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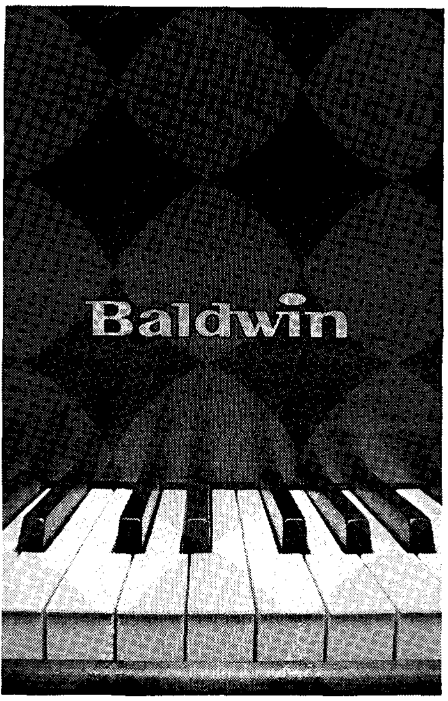
gland. Peter Fleming was not; his originality lay in the fun he had with the clichés of the travel writing done by the empire-builders. And Waugh, outside his novels, was a sympathetic moralist.

Fussell's own hero is Robert Byron, whose bold "The Byzantine Achievement" infuriated the guardians of the Greek classics at Oxford in the twenties. (An unknown and learned reader wrote in the margin of my library copy remarks like "What rot this boy talks," on page after page.) Byron was a robust, scholarly, and energetic traveller given to twentyish mockery of authority; choleric or cool, as was required, he took the illnesses, dangers, and intrigues of rough travel in his stride. It was typical of him to say that he enjoyed Russia because it made him pugnacious; but the Middle East, and especially Persia, fed his sensibility and challenged his nerve. One thinks of things like his successful plot to get into the forbidden shrine at Meshed in disguise: a dangerous farce in which he appears as a dirty beggar—with his companion, Christopher Sykes, as a coughing consumptive—but changes into a lyrical examiner of the precious walls and dome of the shrine. He was avid for any relic of Byzantine art. "The Road to Oxiana," his account of journeys with Sykes from Beirut through Jerusalem, Iraq, and Iran to Afghanistan in 1933 and 1934, is a masterpiece of committed travel; its style ranges from the satirical to the passionate, from the learned to the poetic. Fussell gives this book the rank of "Ulysses" or "The Waste Land" in the literature of travel, on the ground that the narrative is a sort of collage in which the widest variety of material is "winningly" juxtaposed with rhetoric and passages of deadpan comic dialogue. As a master, Byron really prolongs the tradition of Kinglake's "Eothen." He hated the Westernization of Persia under the dictatorship of Reza Shah Pahlevi, whom he delightfully dubbed Marjoribanks—a name impenetrable to non-English pronunciation—in case the police got hold of his diaries. Yet if he laughs at others he laughs at himself. He is an insinuating, worldly diplomat in dealing with important officials, but he can put on the "foreigner-as-a-rogue" act in the proper manner:

> Poor old Marjoribanks is so sensitive to European comment that revenge is easy. But the satisfaction of driving a senile megalomaniac into a tantrum is not much



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compensation for the destruction of one's immediate pleasure in the country.

There is a first-class row with a distinguished German archeologist at Persepolis who thought he could prevent Byron from taking architectural photographs. Byron challenged the German scholar's claim to have a monopoly, and demanded to see "the wording of your concession;" otherwise, Byron said curtly, he would use force—"Please choose your means."

Byron's descriptive prose is imaginative and runs close to his quick eye for changes of shape and color:

> After Akcha, the colour of the landscape changed from lead to aluminum, pallid and deathly, as if the sun had been sucking away its gaiety for thousands and thousands of years; for this was now the plain of Balkh, and Balkh, they say, is the oldest city in the world. The clumps of green trees, the fountain-shaped tufts of coarse cutting grass, stood out almost black against this mortal tint. Sometimes we saw a field of barley; it was ripe, and Turcomans, naked to the waist, were reaping it with sickles. But it was not brown or gold, telling of Ceres, of plenty. It seemed to have turned prematurely white, like the hair of a madman—to have lost its nourishment. And from these acred cerements, first on the north and then on the south of the road, rose the worn grey-white shapes of a bygone architecture, mounds furrowed and bleached by the rain and sun, wearier than any human works I ever saw: a twisted pyramid, a tapering platform, a clump of battlements, a crouching beast, all familiars of the Bactrian Greeks, and of Marco Polo after them.

These ruins ought to have vanished, but the sun had "called out the obstinacy of their ashen clay."

The traveller is a man who is "a slave to his senses," Byron says. "His grasp of a fact can only be complete when reinforced by sensory evidence; he can know the world, in fact, only when he sees, hears and smells." And Fussell adds that the characteristic English traveller of this period is a "hypertrophied freak of English empiricism." Fussell believes, as I have said, that real travel has been almost destroyed by mass tourism and the bureaucratization of the modern world. The blessed days before 1914, when passports and visas were unknown, are done for. He grants that Paul Theroux's "The Great Railway Bazaar" is the real thing; there has been Bruce Chatwin in Patagonia, and V. S. Naipaul's angered journeys in India. Lévi-Strauss said in 1974 that now when we travel we see "our own filth thrown into the face of mankind." Fussell's conclusion is that books of literary travel, which were essentially a mixture of essay, auto-

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biography, and romance on the move, are becoming a genre that begins to look quaint. He calls his book an elegy, but his detached and often ironical examination of a dying form is so rich in talented names and so absorbing that it may well stir a revival of eccentricity—a war against travel posters and the mere guidebook or the armchair lure of the pictures on television. I find it hard to believe that the British will surrender to their island claustrophobia and be morosely content to keep their madness at home. I can think of many insubordinate cases.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

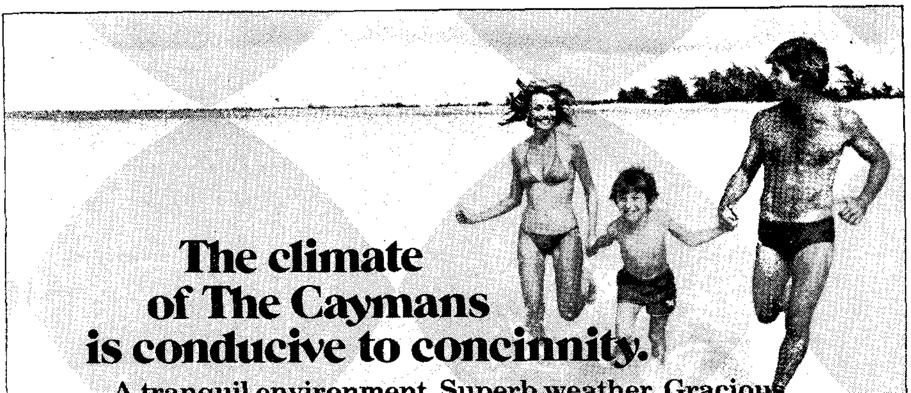
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HENRY ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, by David R. Contosta (Little, Brown; $10.95). A concise entry in the Library of American Biography, this excellent volume discusses a man whose contributions to our history were less, perhaps, than they might have been because his ancestors' contributions were so great. (His great-grandfather was John Adams, and his grandfather was John Quincy Adams.) Henry Adams (1838-1918) rendered valuable diplomatic service during the Civil War, when he served as secretary to his father, Charles Francis Adams, Ambassador to England, and helped keep the British from favoring the Confederacy. In the postwar years, Adams was a journalist, and for a while combined editing the *North American Review* with teaching history at Harvard. He was a supporter of the reform movements of the period—he fought the spoils system, for example—but he did not participate in politics except by criticism. Mr. Contosta seeks reasons for Adams' aloofness and concludes that he was by nature withdrawn, contemplative, and (outside of a narrow circle) either shy or contemptuous; he would not have made a politician in any epoch.

THE RISE OF THE ANGLO-GERMAN ANTAGONISM, 1860-1914, by Paul M. Kennedy (Allen & Unwin; $60). This superb scholarly work recalls that in 1860 the British, having supported the unification of Italy, favored the unification of Germany, in the expectation that it would bring stability and prosperity to all Europe. Great Britain was industrially much more advanced than Germany, but two-way emigration and international marriages linked the business communities of the two countries as well as their ruling dynasties. How and why Britain and Germany fell out is a sad story, which Mr. Kennedy goes over step by step. Personalities counted for more on the German side, because Germany was autocratic: Edward VII played a lesser part in creating the Anglo-French entente than did the threatening acts of Bismarck and Wilhelm II. Economics mattered to both sides—the world-wide depression that lasted, with a few intermissions, from the eighteen-seventies through the nineties increased competition for foreign markets and colonies. What finally turned British popular opinion against Germany was Germany's decision to build a fighting fleet that had no strategic excuse except an assault on England. Mr. Kennedy is aware of the perils of hindsight, yet he cannot help showing ways that Wilhelmine Germany prefigured Hitler's Germany.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, by Charles Lyte (David & Charles, North Pomfret, Vermont; $32). An objective account, thoroughly researched and neatly written, of the chief events of the long life of the rich and landed pioneer English botanist and man of science who served for forty-one years as president of the influential Royal Society. Banks (1744-1820), for all the considerable impact he made on his time, has not been much written about, and Mr. Lyte's study is very welcome. Like Darwin and his fruitful voyage on the Beagle, Banks also enjoyed as a young man an experience that inspired and shaped his remarkable career: he sailed, as an amateur botanist of twenty-four, with Captain Cook on the Endeavour on the famous voyage of 1768-71, which discovered New Zealand and the east coast of Australia. Mr. Lyte, an English journalist and (usefully) a horticulturist, rightly gives nearly half of his book to that stirring adventure and to Banks' tireless botanizing at every landing along the way (his collection, which numbered thousands of specimens of plants, insects, rocks, soils, shells, fish, and native artifacts, strained the shelves of the Royal Society), and it all comes nicely alive through an adroit use of Banks' vivid journals. "The country," Banks noted of Australia, "tho' in general well clothed, ap-



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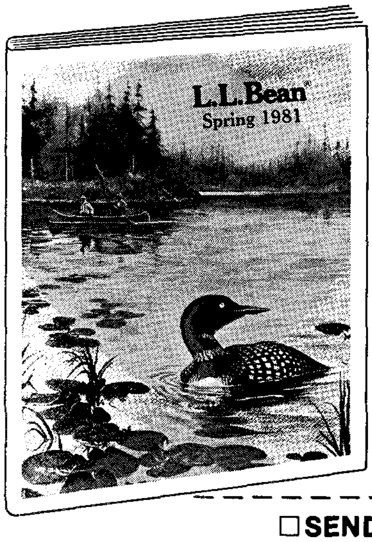

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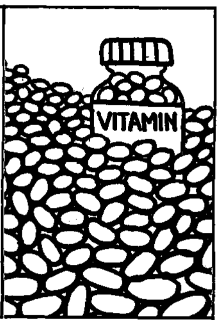

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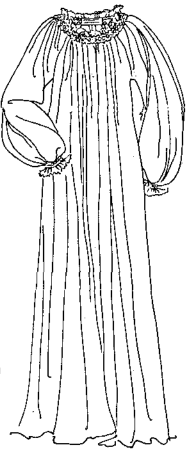

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peared in some places bare. It resembled in my imagination the back of a lean cow, covered in general with long hair, but nevertheless where her scraggy hip bones have stuck out farther than they ought, accidental rubs and knocks have entirely bared them of their share of covering." Many illustrations.

THE GOLDEN CALM: AN ENGLISH LADY'S LIFE IN MOGHUL DELHI, edited by M. M. Kaye (Viking; $25). This beautiful book reproduces more than a hundred paintings of Old Delhi as it was before the Indian Mutiny of 1857. They were commissioned in the eighteen-forties from native artists by Sir Thomas Metcalfe, the British Resident and Agent to the Governor-General at the Moghul Court, and accompanying them are the reminiscences of Sir Thomas's daughter Emily, who was born in India in 1830, went to England for her education in 1835, and in 1848 returned to Delhi, where she married in 1850. Miss Metcalfe had a very keen eye for detail wherever she was, and she has left an irreplaceable memoir of the daily life of well-connected children in England and of English adults in India. Splendor there, she observed, was far easier to attain than comfort: the Metcalfes' grand residence was an inferno in summer, and they shared their gorgeous garden with cobras.

PUCCINI, by Howard Greenfeld (Putnam; $16.95). The author tells us in his introduction that it is time for a new biography of Puccini (1858-1924) because more than a thousand of his letters have come to light in recent years—Mr. Greenfeld himself uncovered a cache of more than two hundred. It was in 1893, with "Manon Lescaut," that Puccini had his first smash hit (and, incidentally, his last critical success; all his other operas—"La Bohème," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly"—were damned by the critics, though adored by the public). Puccini always felt uneasy about his place in music: he was regarded as the successor to Verdi, but he admired Wagner. He competed with Richard Strauss and studied with sympathy the works of such newcomers as Arnold Schoenberg, and all the while he wondered if his own, accessible music was old-fashioned. He had endless trouble with his librettists; his marriage was miserable and his love affairs not much happier; he fretted when he

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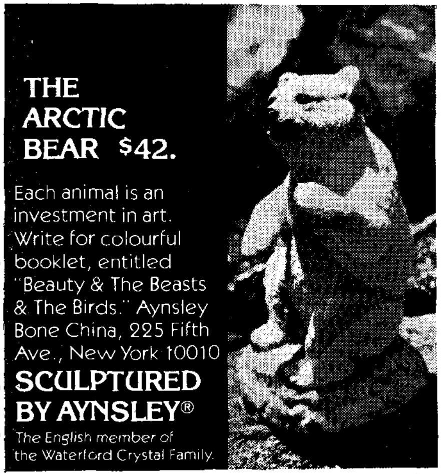

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wasn't composing and he fretted when he was; and his health was wretched. He was capable of affection and geniality, but his feuds and spats—off again, on again with Toscanini, for instance—attest to his anxiety. Mr. Greenfeld is sensible and lucid as he shows how the composer's flair for melodrama and tragedy were not happenstance but the essence of his personality.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER MYSTERY, by Gene Thompson (Random House; $9.95). Mr. Thompson, in what seems to be his first attempt, has mastered the form of the classic (Hammett-Chandler-Macdonald) California private-investigator novel: a modest irregularity of some sort (a missing person, a pointless burglary, an apparently accidental death), then the suggestion of a more serious problem, then the certainty of something much amiss, then an emerging complexity of motives implicating a number of interrelated people, then the methodical disentanglement and the sudden and startling dénouement. The beginning here is the death (pinned to a garage wall by a runaway car) of the wife of a Los Angeles multimillionaire, and the action gets smoothly under way with the appearance on the scene of the dead woman's executor, a sixty-year-old San Francisco lawyer—wise, bossy, agreeably uninhibited—named Dade Cooley. Cooley is a robustly real invention, and it is a pleasure to watch him (and his equally but differently intelligent wife) at work and, when they get the chance, at play.

•

The Board postponed for a second time the consideration of a report on staff absenteeism in the state. The report, originally scheduled for consideration in the September 1980 Board meeting, was postponed due to the absence of several staff members involved in its development.
—*Summary report of the New Jersey School Board Association.*

Just doing their homework, probably.

•

Shakespeare, who always knew a good line when he saw one, said, "the son is the father of the man," meaning that little people need a lot more love and attention than older people do.—*Clay Nixon in the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Thanks. We always wondered about that line.

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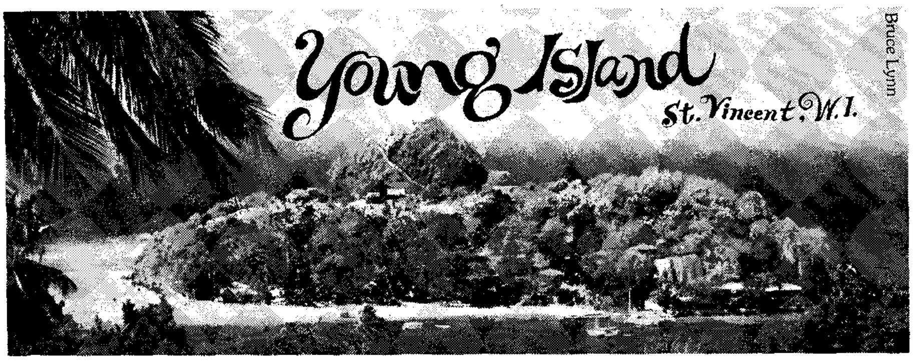

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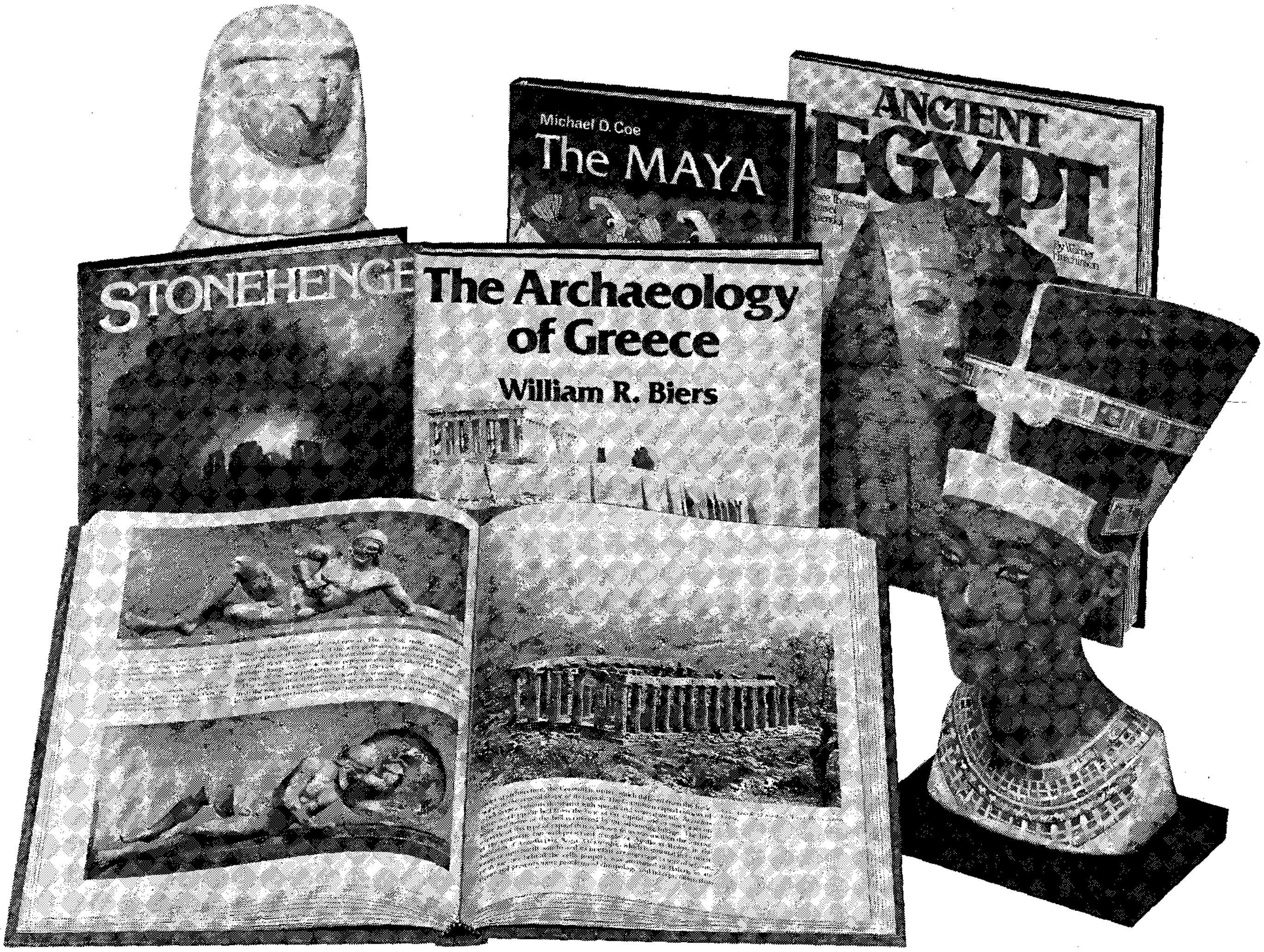

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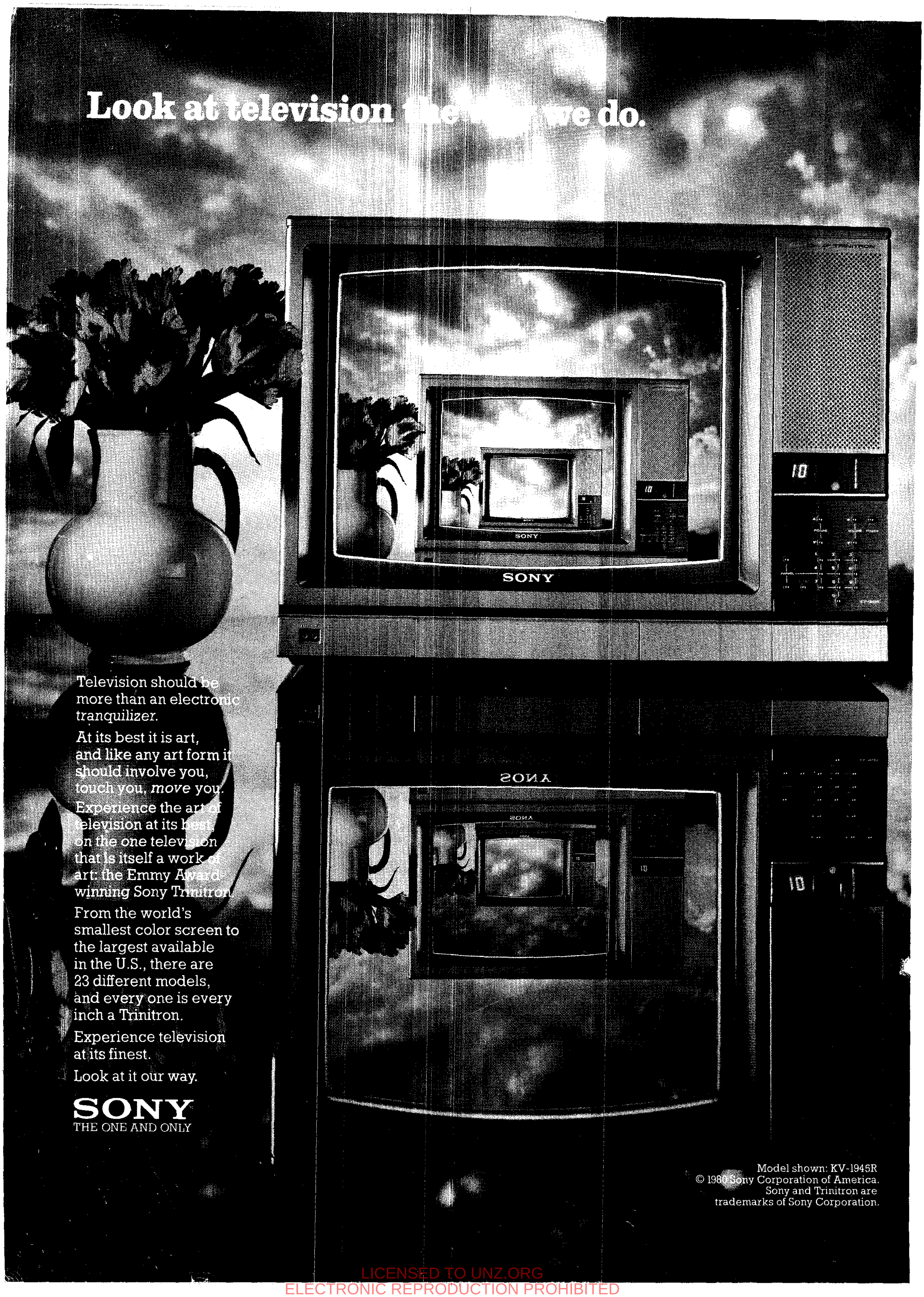

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